October, 1933

10 Cents
S

# DELINEATOR

Beginning a Heart Gripping
Novel of a Son's Love

by I. A. R. WYLIE

•

H. L. Mencken on "Overnight Saints"

•

Smartest Winter Fashions

NRA
MEMBER
U.S.
USE PART

MRS EARL LOMBARD
BOX 439
NEVADA OHIO

■ Before her marriage to the famous yachtsman whose "Ace" in the star class won the Bacardi cup in Cuba again this year, Mrs. Adrian Iselin, II was Madeleine L'Engle. She grew up in New Orleans and the warmth and graciousness of the South is a definite part of her charm. She has an endless fund of enthusiasm and can always manage time to work in her garden at East Williston, Long Island, play with her police dog, "Wilhelm," or make a flying trip to her seaside place on the Massachusetts coast. Her keen interest in painting is reflected in the excellent examples of significant painters that hang in the striking living room she herself designed for her East 49th Street *pied-à-terre* in New York. She is an ardent collector of first editions. Her wit makes her a delightful hostess and her Southern spoon bread is famous. She always serves Camel cigarettes. She wears vivid colors with great *éclat*.

## CAMELS ARE MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS THAN ANY OTHER POPULAR BRAND

"I started smoking Camels fourteen years ago—and I like them just as much today as I did then," says Mrs. Iselin with conviction.

"There must be better tobacco in Camels because they are mild without being flat and I never get tired of their smooth, rich flavor. The way a carton of Camels gets smoked up over a week-end is amazing—practically everyone who stops in seems to prefer them." Which is quite natural.

Because their costlier tobaccos give an even, steady pleasure, people don't get tired of Camels. They are always mild and cool and never get on the nerves, no matter how many you smoke.

Leaf tobaccos for cigarettes can be bought from 5¢ a pound to $1.00—but Camel pays the millions more that insure your enjoyment.

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# "But even People My Age get 'Pink Tooth Brush,' Dad!"

KAY: Dad, you're just being perverse! It isn't because you're 48 that your teeth look grayish and sort of foggy. It's because you've had "pink tooth brush" for perfect ages.

MR. HUNTINGDON: I say it's old age. My gums are getting ready to retire from active service.

KAY: Fiddlesticks. Even people *my* age get "pink tooth brush." Not that *I'll* ever have it, of course.

MR. HUNTINGDON: You immune or something?

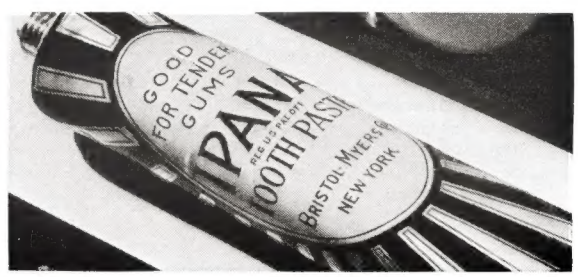
KAY: Now, Dad, you listen. People today don't eat tough meats or crunchy foods. Our gums don't get enough real *exercise.* Naturally they get soft, then tender. And sometimes they bleed.

MR. HUNTINGDON: So far so good! I follow you perfectly.

KAY: But if you *massaged* your gums every day—with Ipana Tooth Paste—your gums wouldn't *get* lazy and tender. Why, I've been massaging Ipana into my gums ever since I was knee-high to a duck! Dr. Grant told me about it *years* ago!

MR. HUNTINGDON: You *do* have good-looking teeth.

KAY: You see, Dad, Ipana has something called "ziratol" in it, and Dr. Grant said that was what toned up the gums. Now you begin massaging Ipana into *your* gums, like a good boy. And you won't have "pink tooth brush."




MR. HUNTINGDON: O. K. You've sold me. Bring me home some Ipana, will you? That satisfy you?

* * *

You can't afford to ignore "pink tooth brush." Neglected, it may lead to gum troubles as serious as gingivitis, Vincent's disease and even pyorrhea. Make gum massage a daily routine.

Clean your teeth with Ipana Tooth Paste, and each time rub a little extra Ipana into your gums. Ipana contains ziratol, which *tones* the gums. Your gums will become firmer, your teeth brighter. And you can forget "pink tooth brush." Start with Ipana today!

**IPANA TOOTH PASTE**

**VISIT THE IPANA EXHIBIT**
**A CENTURY OF PROGRESS**
General Exhibit Group—Building No. 4
Chicago, June—October, 1933
**SEE IPANA MADE FROM START TO FINISH**

# THE LIVING DELINEATOR

## THE ICONOCLASTIC MR. MENCKEN AND OTHERS IN A LIVELY ISSUE

Mary McCall, Jr.

IT IS with something like a gesture of triumph that we present H. L. Mencken in this issue. For this is the first article in several years that he has written for a popular woman's magazine. Your editor had to work hard to persuade Mr. Mencken to do it. He is a very busy man. Besides being editor of the *American Mercury* he occupies an important editorial position on the *Baltimore Sun* and, in addition, he is usually at work on a book. He has had, of course, a great many books published. Perhaps the best known is "In Defence of Women."

I must admit, however, that I had a very pleasant time while on Mr. Mencken's trail. I recall with particularly fond memories a dinner in the Baltimore home of Mr. and Mrs. Mencken. What a dinner that was! Baltimore is famous for its good cooking and now I can well understand why. At the Menckens' that night the *pièce de rêsistance* was boiled, not roasted, turkey with an oyster sauce. A marvel of succulence! I hastened back to New York to relate its glories to Mrs. Graeve and we tried it at home. But, while I hope our colored cook whom we've had for years doesn't see this, the New York version of the dish was not quite as successful as the Baltimore original.

It is pleasant, too, to present Mrs. Mencken in the same issue as Mr. Mencken. As Sara Haardt she has made a name for herself as the author of beautiful and understanding short stories.

Another writer, not new, but new to DELINEATOR, appears in this issue—Mary McCall, Jr., with her delightful, as well as thoughtful, story of class distinctions in Dublin, "The Penny Ha'Penny Ride."

Miss McCall started to write fiction about four years ago and was almost immediately successful, for since then she has had twenty or more stories in the leading magazines. Her novel, "The Goldfish Bowl," was produced in the movies under the title "It's Tough to be Famous."

She knows her Dublin, too, for while she was born in New York, she spent a year in Dublin at its Trinity College.

Also with us is Mary Derieux with her dog story, "Laird's Luck."

It seemed unusual to me to find a woman writing dog stories and so I asked Mrs. Derieux how she happened to write them. "Why not?" she countered. "I know dogs and love them. That's why."

Then she explained that at one time her husband was ill and they spent three years in the mountains of the South where there was little else to do but rest, read, try to write, and live with their bird dogs in the hunting field. She said they came to know their dogs as intimately as one knows one's best friends. After Samuel A. Derieux returned to New York he became famous for his dog stories. Since his death, Mary Derieux is continuing them.

Mrs. Derieux has been on the staff of several magazines, including DELINEATOR.

Mary Derieux

THE last of Mr. Fortune—for the present—is in this issue and the beginning of I. A. R. Wylie's new novel, to my way of thinking one of the finest serials we have published. I do hope you'll agree with me. There's this to be said for it: it gets better with every instalment and the climax is superb.

Next month we have a real sensation for you—the first of a series of stories by a new writer of sixty-five, Ettie Stephens Prichard. She is the most amazing literary discovery in my career as an editor. I'm going to tell you much more about her in the November DELINEATOR. And there'll also be stories too by Margaret Craven, Maxine McBride and—well, I might as well take the plunge and tell you—by Oscar Graeve. Once I said I'd never publish a story by myself in a magazine of which I was editor. But peculiar as this may sound I had very little to do with it. Eleanor Carroll, my associate editor, will tell you next month just how it happened. The story has a nice title anyway, "Once When It Was June." Meanwhile, perhaps I'd better go in hiding until you've passed judgment on, not the editor, but the writer——

**Oscar Graeve**

### COVER NOTE

Again our young American cover artist, Dynevor Rhys, portrays a last-word note in new Paris fashions. The hat is from the new house of Suzanne Grillet and is suggestive of the old-fashioned deer-stalker. Ear-flaps of heavy red plush, which can really be lowered over the ears for winter sports or very cold weather, are tied over a skull-cap of vermilion broadcloth. There is a slight suggestion of a visor in front.

C

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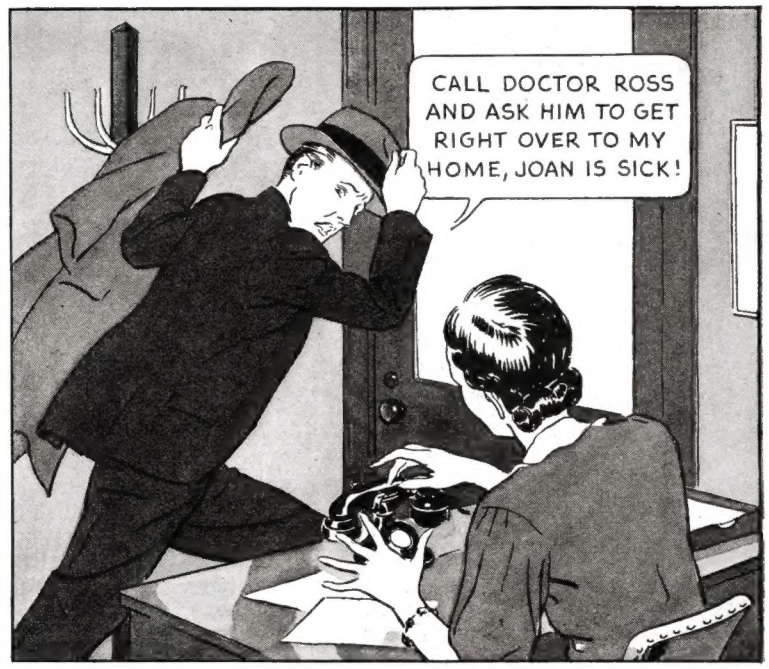
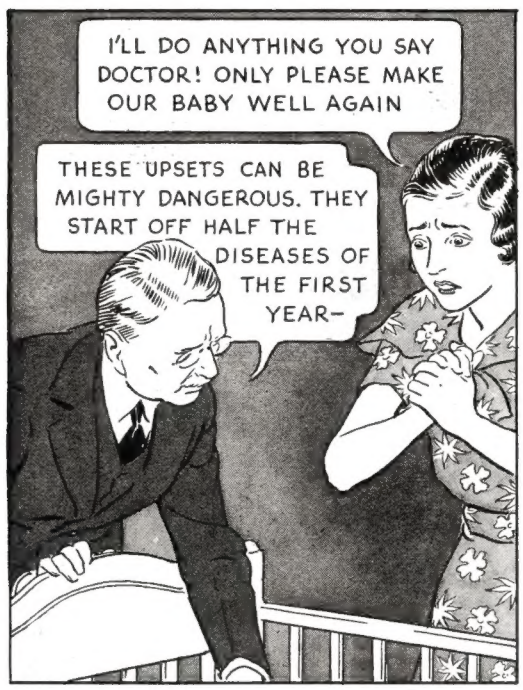


## DOCTORS RECOMMEND THIS FIRST SOLID FOOD FOR ITS EASY DIGESTIBILITY

"Digestive disturbances are linked with over half the diseases of the first year!" Take warning from these infant records, mother . . . Be oh-so-careful in choosing your baby's first solid food!

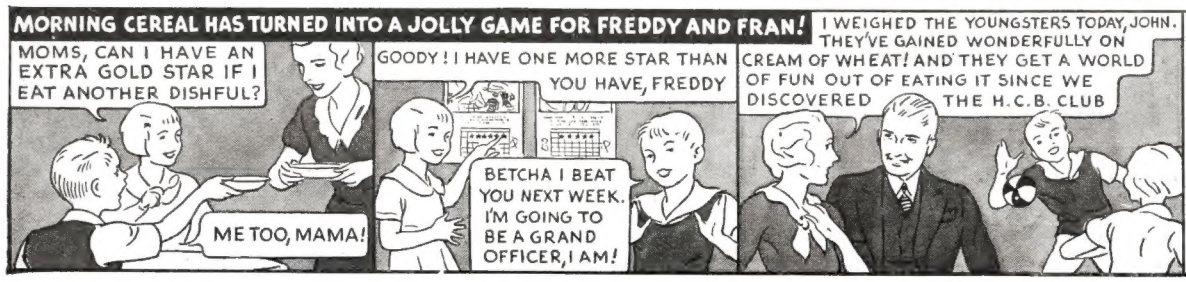
Start him on Cream of Wheat. Millions of mothers have proved its outstanding value through 37 years.

Smooth, pure, free of all harshness, this cereal digests with amazing ease.

Cream of Wheat abounds in quick-acting energy. It builds resistance. And it helps treble the birth weight the first year.

Don't take chances with inferior cereals! Give your baby Cream of Wheat—it's sure to make him thrive!

*Costs little more than ½ cent a serving*




**FREE** — THIS WONDERFUL CHILD'S GAME

All children love the H. C. B. Club with a secret meaning. It makes morning cereal a thrilling game. All material is free—badges, gold stars and big new posters with stirring color pictures of childhood heroes—Joan of Arc, Roland and Oliver, Richard the Lion Hearted. Enroll your youngsters now! Just paste this coupon on a postcard and mail to Dept. V-53, The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

*Child's name*.....

*Address*.....

# OVERNIGHT SAINTS

## by H. L. MENCKEN

**The fighting editor of "The American Mercury" startles us with some of his ideas about women as reformers**

IT WAS the brewers who pumped the breath of life into Prohibition back in the last days of the World War, and it was the Prohibitionists who put it to death afterward.

Here I do not attempt paradox, but simply state anew one of the immemorial rules of human folly. What surprises me is that the historians seem to have forgotten how near it came to being proved all over again in the case of woman suffrage. The Nineteenth Amendment, I fully believe, would have gone through sooner and with louder whoops if there had never been any suffragettes. They were earnest and devoted girls, goodness knows, and I am even willing to admit that some of them were lovely, but the loveliness of the loveliest fell far short of the amperage needed to conceal the foolishness of the foolish.

I was, in those days as in these, a firm believer in the extension of the franchise, and used to argue for it daily in the columns of the eminent *Baltimore Evening Sun*, which I then served as staff metaphysician and theologian. One day I would put the thing on the ground of simple justice and the next day on the ground of common decency, and both days I would howl, gyrate and beat my breast. But I must confess frankly, now that it is safe to tell the truth, that doubts would chill and palsy me every time I had the honor of receiving a concrete suffragette in my office, which was never less than twenty times a week. And among many other men, as I discovered to my disquiet, those doubts took on the shape and fashion of downright fears.

For all this the ladies were themselves to blame. Not content with demanding justice for their ever-interesting and (as I believe) clearly superior sex, they proceeded to hatch grandiose and preposterous schemes to save the world. It was these schemes that struck terror to the hearts of prudent men. For one thing, it appeared, the suffragettes were going to bring in Prohibition, then only a theatrical glare along the skyline, and enforce it with horse, foot and artillery. For another thing, they were going to abolish amorous dalliance by law, and convert every male philanderer into a felon with a ball and chain on his leg. And for a third thing—but it is not necessary to recall their whole program. Suffice it to say that some of them, at least, seemed to have an alliance with every band of crackpot evangelists then in practise, from the anti-vivisectionists to the enemies of the peek-a-boo waist, and from the saloon-smashers to the rescuers of white slaves. And filled with that same sort of fervor.

AS I recall it, the outlawry of war, now a cardinal article of every world-saver, was not on their list, but that was probably only because August 2, 1914, was still ahead. Otherwise they were hot against everything that gave solace to sinful man, from rushing the growler to eyeing cuties in the movie parlors, and from betting on the horses to smoking cigarets. I remember one tall, gaunt and excessively consecrated sister who came to me on a busy day with the draft of a bill to provide surgical mutilation for any man accused—and the mere accusation, it appeared, was enough—of being the father of an illegitimate child. Naturally enough, such projects were alarming to a great many men whose personal rectitude was at least reasonably probable, and who honestly favored giving women the vote. They saw the country scoured by vast hordes of spies armed with telescopes, axes, scaling ladders, flashlights, and even surgical instruments, and so they dreaded the passage of the Nineteenth Amendment.

I used to argue that these fears were really without ground—that the blood-sweating suffragettes were only a small minority of the glorious female sex, and that women as a class were far too cynical (which is to say, far too intelligent) to believe in any such wholesale renovation of the human race, and especially of the race of men. Every married woman that I knew, I said, had made some effort, at some time in the past, to fasten a definite reform upon her husband John, and all of them save a few incurable romantics had given it up as hopeless. I predicted formally that, if the amendment passed, life in the Republic would become, not more rigorous and austere, not more like that of a convict in a damp penitentiary, but very much more spacious and easy-going, very much more amiable and pleasant for everyone.

How many readers followed me in this reasoning I don't know, but probably it was not many. The generality of politicians apparently believed that the suffragettes really represented the whole body of American women, not only politically but also philosophically. One heard often in those days that "the women" wanted this or that, and almost always it was something that the more frantic lady reformers demanded. It was in response to this superstition, I believe, that the celebrated Mann Act was passed by Congress, and it was in response to it again that the resolution submitting the Eighteenth Amendment went through in the closing days of 1917. Behind the latter, to be sure, there was also the war hysteria, but mainly there was the doctrine that the embattled womanhood of America was furiously against the Rum Demon, and that any politician who valued his hide had better give heed. Everyone knew, by that time, that woman suffrage would prevail soon or late, and so every politician was eager to have a clear conscience and a shining morning face when it came in.

I continued to harbor doubts, but it soon became vain to voice them any more. The theory that the women of the country constituted a class of advanced moral virtuosi, and that they believed almost unanimously in the possibility of regenerating sinful man by law—this theory attained to the state and dignity of an axiom of American politics. Some it made sad and some it made glad, but pretty nearly everyone believed it.

However, there continued to be doubters, and of them I remained one. And I observed with scientific satisfaction that, at the precise moment the (*Turn to page 50*)

Photograph by A. Aubrey Bodine

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Mencken in their Baltimore home, and they're both in Delineator, too, this month. For Mrs. Mencken is Sara Haardt. See pages 10-11

UNRETOUCHED PHOTOGRAPH IN NATURAL COLORS TAKEN IN THE HOME OF MRS. GEORGE J. O'BRIEN, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

# "Our clothes look new for more than one season's wear . . . thanks to Chipso"

*says young mother of three happy little girls*

Mrs. George J. O'Brien looks too carefree to know about the actual work of housekeeping. "But I *do*," she assured us. "I do my own housework and all the children's washing, besides washing my own housedresses and underwear and good linens.

"I use CHIPSO for everything. It makes washing easy because it *soaks* the children's dirtiest clothes clean. I don't have to wear them out with rubbing. And Chipso leaves colors bright and fresh. Our clothes look new for more than one season's wear.

"I used to think I could not use my general laundry soap for things like the children's knitted sweaters, but I found that Chipso leaves woolens beautifully soft.

"Chipso is fine for dishes and cleaning, too. It doesn't coarsen my hands or make them sore. A soap that is so safe for the skin is bound to be all right for nice fabrics, I think, even if it is such a practical soap for getting dirt out in a hurry."

Chipso is not adulterated with harsh, "dirt-cutting" ingredients. It cleans with richer, thicker SUDS. Dirt cannot withstand its penetrating SOAPINESS, but colors, and even delicate silks and woolens are safe in it. Get Chipso from your grocer before another washday goes by. The low cost of this big package of concentrated rich SAFE soap makes Chipso the best soap value on the market today.

**Chipso** *makes clothes wear——longer*

IF YOU WANT A BABY'S CLEAR SMOOTH SKIN . .

USE THE BABY'S BEAUTY SOAP . . . IVORY

# Beauty Story.. for little girls ..and Big Girls

Supposing we start with Jean's beauty story. She's the little girl in green with the kiss-me-please skin. She is so young that we'll speak her piece for her—*every bit of Jean gets an Ivory bath every day.*

And the same beauty story belongs to big girls, too. The more grown-up, the better! Just stop your ears when anyone tells you that beauty care stops at the chin. Your complexion and your skin should be all of one beautiful piece, and both need the same gentle care! So take care of both your face and body—every day—in your Ivory bath. Work Ivory's gentle foam into every pore of your face. Then continue your Ivory-Soaping until all your skin is refreshed and glowing. This arouses the circulation, while pure Ivory purifies the pores—and sweetens the skin!

And why is Ivory the finest soap that can float in your bath and touch your face? Oh, shame on you for not knowing! Ivory is the pure *white* soap that doctors advise for a baby's sensitive skin. It contains no "fixings"—no color, no clinging perfume. So it doesn't dry out the youthful oils that keep the skin fresh and smooth. Ivory will guard your charm as gently as if you were a baby!

99 44/100 0/0 PURE . . IT FLOATS

# Ivory Soap

Delineator
OCTOBER, 1933

A NEW NOVEL
BY I. A. R. WYLIE

# A FEATHER IN HER HAT

THE lady looked at the shoes. She did not like them. They were not her kind. What a stupid young man. She had explained carefully what she wanted. She looked down at him, prepared to say a great deal, and said nothing. Because the shoes and the shop had vanished. She found that she was lying under an apple tree on a warm spring day—the sort of day that so rarely happens—and watching the clouds that were like fragments of apple-blossoms blown along by a light wind. And she was thinking deep, beautiful, indefinable thoughts about she didn't know what. All this was very unusual. Because she never had indefinable thoughts. She was a busy practical woman. And she couldn't remember ever having been under an apple tree.

The young man sat on the tripod at her feet, balancing the odd shoe and looking into her eyes. He was smiling faintly and wistfully so that she knew—when she began to think normally again—that he had been with her wherever she had been. Yes, undoubtedly they had been together in the apple orchard. He was quite young. Very young. The longer she looked at him the younger he grew, till he was a small boy gazing into a toy shop. A beautiful little boy. He had thick dark red hair that would be copper-brown when he grew up—if he ever did—and extraordinarily grey eyes and a short straight nose and a delightful mouth: the sort of mouth that, together with an obstinate chin, causes a lot of happiness and gets everybody into trouble.

But the shoes were awful. They didn't even fit.

The lady nodded.

"Thank you. I'll take that pair——"

It was something she never even tried to explain. She didn't want to. She put the shoes away secretly in a cupboard and there they remained till the day of her death. Once in a while she would take them out and turn them over and recapture whatever it was she had held for these few seconds. She would find herself smiling very tenderly . . .

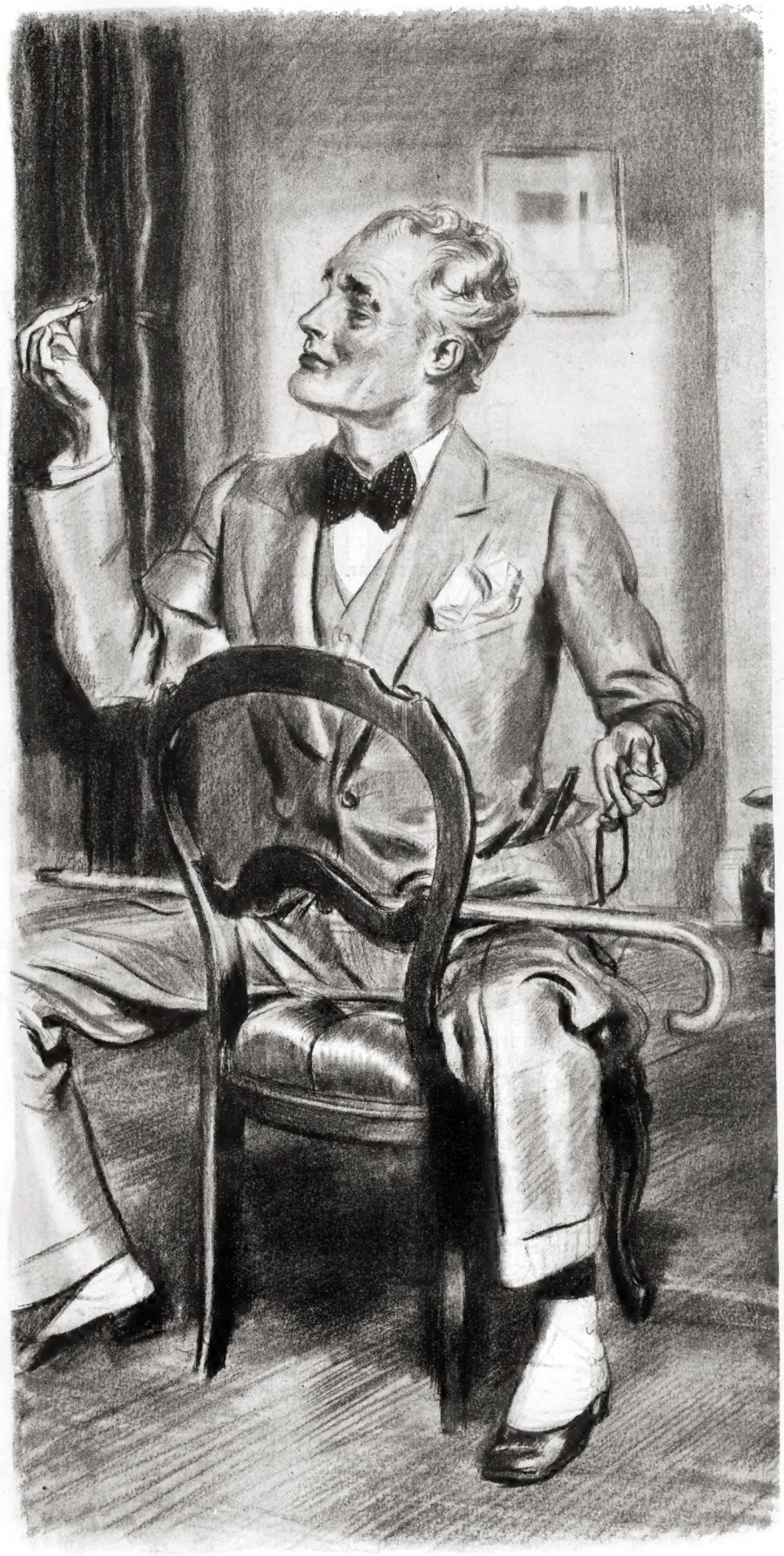
She was quite middle-aged.

THE shop-boy was putting up the shutters and the shop filled slowly with a pleasant twilight. Everything was going to sleep. The high-heeled evening shoes in the window gave up their lure like cynical sirens resigning themselves to one more unprofitably decorous night. The shop assistants moved round quietly, tidying things up and thinking about supper and the long dreary trek home in the underground. They were surprised and quite touched when the young man solemnly shook hands with them. He didn't forget anybody. He even went downstairs and dug up the packer who was an old man and quite deaf and who hadn't the faintest idea what it was

Every time a woman came into the shop, he'd suddenly think, "Perhaps—you are my mother!"

*Illustrated by* **R. F. SCHABELITZ**

**In her new novel Miss Wylie offers a pageant of interesting characters, but with one especially, Clarissa Phipps, that you'll take to your hearts**



**Clarissa was defying the Captain—yet appealing to him. Mrs. Vyning felt it**

all about. The other assistants knew. They knew the young man was leaving. They said they were awfully sorry. Which was partly true. He did something to them. When he came into the shop they felt better-looking and more important and hopeful. Life lay ahead and after all anything might happen. All of which made the young man very popular. On the other hand, business was bad and if anybody had to go they would rather it was not one of themselves. He was not one of them.

The manager was altogether sorry. He hated to lose a good assistant. The young man was marvellous—especially with the old birds. Whenever a cantankerous middle-aged woman came in—the kind that would drag every shoe out of its box and go away with nothing more than a grievance—the manager would call out, "Forward, Mr Phipps." Young Phipps could sell them anything.

And on his last day he had done better than ever. There had been something magical about him.

"Well, don't forget us," the manager said, "and when you've run through that fortune of yours, you'll find your job waiting for you."

The manager liked his joke. And he was joking about the fortune. The young man said, "Thank you, sir," with a charming deference that reminded the manager that he had been a captain in the Territorials and was therefore an officer and a gentleman.

EMILY JUDSON at the cashier's desk was definitely unhappy. She had a lot of spare time between one transaction and another, and day-dreaming had got into her system. She would sit with her chin cupped in her hands, watching Richard Phipps run up and down ladders and bow his bright head over all sorts of feet. She made up stories about him in which she figured at first as a sister and then as a distant, long-lost cousin; finally as a rich, beautiful young woman who had come in to buy a pair of evening shoes and with whom he had fallen desperately but not quite hopelessly in love. Of course young Phipps knew nothing of all that. Emily and he were just friends. They had been to the movies together and once to a play called "Strange Interlude" for which a customer had given him seats. Emily had liked it, because it had lasted for five hours, with one hour's interval for an ecstatic dinner at a Soho Restaurant. You can dream a lot in five hours—even if your young man doesn't hold your hand. She hoped he had liked it for the same reason. At any rate, his manner afterwards had been unusual. He had walked home with his hat off and his head up as though it were really among the stars, and had talked rather wildly, Emily thought. It was the sort of way people behaved when they were very happy. The play couldn't have done it . . . So Emily felt that she had cause for hope . . .

Richard hadn't explained to anyone why he was leaving. The other assistants were the most decent fellows in the world but they wouldn't be able to help feeling it was all very unfair. He felt so himself. But he knew that Emily would be different. She was a friend. Really the only friend he had. And he could see that she was worried. Her brown eyes behind the horn-rimmed spectacles had a stricken look. The idea that anyone could be upset on his account made him very humble and warm about the heart. He stood beside her desk and said in a low voice:

"I don't want the others to know. But it's true. I've come into a fortune——"

She closed her eyes. It was one of the day-dreams. Perhaps if you dreamed them long enough they became real. He added casually: "It's a lot of money—two thousand pounds——"

Emily Judson touched earth again. She had never had two thousand pence, let alone pounds, in her life, but in some odd way she knew all about them. She had no illusions. Two thousand pounds were just two thousand pounds and one of them slipped through your fingers before you'd even begun to pay the rent. But she could see what they meant to Richard Phipps— And suddenly she was just terribly sorry. The tears came into her eyes. She could think of nothing to say but "Isn't that grand! And won't your ma be pleased!" She wanted to cry.

He shook his head. He said gravely, without pathos: "I haven't got a ma—mother—" And then amazingly: "At least, not yet."

Which made things worse. Because Mrs. Phipps had been in the shop. Emily had actually spoken to her. She remembered everything about her. Even her hat. A remarkable hat. Black with a red feather that waved at you—not so much in defiance as in a sort of gallant, high-hearted greeting. Mrs. Phipps herself had reminded Emily, who was not given to metaphors, of one of the tugs that go bustling up and down rivers. She was short, squat and so plain you wanted to laugh. A comical old party. But quite real. Emily remembered how she had steamed up to the desk and asked rather haughtily for "My son, Orlando Phipps." It was the first time Emily had known what the "O." stood for in Richard's signature. And afterwards she had always thought of him as Orlando. But she never told anyone. It was such a queer romantical name. The other assistants would have joshed

**You have read I. A. R. Wylie's short stories in Delineator but this, a fine love story, is her first novel for us**

the life out of him—called him Orlando all the time.

Young Phipps saw Emily's bewilderment. He was still bewildered himself—even though it had all happened a week ago. It was as though his world had blown up into a thousand pieces and was only just beginning to settle into a new amazing pattern. No—it wasn't like that either. It was as though he had been dreaming a fantastic dream, knowing all the time that it was a dream, and that now he was waking up.

He gave Emily a quick shy smile. And she felt better. After all, she was a girl of possibilities. Anything might happen . . .

"It's all right. I'll wait for you outside. Perhaps we could have supper—I want *you* to understand——"

MRS. PHIPPS stood at the top of the ladder and splashed on white paint with a calculated recklessness. She was feeling reckless anyhow. But besides that, the shabby elderly gentleman at the bottom of the ladder annoyed her. Him and his pamphlets. The English climate being what it was, nobody but an idiot would waste a fine day gassing about politics. Probably the elderly gentleman was an idiot. He looked like one. And he talked as though he thought she were another.

Mrs. Phipps stopped for a moment and leaned a massive shoulder against the ladder. The elderly gentleman didn't know the neighborhood or he'd have known better than to worry her when she was painting her house. Also it occurred to her that probably making a nuisance of himself was the only way the poor old geazer had of making a living. So that though still gruff and firm she addressed him tolerantly.

"I don't care who runs this 'ere blessed country," she said. "Whoever they are, babies'll get theirselves born into it and people'll get theirselves pushed out of it. Nobody can stop 'em—not even these 'ere Socialists you're so fussed about. Which being so, I don't 'ave to worry. I've got my 'ands full. And that's that. And now be off with you——"

The elderly gentleman shook his head. Women should never have had the vote. They were hopeless. They were always up to something. "Busy" they called themselves. And slammed doors in your face. A man now, you could corner in a pub and he'd argue with you for hours——

This woman was worse than the worst of them. A most unpleasant person in an unpleasant neighborhood. He went out, clicking the gate loudly in disapproval. Mrs. Phipps went on painting. As she painted she sang to herself.

Not that she was happy. She had a dull but distinct pain somewhere in the region of her solar plexus. But she loved the little house. She loved cleaning its face with her own hands. It was her own. And it was like herself—truculent and self-confident in a bedraggled row of other little houses that had taken on a sly protective coloration of grime and hopelessness. Anyone with half an eye could see that the whole of Little Egbert Street should be torn down and replaced by carefully planned blocks of tenements equipped with labor-saving devices and a clean, well-organized community. The trouble was that the inhabitants of Little Egbert Street didn't like being clean or well-organized. Their houses were, in fact, like themselves—which, after all, may be the only vital feature of a house. They were dingy and slatternly. They held themselves anyhow. Their teeth were bad. Their plumbing was awful. But they had a toughness of their own and an unquenchable jauntiness.

"Winter stormings stilled
By the love-lit Spring——"

Mrs. Phipps sang breathily and with intermittent gasps as she swung the brush. She liked music, especially Grand Opera. Not radio stuff either. Mrs. Phipps had a theory that nothing was worth anything unless you sweated for it. And she sweated for Grand Opera. Whenever babies and corpses had been plentiful in the neighborhood, she marched to Covent Garden and fought her way to the front row of the last gallery and lived with Wagnerian heroes and heroines through all their vicissitudes. She approved of them. They might be mistaken in their morals, but they had guts. There was meat on them. And any woman who could shout for five solid hours practically without stopping had Mrs. Phipps' unreserved admiration. Then at the long last, when Brunhilda throws her immortal challenge in the teeth of the dying gods, something terrific happened to Mrs. Phipps. She exploded. Fierce tears ran down her cheeks. Her little elephant eyes blazed. Her hands were clenched. She wanted to stand up and shout too—tell the whole world what she thought of it. It was a sort of magnificent drunkenness.

"In tender beauty—" sang Mrs. Phipps.

Mrs. Vining sidled in through the front gate.

"It's Uncle," she said.

Mrs. Phipps muttered to herself. But she unlashed her paint pot and clambered down. She was seriously annoyed by this. She had to leave (*Turn to page 40*)

"It is your day now," old Mrs. De Leon said, "I have nothing more to live for"

# EACH

**A story, exquisite and subtle, of a secret locked in a golden room and how a young girl's dreams shared its strange enchantment**

THE afternoon was warm and golden, for late September, but with a strange exciting coolness running through it. Autumn, thought Victoria, as she scurried along, was really coming, despite the heavy blooming of the roses, the arching blue sky above, drenched with yellow sunshine. She tucked her music-roll high up under her left arm, and ran the rest of the way to old Mrs. De Leon's—her grandmother's—house, on Jefferson Avenue.

She had brought all of her pieces to play for her grandmother, who, as Victoria Beaumont, had been the most imperious beauty in Millbrook in her day, and who had what her teacher, Miss Minerva, called "a critical ear." She would play them through for her, beginning with her first piece, "The Merry Bobolink," which was really nothing more than a finger exercise, and including her latest piece, "Hearts and Flowers," with its new difficult chords in the bass.

If only she could put in the "feeling" she felt was so strangely lacking in "Hearts and Flowers," now that she could play it perfectly. It was curious, but as soon as she learned a piece, all the music seemed to fade out of it. When she was practising "Hearts and Flowers" on her mother's upright piano at home, it reminded her of the only place in Millbrook where music lived: her grandmother's drawing-room, with the golden light glancing in through the Venetian blinds, the dimmed portraits in their old gold frames, and the curio cabinet, burnished gold with curved glass sides, that held all the lovely secret treasures her grandmother had collected on her travels before the war when she was beautiful Victoria Beaumont.

The curio cabinet had fascinated Victoria from the first time her mammy had held her up to see the little brown man leading two camels whose head bobbed if you merely looked at him. She reached out her little hands, but baby though she was, she had known that she couldn't touch anything. Later, she would stand on tiptoe by the hour, looking at the old Roman coins, the spray of coral from Bermuda, the miniatures of Napoleon and Josephine, the ivory cupid mending a broken heart, while her mother visited with her grandmother upstairs.

She was just tall enough to see the things on the lower shelf then, but she was aware of some strange affinity between the locked lovely treasures in the curio cabinet and the music locked inside her grandmother's rosewood piano that stood across the room. After a while she walked over to the piano and touched it softly. There was a little crimson velvet cushion on the floor by the piano stool, and she pulled it in front of the piano and stood upon it. Now she could see all the ivory keys, yellowed to a soft golden, and the long board behind them inlaid with mother-of-pearl flowers. A bullet-hole pierced a petal of one of the lilies. A wild Yankee bullet had made it.

She leaned against the piano stool for a moment, and closed her eyes. Suddenly she stood up straight and spun the piano stool round and round until it would not go any lower. Then she pulled herself upon it and sat with her legs dangling, her fingers hovering tenderly over the keys.

At last she laid a forefinger softly upon the smooth surface of a key. She didn't know what note it was but it was already singing in her head; she thought she must die of joy if she should really hear it.

She dropped her hand in her lap. She knew she should be afraid of what would happen to her if she struck the key; her mammy had told her over and over again that her grandmother would fly into a fit if she ever touched anything in the drawing-room, but she didn't care what happened to her, if only she could hear that one golden note.

She clasped her hands tightly together in her lap. She knew well that she was going to strike the key now; it was as necessary to her as breathing, but she knew as well that her grandmother was not a person she could dismiss

# IN HER OWN DAY

by **SARA HAARDT**

*Illustrations by* **J. WILLIAMSON**

lightly; either she would fly into one of her dark rages and never let her set foot into the drawing-room again, or she would clasp her arms around her and say it was nothing.

Victoria stroked her little skirts down over her knees. She was proud of her grandmother—proud of being named for her, for old Mrs. De Leon was the most glamourous person in her world, but she was fearful of her too. Old Mrs. De Leon had been ill with a mysterious heart disease ever since Victoria could remember, and people said it was that—and the loss of her beauty—which made her so queer. She never allowed anyone to come near her, or to see her in daylight; she sat always in a darkened room, lighted by candles, her face, with its high white forehead, beautifully young in the candleglow. Always she received Victoria's mother, and her other daughters, in her great darkened sitting-room at the head of the stairs, and she always sat in the same tall rosewood chair, with a bowl of japonicas, her favorite flower, on the table beside her. She was like a japonica herself, so pale and velvety and delicate.

Everybody in Millbrook knew about old Mrs. De Leon's slipping down to her drawing-room at night and playing what they called classical music for her own selfish enjoyment. She had studied music in Vienna as a girl. There were even those who said she would be living in Vienna today, if her father hadn't commanded her to come home where she belonged, at the outbreak of the Civil War.

But the Civil War, and all the tragedy that had followed it, hadn't changed her. The night after her father was killed at Seven Pines she had sat at her piano, playing until dawn; and though she had married General De Leon after Appomattox, and settled down in Millbrook, apparently in complete acquiescence, she still played the piano in secret, at odd, fateful moments when other ladies should have been weeping, or asleep in their beds.

The ladies of Millbrook thought somberly of love—for had not most of them loved only to have lost—but what were they to think when Victoria De Leon turned from her husband's grave back to her piano again, betrayed so far away from the natural expression of her grief as to seem of a life apart from them? She not only seemed wicked, but a little mad!

A slight chill, the very breath of their fears and shared conviction, touched Victoria as she sat there before her grandmother's piano, and communicated itself to her heart, and though she was only five years old and her legs dangled from beneath her little skirts like the double-jointed kid legs of a doll, she knew, deep within her, that she would rather be like her grandmother. She *was* more like her than the ladies who tightly buttoned up their mouths in disapproval of her. They were jealous of her grandmother's secret—that was all. They were jealous because *they* didn't have a secret. Well, when she grew up, *she'd* have a secret, and she'd be like her grandmother too!

She lifted her hand again, and this time she did not hesitate. She struck the key forcibly with her forefinger, until the golden note flew joyously upward to the very rafters of the house.

There was an answering absolute silence, followed by her mother's excited, apologetic syllables. "Victoria! Mammy! You know better. Oh, I shall *attend* to you . . ."

A tremendous desire to escape possessed Victoria but she sat stone-still, waiting for she knew not what to break loose upon her.

"Contain yourself, Evelina," her grandmother's voice admirably cut in, "I shall go down and attend to her myself!"

That was the second time she had seen her grandmother out of her invalid's chair. She walked, tall and erect, through the golden light of the drawing-room. She seated herself carefully in her lady's chair, with her back to the light, and asked, apparently negligently, "Now tell me, Victoria, why did you touch the piano when you had been told not to?"

Victoria sat motionless. She knew if she answered her grandmother at all, she would have to tell her the truth. She slid off the piano stool, and stood rigid and upright, her face very red.

"There was a note crying to get out," she said at last very softly. "At first it was in the curio cabinet, and then it flew into the piano through the bullet-hole in the lily leaf. Oh, what could I do?" She doubled her hands into fists to keep from crying. "I tried singing it to myself but it wasn't enough! Oh, I wish I could play——"

"She doesn't know what she is saying," her mother said. "Never do it again, Victoria, or Mammy will spank you."

"Does Minerva Todd still give music lessons?" asked old Mrs. De Leon, and when Victoria's mother nodded, she continued sharply, "She knows no more about music than a frog, but she can at least teach her her notes. Victoria, you shall learn to play some day! Your mother's piano will do to practise upon—but you must come here and play for me, when you have learned your scales, and whenever you learn a new thing, especially when you learn—as you will—that your dear teacher knows only trash."

She was silent for a minute, and Victoria saw that her features were quivering with intense feeling. "Ah, yes," she said finally. "Some day you will play, and then we will all, I pray, give up gracefully." She turned away from both of them, toward the window, and though she was entirely composed, her shoulders drooped in an attitude of dejection.

VICTORIA entered the drawing-room, and started at once to unbuckle her music-roll. She placed her music upon the carved rack, beside a pile of her grandmother's music which always stood there, and glanced about her.

It was impossible for her ever to enter this room without thinking afresh how beautiful it was, and how different it was from all the other rooms in Millbrook. There was the golden light glancing through the Venetian blinds that splintered into rainbows when it reached the prisms of the crystal chandelier . . . there were the portraits, men with high foreheads (like her grandmother's) and an erect uncompromising pride, and ladies lovely in peacock and flowered silk . . . and there was the curio cabinet with its curved shining surfaces of glass and gold, its locked, lovely treasures.

After a while she walked over to it. Now that she was thirteen and tall enough to see the things on the top shelf, it was the sight of the broken fan which set her heart to beating tumultuously.

There it lay, in its incredible fragility, an expanse of pale chiffon bordered with the sheerest lace, on which were painted a lady and a man, in the finest silks and satins, dancing; butterflies, in gold inlay, and hearts and flowers made of real pearls studded the sticks—that is, what was left of the sticks, for they were splintered into fragments, as if someone, caught in a strangling wave of emotion, had had to break them between her hands, or die.

Victoria gazed at the fan a long time today. Suddenly she turned and hurried back to the piano. Yes, she nodded and a secret fire blazed in her eyes, the hearts and flowers on the sticks were like the ones painted on the back of her new piece. It was no more than she had dreamed—but yet extraordinary. She adjusted the piano stool to the proper height, placed the little crimson cushion under her feet and started playing "The Merry Bobolink." The door of her grandmother's sitting-room upstairs swung softly open, and Aunt Viney crept down the stairs on muffled feet. The silence in the house deepened. Her grandmother, Victoria felt with all her senses, was listening . . . waiting for the next note, and the next.

Victoria finished "The Merry Bobolink" and tinkled through the "Little Gem Waltz." These and other silly pieces had only a thread of melody, but she tried to play them with "expression," as Miss Minerva had taught her. At last, it was over. Now she could play "Hearts and Flowers," with its delicate succession of chords, its graceful melody that might well be the accompaniment to the lady and man dancing on the fan.

Victoria studied the cover of the music, decorated with flower sprays and hearts garlanded in flowing ribbons. Oh, it was lovely, lovely! Now her knees were trembling as they had when she first touched her grandmother's piano years ago. "Hearts and Flowers," she whispered with a sigh, an accent of longing. If only she could make her grandmother feel what she felt! A beautiful court lady dancing the stately measures of the waltz with a handsome courtier in a blue satin coat.

Victoria straightened herself sharply, and moved one cold hand toward the keys. Her fingers rippled out the notes with an exact, effortless prodigality; the melody flowed easily, obviously. When she had finished, she turned the sheets of music back with an expression of stony unresponse, and played it through again. She played each note tenderly and distinctly, as one who repeats what she has carefully prepared—but it was no use. The piece, "Hearts and Flowers," despite her dream and her skill, sounded like the others. It was sweet but it was empty.

She leaned over, and rested her elbows on the music rack, cupping her chin in her hands. The golden light was fading, everything in the room seemed a little bald and empty; she had no wish to play the piano again. She felt, all at once, a sense of futility, as if something inherent in the beauty of the room, the lush, ripened world outside, were stifling her.

Then, as she started to gather up her music, her eyes fell upon the bowl of japonicas, and a kind of excitement pulsed through her, not in her heart alone, but deeper, far deeper. Who but her grandmother could coax japonicas to bloom in September? A new light bloomed in her mind. The japonicas on the piano told her plainly that her grandmother had played her strange secret music last night at this piano, upon these very keys.

Brushing the sheets of her music aside she turned to the pile of music belonging to old Mrs. De (*Turn to page 84*)

Photograph by Arthur O'Neill

# A NEW APPROACH TO SEX EDUCATION

by CÉCILE PILPEL

**Delineator has paved the way with fearless discussions on this subject. Here's another article that should be read by every parent**

PERHAPS you are one of the many mothers who has written to ask: "What shall I tell my child about where babies come from?" or "How shall I tell my child about the father's part in procreation?"

The dissatisfaction with books and pamphlets which have attempted to meet these questions is due not to their inadequacy, but to the fact that it is impossible to answer sex questions in any hard-and-fast fashion. It has become increasingly evident that sex teaching is not as simple as teaching other facts; that it cannot be isolated; that it is dependent on our view of life as a whole, our concept of marriage and family life; that we will have to concern ourselves with our own life values and understand our parental needs and drives, before we can hope to develop procedures that are sound in the sex education of our children.

Dr. William A. White well says: "An individual who has not settled his or her sexual problems is not to be expected to be a very desirable person to undertake the sex education of others." This is the crux of the whole matter, and this is the point on which we will have to center our interest if we hope to make sound progress in the sex education of our children.

Emerging from the sex attitudes and taboos of the 1880's, many present-day writers have come to the conclusion that all sex standards and traditions are antiquated. These quaint customs were set up arbitrarily, they say, by a society which feared to trust people with sex freedom. But we moderns, being apostles of freedom in other respects, have only to throw over all standards and live, quite simply, as our natures dictate. Do not primitive people manage very well without rules in regard to the sex life?

But do they? Anthropologists point out that there never has been a time when the sex life has not been rigidly regulated by rules and customs regarding eligibility for marriage, pre-marital relationships, and matters relating to children. These may have differed in various races and places, may even have been exactly the reverse of our own, but they are just as binding, just as stringently enforced by group opinion, and the penalties of non-conformity have ever been swift and sure. Thus the whole matter of sex is seen to have been, throughout history, important to the race and the groups as well as to the individuals. It is precisely because it is so important that we today are concerned with it. But because we are more individualistic than our forebears, we have lost the older guideposts of solid group opinion.

THERE have been periods in history when the whole subject was taboo. The latest of these periods was not so very long ago. Sex was unmentionable in polite society and, consequently, there was no outward concern about it. Today we are caught by the backwash of this Victorian era of repression. Newspapers and magazines carry articles on sex, and modern literature is permeated with it. We are offered a wide assortment of attitudes, ideas and theories to choose from in regard to the sex life.

Another factor that has led us to a serious consideration of sex education for our children is the prevalence of failures in the sex relationship in marriage. Here again is nothing new. In times past there were the same failures. Undoubtedly many people found difficulty in making a happy sexual adjustment in marriage. Perhaps the difficulty went unrecognized or undefined; certainly it went unarticulated. It was not a matter one talked about, for no one believed that it was a fit subject for discussion, and certainly no one believed it was a situation that one could change. Being badly mated was simply accepted along with life's other inevitable hardships—a burden that husband or wife must learn to carry or to compensate for in some other direction.

Today we do find it possible to talk about such difficulties—we may even seek help for them, or a way out. We know that many divorces are the result of some sort of sexual incompatability. It is natural then, that those of us who believe in the validity of monogamous marriage "till death do us part" should be concerned to help children to whatever knowledge may make possible a happy and complete sexual adjustment.

In the past, fearful and abashed, we told our children nothing, and were dismayed to find they knew a great deal. More recently, straining to "do something" about it, we told our children "everything"—and were astonished to discover that either they had learned nothing or had not learned what we expected.

WE WANT to help our children find the best way. But how shall we know what is the best way? We will find no guidance in the past, for the tempo and temper of modern life has emphasized the cleavage between the generations. In dealing with our children, we feel ourselves constantly hampered by attitudes acquired in our own childhood. We have great difficulty in separating attitudes and superstitions from facts and emotions. We even have difficulty in clearly expressing ourselves on this subject.

Nor has the recent freedom of sex conversation helped us. Everywhere, around the dinner table or away from it, sex is freely discussed, its implications are debated and its manifestations analyzed. People have the mistaken idea that the more freely they can talk, the more free they really are.

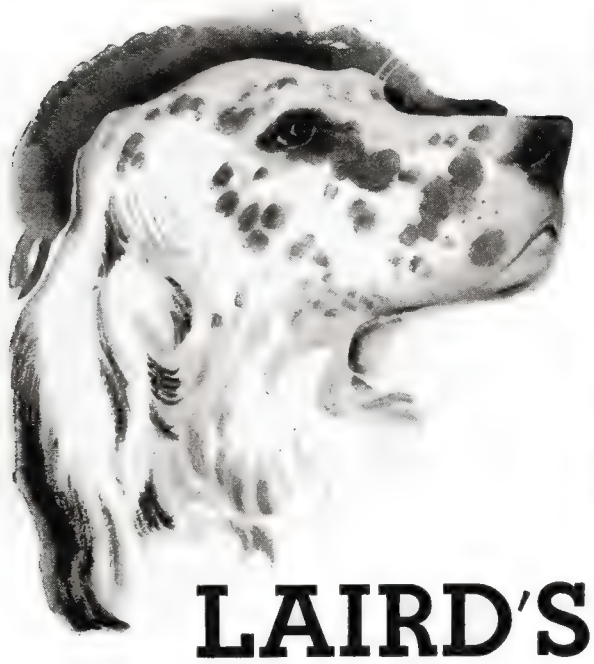
Some of us who have noted with interest the repercussions of this kind of freedom have remained convinced that talking about sex is quite a different thing than talking about mathematics—that sex knowledge is not to be taught like geography. We are physically and psychically so constituted that sex affects our thinking and our emotions, and talking about sex is consequently an emotional as well as an intellectual experience. Intelligence and emotion do not exist apart here and we might just as well accept that at the outset.

Thus many of us find that our best efforts at education along these lines fail to accomplish what we have been led to expect of them; and the cause of this failure may be deeply rooted in our own childhood. We are ourselves not so "free" as we would believe.

Our attitudes toward anything sexual are colored so early in our lives and so gradually that we do not know at any given point how we came to think and feel as we do. It is this personal feeling about sex, however, which has the most pervasive influence on our children's lives—rather than the facts with which we acquaint them when we think the proper time has come.

The most helpful thing we can do (*Turn to page 85*)

**Delineator Institute,** *Department of Child Training*



# LAIRD'S LUCK

by MARY DERIEUX

*Illustrated by* **SAMUEL OTIS**

CHAMPION Long Island Laird had just been driven away from a farmhouse door. It wasn't much of a house, but it would be warm. The light of an open fire flickered through an unshaded window, and danced on the snow in the yard. A thin layer of snow, with clumps of brown stubble sticking up through it. And there was food in the house. The big English setter's infallible nose had told him that when he was a quarter of a mile away.

The odor of side-meat sizzling over a fire was almost more now than he could stand. He lay stretched out in the snow beyond the yard gate, panting with weariness, his eyes wild with hunger.

He didn't know it was the wild light in his eyes that had made the child scream when he had leaped up on the narrow porch, and stood with his gaunt body half way through the open doorway. But he knew what the gun in the hands of the farmer meant, snatched down from its peg above the fireplace. Long Island Laird had lived with guns from the days of his puppyhood. He had never had one turned against him. But he'd seen, hundreds of times, the death that leaped from their black muzzles.

The door didn't open again. The glow of the fire died away after a while. Everything was still. Painfully Laird dragged himself to his feet. Even this short rest had stiffened muscles worn out by days and nights of traveling from that place far to the south where he'd been taken. Taken by men who had crept stealthily upon him, from behind, in the hunting field. Fighting, struggling, choking, he'd been muzzled and gagged and tied and dumped into the back of a car with a man who kept a blanket over him, and kicked him if he moaned.

Over little-traveled back roads the car had sped from the hunting fields of Tennessee toward the shelter of some remote backwoods Florida farm, where the dog could be hidden until it was safe to claim the ransom money that would surely be offered. They'd almost reached their goal. But there'd been too much liquor one night, another speeding car that loomed suddenly out of the darkness, a quick swerve to the right, their own car hurtling down a steep embankment . . .

The door had been wrenched open. Laird had been flung free of the car, near the top of the embankment. For hours he had worked, releasing himself from his bonds. There had been no sound from the silent car, down there on the edge of the river bank below. With the dawn Laird had been free. He'd given his great body a mighty shake to loosen his cramped muscles. Then he'd pointed his nose toward the north. Toward home. Not Tennessee. They'd only been practising, near Grand Junction, for the field trials to be held there later. Some obscure instinct told him that home, and the Long Island kennels where he had been born, lay farther away than Tennessee. And that he must travel toward the rising, not the setting sun.

So Laird, who had once known only human kindness, had now learned to avoid human habitation.

His rippling, milk-white satin coat, with its bold black markings, became a matted, dirty gray, his powerful body gaunt as a wolfhound's. He limped as he ran. The liquid gentleness of his brown eyes was the famished gleam of the wolf's now, when the hungry pack's in full cry. No wonder the child had screamed, and the farmer had reached for his gun!

But Laird didn't know that. He only knew that he wouldn't try going near a farmhouse again. He crept slowly back down the hill. Only the proud poise of his head was the same, and the beauty of its high-domed, long-muzzled contour. Nothing could change that!

He stopped suddenly, so still it was almost as though he had struck a point. For the second time tonight the breeze had brought to his nose the fragrance of cooking meat. But it was mingled this time with the smell of wood smoke—the camp-fire smell. Cautiously, his belly almost flat against the snow, Laird dragged his trembling body to the crest of the hill at the right of the road.

In the center of an open space, a fire blazed and crackled. Laird's nose twitched. His tail quivered against the bushes. The smell of cooking meat was coming from a large tin can that steamed and bubbled over the fire.

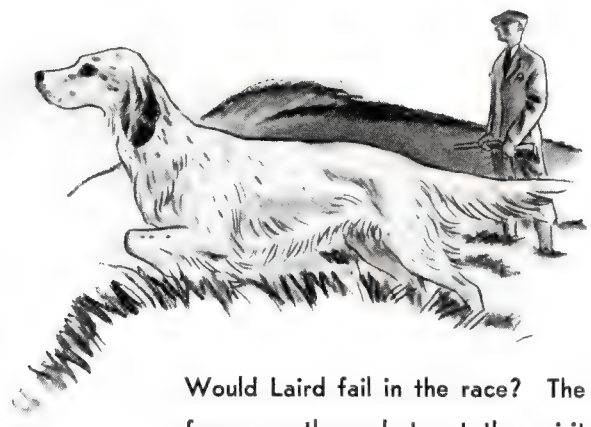
But he couldn't retrieve the can while the fire burned. It was guarded anyway, by a young man who sat with his back to the dog, his knees drawn up within his clasped hands, his head sunk forward on his chest. The hair that showed beneath his battered hat was neatly trimmed, but his overcoat was patched and ragged. He sat so still . . .

Laird was panting. He licked the saliva from his chops with his long pink tongue. Inch by inch, almost without his knowledge, his lithe body moved closer to the silent man and the bubbling stew.

Suddenly he was on his feet, at bay, a low growl in his throat. The man had turned his head, had seen him. A

**"Get that dog out of here or I'll brain him!" Tim looked at Butch. "I hear, but I'm not interested"**

**There's a thrill to this adventure of a friendless boy and a lost dog and the long hard trail back home**



Would Laird fail in the race? The form was there, but not the spirit

long moment they stood there, appraising each other, boy and dog. For he was hardly more than a boy. He was gaunt, as the dog was gaunt. His dark eyes were large and burning in his pale face, with a spot of color in each cheek.

"My God!" he said at last. "Where did *you* come from, old man?"

With the sound of that voice, all the wildness faded out of Laird's eyes, and a great peace came into his heart. He had found a friend. He moved forward, eyes lifted, tail wagging, relief and joy in every line of his body. He had not yet learned that a man with every wish to be his friend might be as helpless, as outlawed, as himself . . . As any stray dog fighting for a meaningless existence . . .

The boy's hand rested caressingly on the dog's head. "Come up to the fire," he said. He was smiling as the dog stretched himself out in the pleasant heat.

The boy removed the can and ladled out the fragrant stew on paper plates, one for himself and one for the dog.

Laird didn't move. You never made a move toward food that had been set before you, until someone had told you "All right, old man!" or "Hie on!"

There was a queer look in the boy's eyes as he shoved the plate close to the dog's nose and sat down cross-legged in front of him to eat his stew with a spoon he had taken from his pocket.

"Once a thoroughbred—always a thoroughbred, aren't you?" he said. "Your training takes better than ours, I guess. Or maybe it's better training . . ." He sat staring into the fire a long time before he began to eat.

When he had finished he still sat staring into the fire. Laird crawled closer to him. Laid his great head on the thin knee. Whined softly in his throat. The boy didn't look at him, but he patted him gently and pulled his long ears. Satisfied, Laird closed his eyes and went to sleep.

He was awakened with a start by a voice—a grating voice—the kind of voice those men in the car had had. He looked up into the twisted red face of a man on the other side of the fire. A man with a big stick in his hand. Laird came to his feet, a growl in his throat, the hair ruffling along his back. He'd always known the meaning of guns. He'd learned in these last weeks the meaning of heavy sticks, and cowhide boots . . .

THE boy's restraining hand was around his neck. Every nerve was quivering, but he waited while the boy got up and stood beside him.

"Get that dog out of here, or I'll brain him! You hear what I say, Nicholls?"

"I hear," the boy answered quietly. "But I'm not interested, Butch. I'm going to keep this dog."

It was a bellow this time from the other side of the fire. "Like hell you are!"

Nicholls' hand went to his pocket. "It's no use, Butch. I've got your gun, you know. You can come and get it in half an hour. I'll leave it under the culvert down at the road . . ."

"So that's your game!" The red face sneered. "I let you join up with me because you're starvin'—and when you c'd be some use to me on a job, you walk out on me . . ."

The boy glanced down into the trusting brown eyes of the dog.

"Yes," he said. "I've decided to go *on* starving, and let you do the sticking up. That's all." His tone was final.

He backed slowly out of the circle of firelight, the dog close at his side. He paused a moment.

"Butch," his young voice was grim, "I'd advise you not to move till your half-hour's up. It might be dangerous."

Then they were gone. Crashing through the pines in the darkness. Running across an open field beneath the stars. Slipping the gun under the culvert. Racing along the road until they found a barn where an unlocked door and the sweet dusty smell of hay assured them warmth and shelter until dawn.

It was a strange life which began that night for Champion Long Island Laird. He dreamed sometimes of comfortable kennels behind a great house that looked out over the waters of the Sound. Dreamed of field trials with their grueling tests of stamina and skill. Dreamed of the pride in Nancy Porter's eyes when men crowded about, praising her dog, who had twice won the national championship, who should have won it again, this year. He had had everything a dog can have. Except a master!

He had that now. They had little enough to eat. They tramped weary miles over the hills while the boy looked for work, and Laird went with him or waited in the edge of the woods for him to come back—sometimes with food, sometimes without—but never with a job. They slept anywhere they could. They were cold and tired and hungry most of the time. But it was different, since they'd been together. The red spots had gone out of Tim

His body was gaunt as a wolfhound's

Nicholls' cheeks, the burning look out of his eyes. One day he found an old brush and worked at Laird's coat until it was half way respectable again. He cleaned all the burrs from it, and from the dog's feet.

They were happy that day. An old woman had given them a real meal in the kitchen of her little farmhouse, and afterwards, racing across a field, the scent of birds had come suddenly to Laird's nose. He had flashed into a point. The birds were moving ahead of him along the ground. Step by step he had followed them, power and grace and control in every line of his body, each point more beautiful than the one before.

The boy had played the game with him . . . advancing beside him, with a cotton stalk for a gun . . . getting up the birds . . . pretending to shoot. When it was all over, and the covey had scattered somewhere in the field ahead of them, Tim Nicholls had stood in the field looking down at the dog, still panting from the thrill of the chase.

"Good Lord!" he said. "Where did you come from? I've seen a lot of bird dogs. But I never saw form like that before!"

They made their fire that night near the outskirts of a little town where two railroads crossed. A long freight train jolted to a stop beside a water tank. Ten minutes later three men loomed suddenly out of the darkness and stood looking down at them in the firelight. Two of them were boys, no older than Tim. The other one was Butch.

Laird lifted his head, instantly on the alert. But Butch was trying to be pleasant tonight. "Jus' come in on the Limited," he said. "Saw your fire. Knew it was you by the dog here. Thought we'd pay a visit."

There was something sinister beneath the pleasantness. Both boy and dog knew it. But there was nothing to be done. Hospitality was the law of the road.

Laird didn't like the two boys. He didn't like the red-faced man. He withdrew as far as he could from the circle of firelight, without going too far to spring to his master's side if he were needed. His head was on his paws. His eyes were closed. But his nose and his ears told him everything that was going on.

The visitors seemed to have plenty of supplies. Meat for their stew, bread and butter, doughnuts, something they called "corn" which gurgled into tin cups and filled the air with a raw odor that wrinkled the dog's nose in distaste. Tim didn't like it either. "Fusel oil," he called it, and handed the cup back after the first taste.

While the stew was cooking over the fire the men sat around it and talked. It seemed that Butch and his two helpers had pulled off a good "job." But Butch had been looking all over the state for Tim. He'd trailed him through the queer grapevine information service maintained by the knights of the road. It wasn't hard to trace a man who traveled with a dog like Laird . . .

HIS name came out with a crack like a pistol shot—and the dog came to his feet just as quickly—he even took a short step forward before he had time to realize that it was only the hated man with the red face who had called him.

He stopped dead then. His master's face was white. Butch was roaring with laughter, slapping his thick knee.

"Didn't I tell ya so? Didn't I tell ya?"

He poured out another drink for himself and his two companions. The smile that drew his lips back from his stained teeth was more like a snarl than his rage had been that first night. He held his tin cup out to touch the other two cups. Laird understood vaguely what that meant. He'd seen it done in the clubhouse after a field trial, only they'd been sparkling crystal glasses instead of tin cups.

Tim Nicholls hadn't moved from his seat on an old railroad tie. He spoke softly to the dog. The boy's arm went round his neck. There was something tense but curiously reassuring in that pressure. It meant to Laird that he must stand there quietly, ready for anything, but waiting his master's word to move. He wagged his tail gently to show that he understood.

"Well, Butch," Tim was saying, "suppose you tell us what this is all about . . ."

His voice was pleasant. But it wasn't his own voice at all. The dog glanced quickly up at his master's face. His eyes were narrowed, strained in the concentration of their gaze. It was the way he felt when birds were so close the quivering of a muscle might startle them.

But Butch wasn't very coherent now. "You—you tell him, Toad!"

Toad moved forward obediently into the light.

"It was me put him wise," he said. "We joined up with him, and he told us about this here dog. I remembered somethin' about a dog in a New York paper—see?—it looked like him to me. We (*Turn to page 52*)

His tail merged with the contour of his legs—his head drooped

Nina Kay Gore, and her husband, Thomas Gore, who is the distinguished blind Senator from Oklahoma

# EYES TO THE BLIND

by FRANCES PARKINSON KEYES

**The light that led a man—**

**through darkness—to the**

**very Capitol of our nation**

IT HAS become rather the fashion in recent years not only to stress, but to overemphasize, the part that a woman plays in shaping her husband's career; and the lady in question is often apt to adopt this mode with considerable enthusiasm herself! But in the official circle at Washington there is a woman who has always gone so far in the opposite direction—who has so insistently maintained that the renown of her husband, Senator Gore of Oklahoma, is based on his own resourcefulness, steadfastness and ability—that it is difficult to make her admit that she has helped him at all!

Only those who have come into contact with Nina Kay Gore's splendid sense of balance, her vigor of body, mind and spirit, her calm and unswerving devotion, recognize the real magnitude of what she has done. For more than thirty years she has interpreted and personified one of the most significantly beautiful of all Bible verses: she has been "eyes to the blind"—and in a sense so significant that the story of her achievement is as inspiring as it is symbolic.

In her preparation for the tremendous task she has fulfilled, she had the benefit of no unusual opportunities, no great advantages. Her mother, Marcella MacLaughlin, came from a Mississippi family whose plantation had been stripped and sacked by an invading army. Similar disaster, of course, was the common lot of everyone she knew; and Marcella would have felt no self-pity if she had married a young man as destitute of this world's goods as she was herself.

As a matter of fact, however, the suitor of her choice, John Kay, had forged his way through to comparative prosperity. At the time of his marriage, he was the manager of a factory in Meridian; but a lifelong ambition to become a doctor caused him to resign his profitable position; and striking out for Shreveport, he entered the medical school there, and eventually graduated from it. But a severe chronic bronchitis, which he had contracted in the army, forced him to abandon practise; and he finally settled on a cotton plantation near Palestine, a small town in Texas.

So it is in a ranch-house that his daughter's first memories were centered—a house so remote from the outskirts of civilization that the sight of the first little girl whom she ever saw still stands out vividly in her mind.

When Nina was fifteen, her mother helped her let down her dresses, so that she would look old enough to apply for a teaching position.

Marcella died soon after she had seen Nina start on her first great adventure with her lengthened skirts and her young eager face; and it was not long afterward that John Kay died too.

Before she was out of her teens, Nina was left to face the world alone. But she faced it unflinchingly. She went to live with a kindly family whose home was near her school, and to whom she paid seven dollars a month for board and lodging. She taught thirty or forty ungraded pupils, some of them nearly as old as she was herself. She did this for three years; and, besides teaching, she built and tended the fire in the crude little one-room schoolhouse, cleaned it and kept it in order. But she was earning real money. Her salary of seventy-five dollars a month was an exceptionally large one and she was able to save most of it. She was "making good." And what was better still, she was receiving regularly, and with increasing frequency, inspiring and encouraging letters from a young man named Thomas Gore, whom she had first met at a political rally, and with whom she had entered into correspondence "as a means of mental improvement."

At this point it is necessary to go back a little, and explain something of whom and what this young man was, and how he happened to enter the picture. His father, Thomas Madison Gore, had been a Mississippi lawyer, and had been reduced to "straightened circumstances," as had almost everyone living south of the Mason-Dixon line at that period. But he had striven and sacrificed in order to give his children the best possible educational advantages.

His son Thomas's youth had not been without privations, but it was far from being a dull or barren one; and for a time he acted as page in the State Senate at Jackson—living, while he did so, with the cultured and charming family of Senator George of Mississippi. In spite of an interrupted and intermittent preparation, he graduated from the Normal School at Walthal, his "home town," when he was only twenty, and then taught with marked success for a year.

The following year he took his degree of Bachelor of Laws at Cumberland University in Lebanon, Tennessee, and immediately afterwards was admitted to the Mississippi bar.

But after practising in his native state for a short time, he decided that there might be wider opportunities awaiting him in Texas, so he struck out alone for Corsicana, having previously written to the county judge there announcing his impending arrival and saying that he hoped an opening might be found for him. The magistrate in question, Judge Harrold, had been favorably impressed with the letter he had received from this unknown young man, and was prepared beforehand to welcome him graciously and with encouragement. But when the applicant for labor and honor presented himself in person, the judge was horrified to discover that the young man was totally blind!

The proverb that lightning never strikes twice in the same place is generally accepted as being true. But Thomas Pryor Gore must have doubted the veracity of this saying from the very first time he heard it. He was only eight years old when he was accidentally struck in the right eye by a glancing stick that had been haphazardly tossed in his direction by a playmate. Concussion followed, a blurring of vision. But there were no oculists in the town, and neither the family doctor, the boy's parents, or the child himself realized that his eyesight had been seriously or permanently injured. That realization came three years later, during the happy period spent in Jackson. Thomas had bought, (*Turn to page 80*)

# THE YOUNG MAN'S GIRL

LOCKED out by her husband on her wedding night. That was what happened to Chiyu Clyde, and in her trouble she went to John Wyndward for help.

Much lay behind that momentous visit for Chiyu—a young lifetime of love for this sculptor who was blind to her adoration, dating from the days when she had modeled for him, ten long years ago. She had grown more beautiful with each year. A place in the chorus of Ziegfeld's Follies had led to small parts in musical comedy. Knowing that Wyndward, an independent and popular young bachelor, would never care for her, she accepted security and married Warren Trenholme, the playwright—socially prominent but the black sheep of his family. Right after his wedding he became insanely drunk and locked the door of his apartment against his bride.

Chiyu's turning to John Wyndward for guidance touched him. Her coming reminded him of the work he had done when she posed for him—the Firemen's Memorial on Riverside Drive, his only masterpiece. He could not equal it again. What was the matter?

That night of Chiyu's visit, her golden enchantment, her helplessness quickened his pulses. An urge to create awoke in him again.

"Can this girl, a fireman's daughter, be the reason?" Wyndward asked himself in astonishment. "Here is the devil to pay!"

He pictured all the complications if he let himself fall in love with Chiyu. No, that way he must not go . . .

But when it was learned that Trenholme had been taken to Calvary Hospital in delirium, Wyndward attempted to see more of Chiyu—to cheer her, he told himself. But she refused to be seen. They met, quite accidentally, at a party given in one of his lighter moments by Captain Jauncy, a social arbiter of New York. The flame in Wyndward burned bright at the sight of her. They left together, and in her apartment they were aware of their love. It was just then that the telephone rang: Calvary Hospital, calling Mrs. Trenholme. The message: "Come at once. Mr. Trenholme is dying." *Here the story continues:*

WARREN TRENHOLME died at his leisure. In life he never hurried. He took his time about dying.

Chorus girls and Broadway bums discussed his passing. The world he had adopted discussed it—barbers, manicurists, men about town, ladies on the town, sporting men, jobless Thespians. In respectable theatrical circles it was merely mentioned. The world which he had abandoned scarcely noticed it.

Trenholme died slowly. It took him nearly two weeks. His brand new wife was always with him. The only conscious emotion he betrayed was a kind of sardonic pride in her. To her were addressed his last coherent words: "You tell my family to go to the devil!"

Dr. Terry Quinton, talking about it to Wyndward at the Buccaneers Club a week or two later, spoke of Trenholme's physical endurance through the losing battle for life.

"A vigorous man in spite of his dissipations," he said. "He put up a desperate fight. He was crazy about his wife, you know. That's why."

"Was he really?"

"Yes, he was. After all, John, he had been born a gentleman. Which perhaps is why he had the courage to marry where he loved."

"He had the courage to make Broadway his profession, also," remarked Wyndward, "if that is courage."

"Well, it was in him, anyway."

"So was his vulgarity."

"I don't know where he got that," continued Quinton. "His ancestry and family fairly reek of respectability. He himself was loud and noisy and convivial. And clever."

"They say he was kindly and generous," said Wyndward. "I hope he has provided for his wife. Do you know?"

"He left her everything. I'm sorry to say it wasn't as much as one might expect from a man who has written several Broadway hits."

"Is it enough?"

"Well—yes. That is, Chiyu has a very modest income. Enough to travel a little. I sent her to Bermuda."

"Oh. That's where she's gone."

"Yes, that's where she's gone," repeated Quinton with a hint of malice in his tone.

"Was she worn out—exhausted by the whole thing?"

"Not at all. But I thought it would be good for her."

"I see."

"Do you? Well, she's a pretty thing in black I can tell you, John. Mrs. Trenholme is a good name for any widow. Your respectable snobs and snoopers can trace it back to the Washington Square region. It's a good passport for a young and attractive widow. And Chiyu's face, figure, voice, and manner indorse it. Some day I hope she'll meet a real man, somewhere. Your kind . . . No, not exactly your kind——"

"What do you mean?" said Wyndward dangerously.

"I mean you're too self-satisfied—what with the shadow of Parliament and a rickety coronet tagging you like tin cans tied to a lost dog——"

"You know I'm an American citizen."

"Oh yeah? Didn't Cecil Fairmount go back, finally, to be a baronet? He was a Yankee citizen, too. Didn't Montagu Mellew go back? And Percy Kirk-Riding? And you'll go too if you outlive that kennel-full of pups over in England. But would *I* go back to Ireland? Not if they hand me Kilcarrick on a pewter salver. And me a poor doctor and a Mick at that!"

"You're a Mick alright, but Kilcarrick Castle is a pretty place for a poor doctor to loaf in."

"I'd be a damned fool to go if ever the opportunity flirted with me. Though I mistrust I'm a snob; and I know *you* are."

"I'm no snob," retorted Wyndward tranquilly.

"And why not? You don't consider that any girl in

by

# ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

*Illustrated by*

**JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG**

**And now—in France—a duel is fought over the heroine of this romance, the girl who has raised herself from gutter to coronet**

America is good enough for you to marry. What's that but a snob?"

"I don't consider any girl at all for that purpose."

"Oh, I don't mean that, either. And, although you never mention it, you're solemnly impressed by your family history—which, I admit, is part of England's, too. Anyway, you're stuck on your social, elegant, educated self."

"An absolute lie."

"G'wan, y'are so! No colleen is good enough for the likes of ye!"

"Whom do you expect me to marry?"

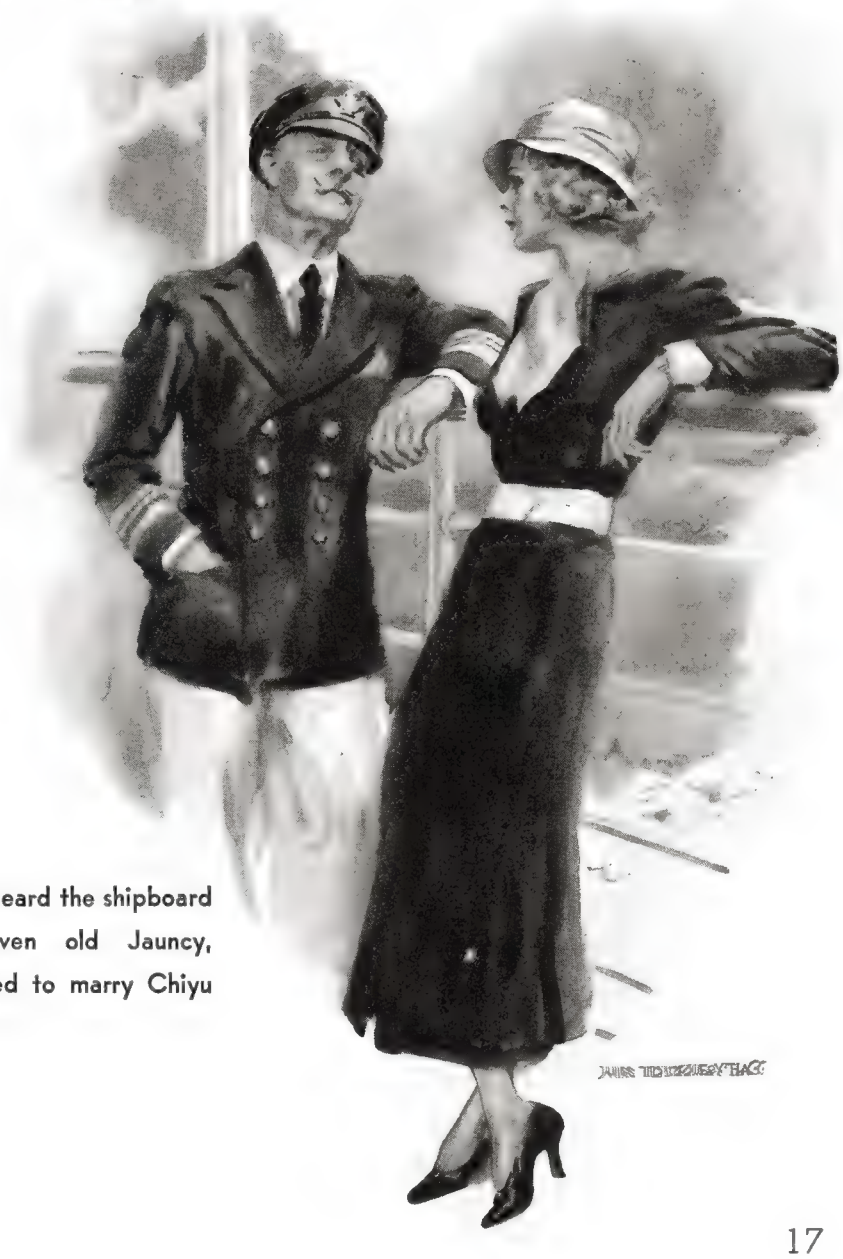
"Begob, I dunno if it's a marchioness or a manicure! All I know is, where love is, marry! But ye've not the guts to do that."

Quinton's raillery began to irritate Wyndward a little. Very, very vaguely he was conscious of something occult in all this badgering—something evasively personal. And yet it seemed unlikely that this man—or any other man—could hint at any serious possibility between Chiyu and himself.

Anyway, whatever Quinton, his old friend, meant by it, he'd had enough of it—too much of that sort of banter.

Besides, he was sore at heart concerning Chiyu who never had communicated with him from the day she had dropped him at his apartment that snowy morning to the present moment.

He had not known Trenholme well enough to go to his funeral. So he didn't go. But when he *(Turn to page 87)*



**Wyndward had heard the shipboard gossip—that even old Jauncy, that snob, wanted to marry Chiyu**

# THE PENNY

by

## MARY McCALL, Jr.

**A love story of Dublin in the spring, that has all the lift and lilt of the Irish heart, but that has also its touch of unrest and pensive melancholy**

*Illustrated by* **J. HOLMGREN**

SPEAKING to the tram conductor was the first not quite nice thing Maureen had ever done. To understand nice things and not quite nice things—to understand Maureen, you'll have to know something about Dublin.

There's Phoenix Park, very large and very green, with winding roads and bridle paths. In it stands the Vice-Regal Lodge, where the Governor General lives. Deer run through Phoenix Park, agile on their slim legs, and not quite believable, more like the shy, dappled, soft-eyed creatures of a dream.

The Phoenix Park Zoo is large and fine. It's one of the few zoos in the world where lions breed contentedly. But lions are still a long way from Maureen, who was small and gray-eyed and had a tip-tilted nose with a dusting of freckles on it. Really, the only feature of Phoenix Park life which could be said to touch Maureen's existence is the riding. The very best people in Dublin, the urban representatives of county families, ride in Phoenix Park, ride on the springy turf under the low-bending branches of the trees.

It was the first not quite nice thing she had ever done

Very well, there's Phoenix Park. Then, coming in towards town, there's the big prison with the surprising name—"Mountjoy." A great many Dubliners have been in the Joy at one time or another, but no one Maureen knew, except the tram conductor, and she didn't really know him when she spoke to him. That's why it wasn't quite nice.

We'll dismiss the Joy then, and the Mater Hospital. Let's skip everything and get down to the center of town. Here's a broad street which was once Sackville Street, and is O'Connell Street since things have changed. At the time that Maureen spoke to the tram conductor, Sackville Street had definitely settled down into being O'Connell Street, the scars of the Troubles were being healed by new buildings, and the tricolor of the Free State, green, white, and orange, floated in the breeze and showed bright and lively in the sun when there was any sun. There seldom is sun in Dublin in the winter. If you're getting any picture of the Park, the Joy, the Liffey, add rain to it, gentle, gray, continual.

The River Liffey, known as Old Anna Liffey for some Irish reason, is bridged several times. O'Connell Bridge is the widest. Trams run across it. Pushbikes and motors and pedestrians throng it.

Soon there's Trinity College. Trinity is important in the story because Maureen was studying there when she spoke to the tram conductor. Maureen came in for lectures during term, but she lived at home.

Let's slight the Bank of Ireland and get on to Grafton Street. Grafton Street is narrow, but it's Dublin's shopping centre. Brown Thomas's Department Store is there, and Switzer's, where the nicest people meet for coffee and biscuits in the morning. Maureen and her friends were the nicest people. They met at Switzer's. The tram conductor had never in his life sipped a cup of coffee at Switzer's, or unwrapped one of their chocolate biscuits from its foil. The tram conductor was, you see, not one of the nicest people.

We'll leave out St. Stephen's Green and the National University, though St. Stephen's Green is made charming by its lake with swans and ducks on it. Baedeker could tell you about Trinity and the National and the Shelburne Hotel. But Mr. Baedeker would fall down on the residential streets and their residents. Wherever they live, in Merrion Square or Fitzwilliam Square, on Pembroke Road, Wellington Road, Waterloo Road, Dubliners are divided into two groups. There are people who have a light lunch, tea at half-after-four, and dinner at eight. That group includes County Families and Nearly County Families. It included Maureen's family. It quite definitely does not include people like the tram conductor, who certainly wouldn't have cared anyway.

The second group have dinner at noon, and high tea with cold meat, scones, and jam at half-after-five. Some of these high-tea people look and act and talk like the dinner-at-eight people. They have positions in shops and offices. The rest—well, the rest are more vigorously and humbly employed. They're artisans and tram conductors. They may look alike, the high-tea people and the dinner people, but there's a cleavage. Maureen was conscious of it. The tram conductor wasn't, but he was a bit on the queer side.

Maureen belonged to the dinner-at-eight half of the Dublin world. Her father's name was Riordan. He was a solicitor, and a successful one. He lived with his wife and Maureen on Wellington Road, beyond the Baggott Street Bridge, a penny ha'penny ride on a Number 5 or a Number 9 tram to Nelson's Pillar. Maureen went dancing nearly every Saturday night at Cleary's. She was looking forward to the annual ball of the Ward Union Hunt, because Hunt Balls are topping fun. During the summer she went bathing at Greystones beyond Bray, and was asked to all the nicest tennis parties. Her friends were named Kathleen and Ethne, Eileen and Muriel. Their fathers were bankers, doctors, solicitors, and they all had dinner at eight, coffee at Switzer's, went to Hunt Balls and belonged to County—or Nearly County—Families.

The dinner-at-eight group is small and its members know each other surprisingly well, considering the size of Dublin. The attentions of its men to its maids are accurately noted down.

Maureen had never been gossiped about. She was popular. When her mother gave her a tennis party or a small dance, a crowd of the nicest young men in Dublin came to it, and called afterwards on Sunday afternoon. Maureen had plenty of attention, but it was varied. If Charles Shaw-Gordon took her dancing one Saturday night, when you met her at the race meeting at Leopardstown she'd be with Desmond Moran. She played golf often, but not too often, with Joseph O'Kelly, but she balanced that by going to the Nine Arts Ball with Ernest O'Sullivan More.

THIS was Maureen's first winter away from her English convent. She thoroughly enjoyed dancing and golf and racing with Charles, Desmond, Joseph and Ernest. Her pleasure in their company was as momentarily real, as brightly colored as a soap bubble, and just as insubstantial. For when she thought seriously of a man, she'd think seriously of marriage and children, and she was young and Dublin was very gay, and life was far too full of topping good times to be taken seriously just yet.

Then she spoke to the tram conductor.

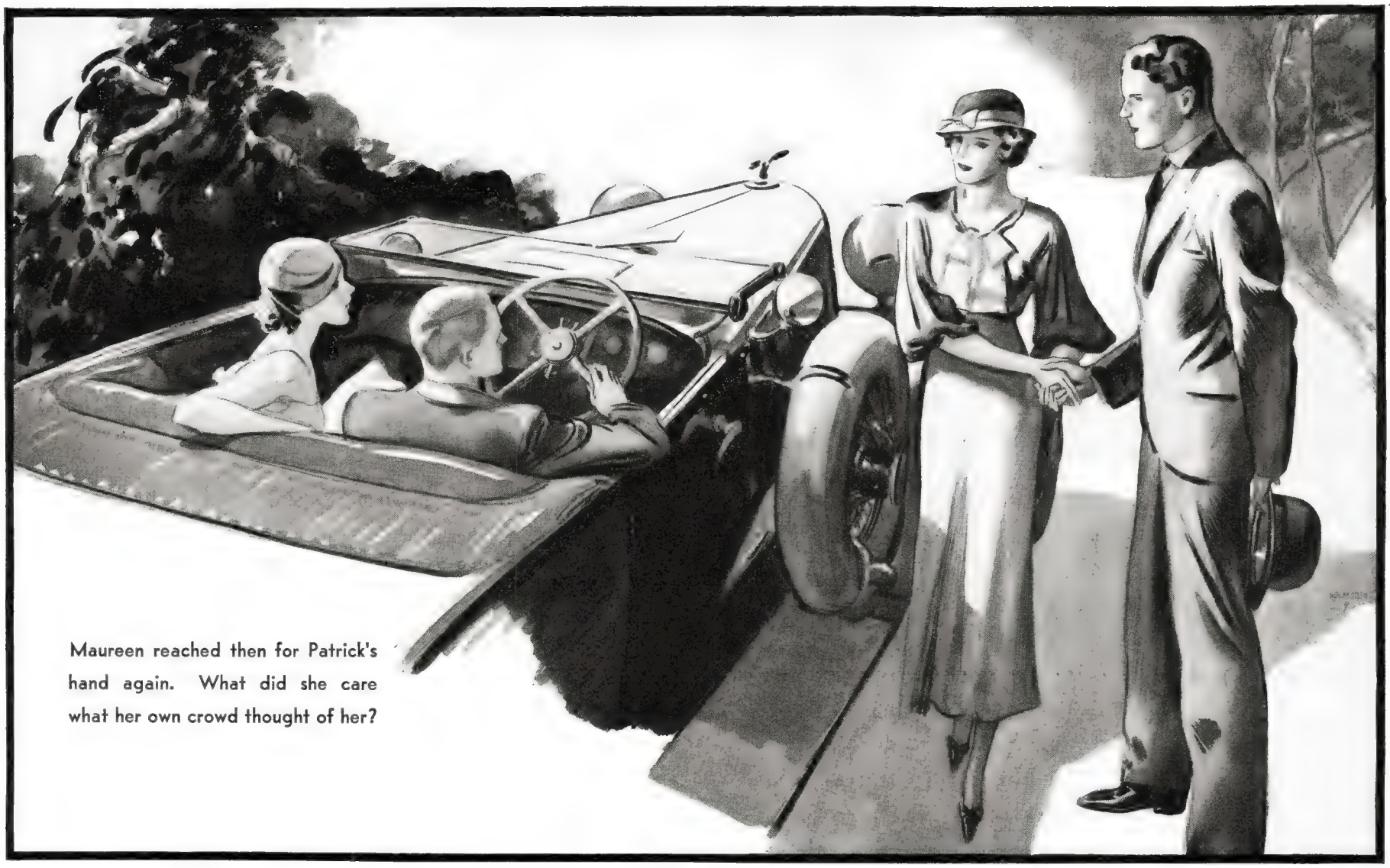
Maureen had a political economy lecture with Professor Bastable at half-after-nine. To accomplish the shrouding of her slim self in her academicals, her undergraduate gown with sixteen tassels on each sleeve, and her mortarboard, it was necessary for her to take a Number 5 tram, just where it turned into Pembroke Road, not later than ten minutes to nine. She stood at that corner at the same time every morning, so she always caught the same tram.

She noticed the conductor quite early in the Michaelmas term, that is, early in the fall. She continued to notice him during the Hilary term, which was in midwinter. It wasn't until the Trinity, or spring term, was well under way, that she spoke to him. Noticing him, she couldn't help. He was big, six feet and a little more besides, and was quite the handsomest man she had ever seen.

Maureen could most certainly have avoided speaking to him. She did avoid it for the six weeks of the Michaelmas term and the six weeks of the Hilary term. But for that she didn't deserve credit, for she rode inside during the rainy weather—inside with a great many people. When spring came and the sun now and again blessed Dublin with a tremulous smile, Maureen took to riding on top of the tram. There she was often alone. So really, her first opportunity to speak to the tram conductor in even semi-privacy was not given her till spring, and she seized it almost at once.

It really was funny, their meeting every morning like that without fail, all through the winter. Maureen had realized that it was funny, and she knew that he had too,

# HA'PENNY RIDE



Maureen reached then for Patrick's hand again. What did she care what her own crowd thought of her?

because of the smile he gave when he sold her her ticket. When he gave her a smile, he gave her also the impression that he had winked, or at least, that his eyes had twinkled at her. She watched very carefully to see whether he really winked, and found he didn't. The impression of a wink, that was all; and no young lady, no matter how nicely brought up, can resent the impression of a wink.

It was a clear spring morning when she spoke to him. The air seemed newly washed and the sunlight had the color of a lately opened daffodil. Maureen was alone on the top of the tram. The conductor took her money, gave her a ticket, a smile, and that impression of a wink.

"I seem to catch this same tram every morning, don't I?" said Maureen. She didn't mean to speak to him, really. She just spoke to him. Something about the rain-washed clarity of the morning, and the really noble outline of his big figure against the light, made speaking to him seem almost necessary.

"You don't seem to," he said. "You do."

There was definitely a twinkle this time. He didn't say "miss," as tram conductors and shop assistants did as a rule. His accent wasn't the accent of Charles Shaw-Gordon, whose "I say, have a gahsper," was acquired at one of the best English public schools. No, his accent wasn't Charles's, but it wasn't the adenoidal sing-song of the Dublin tenements, either. It was a soft way of speaking.

That was all that day. All, except "good-morning" and a smile, until the next week. By that time, Maureen had begun to look forward to the morning tram ride. She tried to tell herself it was of no interest to her whether she caught that tram or another. She tried to pretend she wasn't reluctant to ride down to college with her mother in the Bentley two-seater one morning. But it was no use. Absurdly, irrationally, the sight of that tram rounding the corner gave her a small tingle of excitement. A small tingle, like the small electric shock one gets from walking on a heavy rug and then touching metal. Small, but definite. The morning she motored in with her mother, she had a small but definite feeling of disappointment.

IT was after this tramless and disappointing day that he said more than good-morning. She was carrying books, not in an attaché-case as usual, but loose on her lap. When the tram conductor came to take her fare, right after the good-morning, and the smile, he glanced down at the topmost book. It was a political economy textbook.

"Do they give you Karl Marx at Trinity?" he said.

"I don't agree with Karl Marx," she said, quoting her father.

"No more do I, not all of him. But then, you see, I have a right to disagree with him. I've read him."

Then he was off down the stair, leaving Maureen to think over what he had said, leaving her, when she'd thought it over, to smooth the ruffled feathers of her dignity. A tram conductor to say a thing like that!

It was the end, until the next day. Maureen was looking hard at the houses in Upper Baggot Street when he put the book in her lap.

"If you want a ticket to the Pillar," he said, "you must give me a penny ha'penny. And to give me a penny ha'penny, you'll have to look at me at least a little. So there's no good cricking your neck like that because you're offended at what I said yesterday. It was the truth, and you know it. You've never read Karl Marx, and that's all right, but you mustn't go around saying you disagree with him because you've heard your father say it. I'd lay a quid on your father not having read him either. The truth shouldn't make anyone angry, so please don't be angry with me—because I brought you a book."

She turned then, sharply. She was terribly confused, but she realized that she wasn't quite so angry as she should be. She looked at the book because she wasn't sure how she should look at him, and whether she could count on herself to look at him angrily if that was the right thing to do. The book was "Deirdre," by James Stephens.

"Have you read it?" he said.

"No," she said. Not "And I'll choose my own reading, thank you." Not even "Of course I can't borrow a book from you!" Just "No."

"Do," he said. "It's beautiful. And bring it back to me when you're through, like a good girl, because it's very dear to me, and I have few enough books as it is, and fewer still that I love as I love this (*Turn to page 77*)

When Reggie entered with the men from Scotland Yard, the woman and the man shrank

# Mr. FORTUNE

## THE MYSTERY OF THE GYPSY MOTH

SPRING WALK was a bridle path through the wood when Marnham was a village. Now both are embedded in London. The wilderness of suburban avenues has spared Spring Walk's tangle of cottages. Under the shadow of gaunt flats and contorted villas there is still an old garden and a demure little house.

In the best room of the house—a pleasant, low room—windows looked out on the garden in front and the garden at the back. The room had not much furniture, a few Hepplewhite chairs, here and there a little French table, a bureau bookcase by the front window, a sofa behind the arch. The front half of the room was flooded with sunlight. In the shade beyond lay a woman's body.

Her white hair had fallen into disorder. She lay upon her back; she seemed to have no shape; her black dress hid her.

A thick-set man was stooping over her. Another man, taller and younger, stood, hands in pockets, looking at him.

Her face was swollen out of the spare form of age in livid, leaden bulk. The deep-set eyes had come forward and still in death stared fear.

"My oath!" the square man muttered.

"Pretty nasty, isn't it?" the other said. "Dear old lady she was, you know. Must have been a ruddy brute did it."

The door opened, and a man in sedate dark clothes stood still beside it. "Oh, my Bell! Here we are again," a plaintive voice rose high. "This the scene of the crime?" He shut the door, he came through the sunlight into the shadow and saw the woman. "Well, well!" The voice sank to a murmur. He knelt down by her.

When he stood up his round face had lost its vague, pathetic curiosity; it showed no emotion, no interest. "Not a nice case," he mumbled. "Did you find her—" he flicked a finger towards the body—"so?"

"Well, we did, Mr. Fortune," Superintendent Bell of Scotland Yard said slowly. "But she'd been moved before Grant got here. Nothing we could do about it."

"The maid says she found the body underneath the sofa there," Grant explained. "Says she pulled it out to see what was the matter."

Mr. Fortune went up to the sofa. At the head of it was one soft cushion and the middle of that was deeply crushed. He bent over it, peered at it with his eyes close to the stuff, smelt it. To the silk of the sofa upholstery he gave the same examination. "Yes. The lady has lain there," he mumbled. "We'd better have this." From the silk just below the cushion he cut out a strip which was smeared with a dark stain. "Stain quite fresh. Probably blood stain."

"There's something like dry blood on her neck, sir," said Grant eagerly.

Reggie stared at him for a silent moment. "Thanks very much," he murmured. "I did notice it." He put his hands underneath the sofa and turned it on to its back and knelt down to look at the under side and the carpet. From that he collected a few white hairs and gave them to Bell. "Evidence the body has been under sofa as stated. Maid may be reliable. I wonder." He came slowly back to the body and stood contemplating it with eyes almost closed. With a shrug and a shiver he turned to Bell and spoke in a formal, dreary tone: "Cause of death, asphyxia. This woman was strangled by hand. Probably——"

Grant interrupted. "What about the blood, sir?"

"The blood?" Reggie drawled. "No connection cause of death. Even if her own. Operator somebody with broad fingers. Probably a man. Powerful hands. She didn't give much trouble. Too old. But there was some. She struggled while she could. Time of death uncertain. Before midnight, not before sunset. That's the medical evidence. Case for police investigation."

"What's in your mind, sir?" said Bell.

"The room," Reggie murmured. He turned, surveying the cosy place dreamily. "No electric light. No gas."

"No lighting in the house," said Grant. "The old lady wouldn't have it. Only oil lamps and candles."

Reggie sighed. "Yes. Oil lamp over there." He walked to the bureau on which stood an old-fashioned brass reading-lamp. He looked close at the polished walnut slab on which it stood and swept into an envelop a little coarse dust. "Yes. The lamp was alight last night. By lamplight somebody was busy here. Somebody excited."

"How do you get that, sir?" Grant said eagerly. "What is the stuff you took up?"

"Burnt human hair. Somebody was so flustered bendin' over the bureau that the head got too near the lamp and was frizzled. All you have to do now is to find some strongish fellow with big fingers, who knows the ways of the nice old lady's house, who was interested in what she had in that bureau, who was here soon after dark last night and who was wearing a rough tweed coat. Then see if his hair's a bit uneven."

"Where do you get the coat from?" said Grant.

"The lady has a little rough wool in her nails. Scraped off his sleeve, poor thing. While he was throttling her."

"I see. What color?"

"Oh, my dear chap!" Reggie moaned. "Brownish, yellowish, grayish. Any color. Rough tweed. Fragments." He walked across the room to the other window and stood looking out at the back garden, a larger, more amiable place than the prim patch in front.

Then he opened the window and wandered away. When Bell came after him he stood dreamily contemplating lavender violas and pink roses.

"Fond of pale blue and pink, wasn't she?" he sighed. "Poor lady! Her violas smell like honey. And she—" He glanced back at the room in which men were moving. "Well, well! Our Mr. Grant's getting busy."

"He won't let anything slip him, Mr. Fortune."

"No. I should say not. No. However. Plenty of material facts. I want something spiritual."

Bell stared at him. "I don't understand, sir."

"NO. Nor do I," Reggie moaned. "Dear old lady. Beastly, calculated crime. Very potent motive. Spiritual mystery." He shivered. "However. Workin' from material facts—there's another." He pointed to the grass edge of the rose bed where it was broken. "A woman

into a corner. "What the devil do you want?" the man growled. "You!" said Reggie

# is ON THE CASE!

by **H. C. BAILEY**

*Illustrated by* **MARSHALL FRANTZ**

trod there. Quite lately. And it's on a straight line from the window to that door in the back wall. I should say somebody was hurrying across in the dark last night." He walked slowly on. "And the door is not bolted." He opened it and went out to a narrow lane with blank walls on either side. "Secluded spot," he mumbled. "Scrap of motor oil there." He wandered to and fro. Just beyond the door, close by the wall, he stooped over something small and brown. On the palm of his hand he held out to Bell a dead moth.

Its wings were spread but bent out of shape. "Gypsy moth," he said in a voice of respectful wonder.

"I don't understand. What's the point?" Bell frowned.

"It didn't ought to be here. Gypsy moths don't live in town. Country creature. Not a common creature at all. Why is a gypsy moth found in a Marnham street by the back door of the house where the old lady was murdered? Interestin' question. Probably crucial question——"

"Making a lot of it, aren't you?" said Bell. "I reckon a moth could get blown anywhere."

"Yes. Lots of unlikely things can happen. One rare country moth might have been blown into town—might have been blown down just here. But it wouldn't have got its wings bent into crinkles."

"How do you think they were bent, then?" Bell frowned.

"Oh, my Bell! This moth came on a car. Hit against one of the headlights out in the country—kept against the glass by pressure of air till the car stopped—here. Thus informin' us that last night after dark someone came to the back door in a car from the country."

"My oath! That's clever," Bell stared at him. "But it won't do for evidence, Mr. Fortune. You'd never get a jury to believe it."

"Oh, no. No. However. Do the work that's nearest. We'll talk to the maid, what?"

They went back to the house, and in the little dining room the maid was brought to them. She was a large woman of middle age. She had herself in the neatest order, but her face was flushed and her eyes excited. She waited for Bell's questions and told him no more than he asked for.

Her name was Agnes Brown. She had been with Mrs. Warden thirty years and more. Always the one maid. Mrs. Warden had lived alone all that time. She was a widow when Agnes came and her son dead and her daughter married and gone. Yes, Mrs. Warden was quite well to do—Agnes gave a smile of contempt for the policeman's ignorance—rich. A lot of Marnham belonged to her.

"Rich, eh?" Bell grunted skeptically.

"You ask her solicitor then," the maid cried. "He'll tell you. Mr. Harbottle. He lives in Church Grove."

"All right, Agnes, I'm not doubting you," Bell nodded. "Did Mrs. Warden keep valuables in the house?"

"She had her jewelry—ah, some fine things she had." Agnes spoke slowly, looking at him with an intent stare.

"Anything gone, do you know?"

"I wouldn't be sure. I only just looked into her room when I went up with her breakfast. She wasn't there nor her bed slept in. Then I came running down to the drawing-room and——"

"ONE moment," Reggie murmured. "You were saying she knew a lot of people round here. You mean a lot of people would know the ways of the house?"

The maid hesitated. "In a manner of speaking," she decided. "Not so many knew her intimate."

"I see," Reggie nodded. "So there would only be a few people who knew it was your night out last night?"

"Not so many," Agnes agreed.

Reggie contemplated her with closing eyes. "Well, well. When did you go out?" he murmured.

Agnes took some time to answer. "About four o'clock," she decided. Mrs. Meggott could tell for certain. Mrs. Meggott, cook at "The Beeches." She went to tea with Mrs. Meggott and then they went to the pictures. No, she didn't notice anything wrong when she came back to the house. It was about eleven. She went straight up to bed. Just like usual.

"And about this morning," Reggie purred. "What exactly did you do?"

"I came down half-past seven, like usual, lit the fire and did up the dining room. Then I went up to the mistress and I saw she wasn't in bed. I came running downstairs to the drawing-room for to see if she was there. I went into the room and I looked about and I couldn't see nothing and I went up to the sofa and moved it, dazed like, and there was her poor dear face, something awful—" Agnes broke off, breathing hard, and stared at them.

"Were the windows fastened?"

She frowned. "I think both the windows was fastened. But I don't rightly know."

"When you came in the night before—" Reggie said sharply. "Was the room dark then?"

"Of course it was," she cried. "If the lamp had been alight, I'd have noticed."

"You didn't know anything was wrong till this morning, eh?" Bell summed up. "Then you found her dead and ran off and got the people down the street to telephone to the police. And that's all about it?"

"That's all," Agnes said and looked at him eagerly. "Oh, I wish I hadn't never gone out last night. I never ought to have left her alone."

"Why, have you ever had any reason to worry about it?" said Bell.

She hesitated, she looked down. "Not what you'd call a reason, sir."

"I'm asking you—" Bell took the tone of cold authority. "Have you ever suspected anybody or anything?"

Agnes moistened her lips. "I couldn't rightly say that."

"I see. What about her relations? Did they know this lonely way she lived?"

"She hadn't got so many relations. What there is, they knew all right. Mr. Hugh—that's her grandson, Mr. Hugh Denton—he lives only just round the corner. His wife's been in and out frequent." She sniffed.

"Hugh Denton, grandson. That's her nearest relation?"

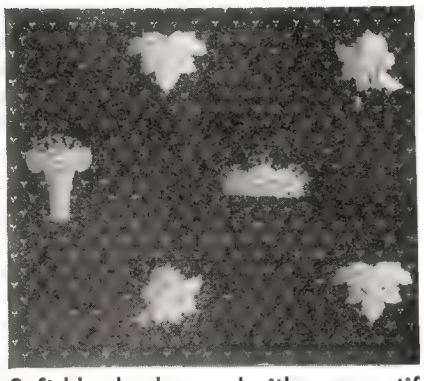
"He is, sir." Agnes pursed her lips.

"Isn't there anyone else in the (*Turn to page 60*)

# BEAUTIFUL WALLPAPERS AND BEAUTIFUL

A room, sturdy and comfortable, of 18th Century English atmosphere

Green, gray and white design on gray



Soft blue background with gray motif

Lovely with its soft green background

**"Oh, what a lovely room!" they'll exclaim if you follow the simple rules given here**

GOOD TASTE in a room is so much a matter of simplicity, a discreet blending of the right colors and the right patterns—and not too many of either. And always the pattern should be selected with a keen eye to the period of the room.

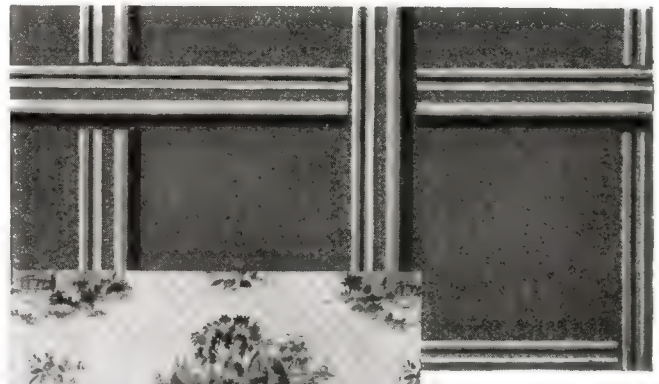
To jump from the general into the concrete, let us consider our first example, in these little lessons in securing interior decoration charm—the 18th Century English room.

The room has as a basis a floor of deep rich walnut-toned oak, of highly waxed finish. Over this is laid a rug of Adam design with a soft green tone predominating. Chimney piece and woodwork are painted a light, soft gray. On the walls is a lovely gray-toned paper with small delicately-scaled motifs in gray, green and white. Draperies are in plain, cherry-color satin. Main upholstered pieces are cinnamon-toned bourette.

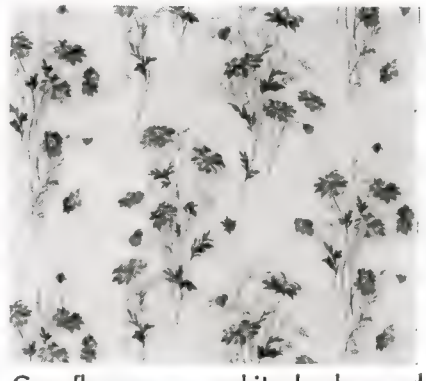
But tastes may differ as to wallpaper. And if you prefer it, and equally suitable to this room, is the second wallpaper with its soft blue background with gray motifs. Or even a third choice, another lovely paper based on Adam motifs, of a soft green background, patterned in deeper green, yellow and pale pink, may seem more desirable to you.

*The rug is from the Bigelow Weavers, New York. The first wallpaper selected is from the Imperial Paper and Color Corporation, Glens Falls, N. Y. The second from M. H. Birge & Sons Co., Buffalo, N. Y. The third wallpaper comes from Thomas Strahan Company, New York.*

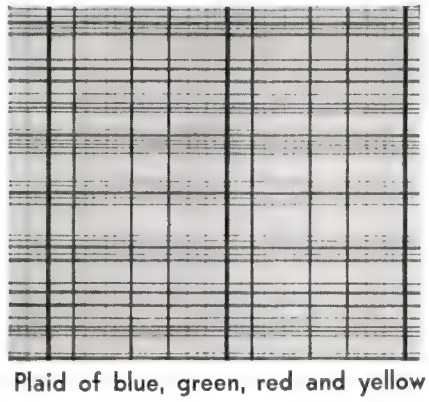
A successful bedroom gaily decorated in the American Provincial manner



Landscape paper of old-time charm



Gay flowers on a white background



Plaid of blue, green, red and yellow

**It is important to use a wallpaper that harmonizes well with the period of the room**

WE SAY again, because we cannot emphasize it too often, that every element selected for a room—the wall covering, the draperies, the rugs, as well as the furnishings themselves—should be chosen for their suitability in pattern, color and type to the period of the room.

For a long time it was difficult to find modern carpets and rugs of appropriate pattern for period rooms. But one of our more courageous weavers has changed all that. New and smart are the rugs and carpets of period design that he has recently put on the market.

With this little preamble we shall hasten on to our second example of harmonious interior decoration—the bedroom with its Provincial atmosphere.

This has an all-over carpet of rust color plaid, patterned with ivory, tan, red and blue. The wallpaper is of creamy beige background with landscape motifs in tan, brown, and blue.

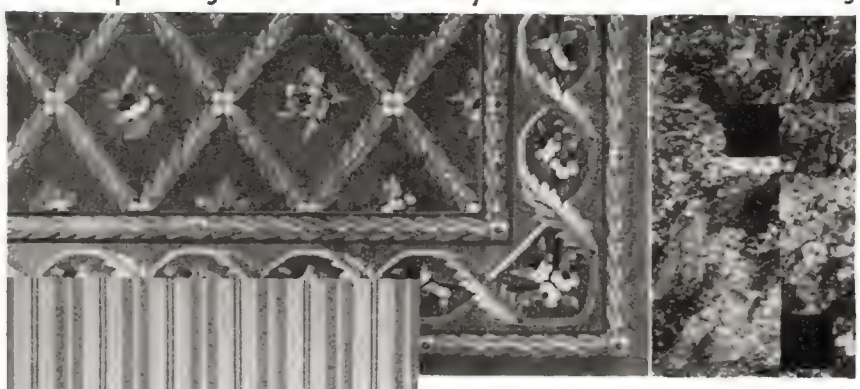
The window draperies are in plain blue-green chintz, bound in ivory.

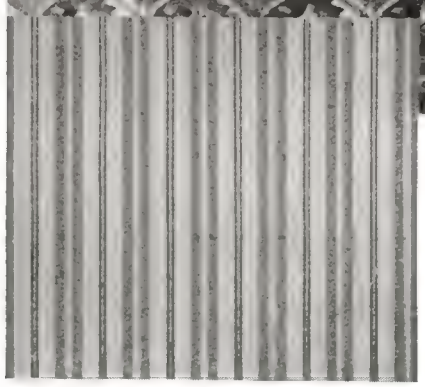
Alternative wallpapers are—an attractive scattered flower paper, white background with the flowers in yellow and green; or a third choice, the gay plaid paper (and its interesting scale relation to the carpet), ivory with a plaid of blue, green, red and yellow.

*The carpet is from the Bigelow Weavers, New York. The first and second wallpapers from the Imperial Paper and Color Corporation, Glens Falls, N. Y. Plaid paper, Thomas Strahan Co., N. Y.*

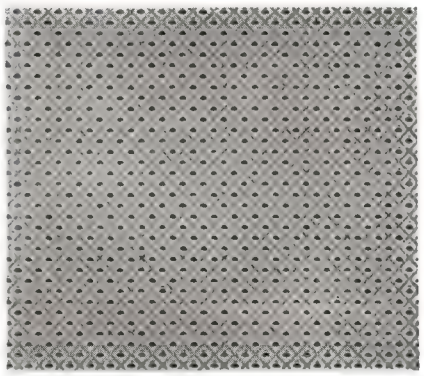
# RUGS COMBINED IN CORRECT HARMONY

This tranquil living room is 18th Century French in colors and in feeling





Striped in gray, soft rose and white



A fine pattern of blue and white

Pale ivory with design of bright red

The patterns selected for a room must be few and those few wisely varied in their scale

OUR third example is the reincarnation of a lovely Louis Sixteenth room.

In its own day a room of this sort would have a real marble floor. Best to reproduce this authentic note, we have chosen a floor of mottled pinky-brown linoleum with insets of black. Before the fireplace is a hearth rug of Marie Antoinette design—Aubusson in character.

Once, too, the walls of such a room would have been covered with striped silk. So, very appropriately, our room has wallpaper striped in gray, rose and white.

The woodwork is greenish gray. The chimney is slate gray marble, or marbelized. The gray taffeta curtains are edged in white and rose braid. White Venetian blinds. Furniture is white upholstered in rose and gray.

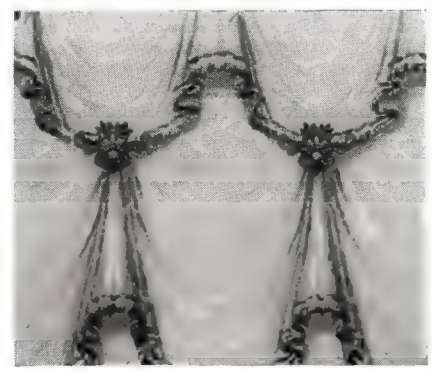
A delightful, consistent alternate for the first wallpaper selected would be the finely patterned paper in blue and white. Or a third choice, the paper with an ivory background with a small design of bright red. If this were used, the curtains might have binding of the same red and the upholstery could repeat the note. The woodwork should be white.

*Linoleum, No. 61, from the Armstrong Cork Company, Lancaster, Pa. Rug from the Bigelow Weavers, New York. Striped wallpaper, a Glencraft paper, from the Imperial Paper and Color Corporation, Glens Falls, N. Y. The other wallpapers shown may be obtained from Thomas Strahan Company, New York.*

A pleasant dining room that is in traditional early 19th Century American

With leaves in two tones of tan

Smartly starred with gold and silver



A drapery design in gray and blue

To avoid the danger of overdoing pattern, be generous in the use of plain fabrics

FOR our fourth example we have returned to the American tradition in a dining room, Jeffersonian in character—a style most practical and charming for present-day living.

The floor is eggplant color linoleum, over which is laid a rug of Aubusson design in flower colors. The walls and woodwork are white.

Very distinctive and appropriate to the period of this room is the use of the wallpaper. The ceiling is covered with a very smart white paper starred in silver and gold. Then the stars have been cut out and rows of them applied to the wall under the cornice, giving an amusing, painted-ceiling effect.

The dado uses another paper, one with a soft blue background with leaves in two tones of warm tan.

The curtains are of blue satin to match the dado background. The furniture is mahogany with bright yellow damask seats, an interesting and gaily singing note of color.

As an alternate paper one might use most pleasantly the drapery paper, in tones of gray and soft blue. If used, this should be carried from cornice to baseboard, while the ceiling should be white. Woodwork might be blue with this paper. Buy good quality wallpaper.

*The rug from Bigelow Weavers, New York. Both ceiling and dado papers used are Glencraft papers from the Imperial Paper and Color Corporation, Glens Falls, N. Y., and the drapery paper is from the George J. Hunken Co., Brooklyn, N. Y.*

## If I Know What I Mean

NOT long ago I read somewhere these words: "It's a nice feeling, disregarding the vulgar mob of minutes, the common herd of years." This line I found in a little essay on snobbishness. It was a good essay and the above words were the best of it all. I wish I had written them instead of being reduced to merely quoting.

But all intelligent reading is a collaboration with the author. In that communion we feel akin and in that pleasure we find our own. The rest doesn't matter. It's purely academic.

Disregarding "the common herd of years," we find ourselves at one with many a delightful character and lose ourselves in such charming company. Time has not so much rolled backward in its flight as spread a magic carpet for us, whereon we can fly both ways. Into the future or into the past. We plot the route. Thinking of this, I thought of a woman I should have liked to know. Reading about her, I feel that I do know her. Gone these many intolerable years, she is as vividly of our time as the latest best seller. She is, in other words, timeless. I feel that I know her. Know her very well indeed.

This woman of whom I write was the moving genius behind the first woman's magazine. She was the first "lady editor," and so she signed herself, screening her identity behind that modest anonymity. She aired her views and agitated for her causes in the sedate pages of Godey's Lady's Book. And ought I to say sedate? Viewed in another way, those pages were strangely radical, not to say revolutionary. You see, time changes. The "common herd of years" throw a different light on changing manners. So it is in such a light that we discern the radical reforms that engaged this "lady editor."

Born and bred in a stern and narrow New England village, this woman could not have had, in her youth, any apprehension of the notable career that was to be hers. As she walked under the magnificent elms of her native village, she could not have envisioned her destiny. Yet she achieved what no woman of her time could have dreamed possible. Destiny awaited. Not to be denied nor diverted from its path.

This woman made it possible for others of her sex to teach in the public schools. Remember, it was unthinkable to the rigorous puritans of those days, that any woman of gentle birth should work for pay! She helped to found Vassar College. There was the dream fulfilled of higher education for girls. She worked untiringly for the abolition of child labor and she raised the money to complete Bunker Hill Monument. So diverse were her interests, so catholic her impulses.

Finally enlisting the interest and approbation of Abraham Lincoln, she in 1863 heard the President's proclamation making Thanksgiving Day a national holiday. And at the age of eighty-five, this woman was still at it—still working. The "common herd of years" she disregarded. Oh, yes, her name was Sarah Josepha Hale—"The Lady Editor."

Ann Batchelder.

# AMERICAN PLAN

### Permanent Waves

What are the wild waves saying, wailed the soprano, and what, indeed! That what was straight has been made a mass of luxurious curls. And permanent waves aren't more satisfying than our dish so named.

### Sky Ride

Out in Chicago they are floating along from point to point. Thrills are what they want. Thrills are what they get. But there are other pleasures waiting when you come down. One of them is a Sky Ride Cake. Nice name, don't you think?

### Intelligence Test

Think of all the poor brains that are being racked to pass the inquisitors who take such delight in racked brains. This dish won't tax you too much, but it will pass all tests, including the acid test of good eating.

### Moving Day

So we called up the moving men and the telephone company and knew that moving day was here at last. Well, the bureau is minus a leg and the piano has acquired a fuzzy tone. The new place seems strangely crowded, but we've moved. We are tired but happy. And the stove does work, and tonight there's a cranberry pie for dinner.

### Permanent Wave Scallop

Flake very fine one cup of salt codfish. Parboil and drain well. Add to two cups mashed potatoes and a chopped pimento. Add one cup each of scalded milk and cream. You may use all milk if you wish, but the cream does a good deal in flavor and richness. Add two well beaten eggs and one half cup butter. Beat all until very light. Season well with pepper and taste the mixture, for it may need a little salt. Bake in a greased baking dish in an oven at 350° F. for about twenty minutes. This makes a splendid main dish for supper on a cool night, or for luncheon. It should be accompanied by a green vegetable and goes well with a salad and pickles.

### Sky Ride Cake

Cream one cup shortening with two cups sugar. Add four well beaten eggs. Add one cup flour, two cups chopped walnuts and four squares melted chocolate. Flavor with vanilla. Bake in a biscuit pan, having the mixture spread about one inch thick and very evenly, in an oven at 325° F. Cut into squares while warm. Dust with powdered sugar. Or you may frost if desired, but use a thin sugar frosting.

### Intelligence Test

To two cups puréed tart apple sauce, add three well beaten eggs. Cook the apples with very little water until they can be easily pressed through a not too fine sieve. Add a little cinnamon, one half cup melted butter and one half cup powdered sugar. Mix well. Sprinkle fine bread crumbs in the bottom of a greased casserole. Cover with a good layer of the apple mixture. Sprinkle with crumbs, dot with butter and so alternate layers until casserole is full, having the last layer of crumbs. Bake in a moderate oven about thirty minutes. Cover with a meringue and return to oven (at 200° F.) until meringue is slightly brown and crusty. The meringue may be put on when the pudding is partly done and save time. Serve with hard sauce. And it's delicious, too. If you prefer cream with this, omit the meringue.

### Moving Day Pie

Cook two cups cranberries with one cup seedless raisins in one cup hot water until berries are well done. Mix one tablespoon flour with two cups sugar and add to cranberries and raisins. Add two tablespoons butter. Bake in pastry-lined pie plate, covering the top with pastry strips, for about half an hour in an oven at 475° F. for the first ten minutes. Then finish baking at 375° to 400° F. This pie is better cold, at least I think so.

**DELINEATOR INSTITUTE**

# FAITHFULLY YOURS, ANN BATCHELDER

"I like the way you write about honest-Injun food"

THIS, then, is an open letter to all the readers who write to me. Just as people who want to air their views or explain their position address themselves in open letters to the press, so I am using this page to tell you some of the things that lurk in my mind. And to answer some of the many questions, and comment on some of the observations you have made in your delightful letters to me.

You see, being a busy person, I don't always have time to answer, straight off, every letter I get. (I wish you could see my mail!) And I'm just as disappointed as you are when it isn't possible to do the "by return mail" business, when I get a letter which is a friendly gesture from one good correspondent to another. Maybe it hurts me more than it does you—as our mothers were wont to say on certain painful occasions.

One of the things I like best about your letters is that almost invariably they tell me outright, or imply beyond all misunderstanding, that from my pages in DELINEATOR you get ideas, good ones, helpful ones; maybe, sometimes, the very ones you've been long wishing for. To know that I have helped in your problems and done my bit towards—as so many of you have written—"making a good cook of me" is more satisfaction than most people can find in this slightly unsettled world. And there's the sharing in not only your cookery problems, but the generous participation you permit me in the happiness or the troublous days of your busy lives.

Those letters are among my most treasured possessions.

Often you take the time and pains to sit down and write me how much you've enjoyed some special dish. Some little side-light on a meal that has made that meal an event and not just another tiresome task. Letters like that deserve a very special safe-deposit space—and get it, too. Never a day passes that there aren't additions to that splendid file. You see, I am being frank. I am writing each one of you a personal letter—and each one of you shall know that this is your own letter, and an open letter to all!

Before me is a letter from a busy woman out in Iowa. And in the course of her letter she says: "Thank you for the inspiration of your articles." And that phrase has in it more than meets the eye. For if one derives inspiration from reading anything—from a poem to a recipe—one has extracted the kernel of the nut and bestowed on the writer praise that's more than high sounding words.

"Pie crusts as crisp as your phrases"

"Dinner was an event because of your nice dessert"

On this page you will see pictures of some of the "honest-Injun food" one of you girls wrote me about, saying, "What I like and what I hope you'll keep up is the way you write about good, honest-Injun food." Well, here's some—ham and eggs, for instance. Where is the equal of perfectly cooked ham and eggs? And it is as American as the flag and as heartening as the Battle Hymn of the Republic!

A "pie crust as crisp as your phrases" is the way one reader expresses her opinion in a delightful letter. So naturally I went right out to prove her words through the medium of a chocolate pie. It's one of my favorite pies and I have told you before how I make it, so I needn't tell you again, I guess.

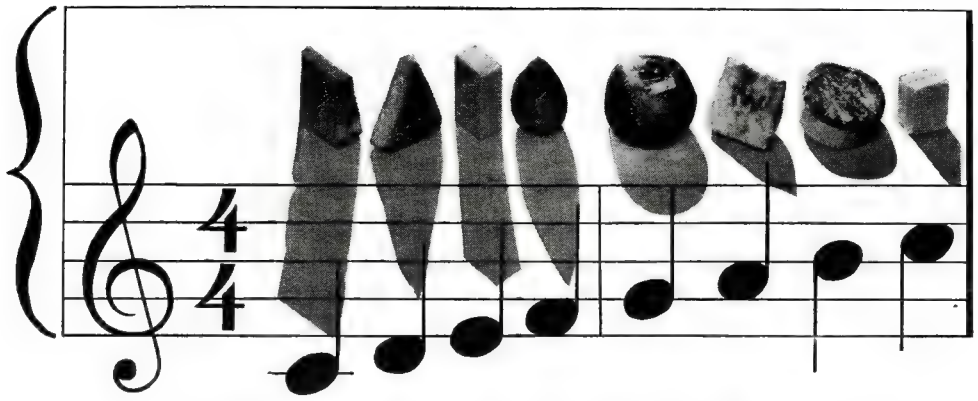
The apricot up-side-down cake is another special pet of mine. I am pretty partial to apricot dishes, and this cake is not only an apricot cake—it's a "peach." For the matter of that, you can make it with peaches just as well as with apricots. But you know what I mean.

Maybe I'd better tell you how I make this cake. Then you, too, will be all set to show it off the next time those late callers consent to stay to supper. They usually do this with a seeming reluctance, but I know—I've seen the gleam in their eyes. I know all about that. Believe me. And now for the up-side-down cake. Melt in a large frying pan three tablespoons butter, add three fourths cup of brown sugar and cover the bottom of the pan with drained canned apricots, hollow side (*Turn to page 56*)

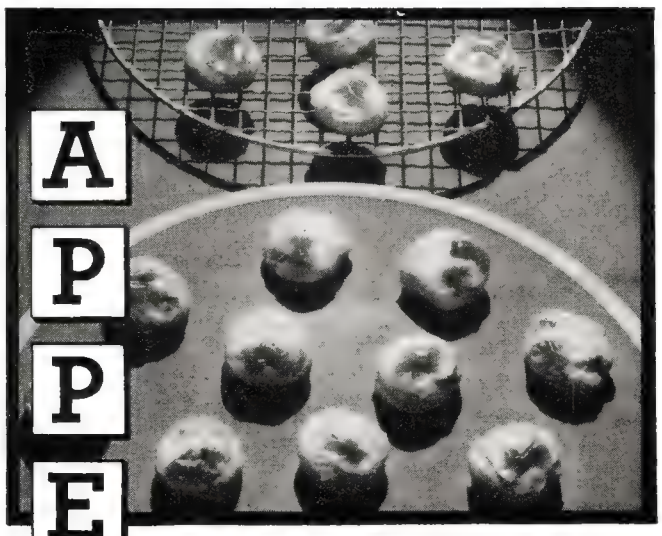
## DELINEATOR INSTITUTE

# ANN-A-GRAMS

## DELINEATOR INSTITUTE'S GAME OF GOOD COOKING



CHEESE



APPETIZERS

■ CHEESE: There's a cheese for every note in the scale of good cooking.

■ Cheese for breakfast has a literary flavor. And smacks of art.

■ Choose your cheese according to your mood. Cheese has a responsive temperament.

■ Every cheese has a proper place in the meal scheme. The wrong cheese is like the wrong shoe. Just doesn't fit.

■ With salad, never forget cheese. The two go together like words to music.

■ A toasted cheese sandwich begs for a cup of good coffee.

■ The return to good times will bring back the chafing-dish. This means rarebits.

■ No rarebit is ever so good as when it's made at the table by some one who knows how.

■ With fruit few things can compare with a noble cheese.

■ Cold black grapes stuffed with roquefort cheese are Lucullan rarities.

■ Make your cheese dishes have a cheese character. This means using plenty of cheese instead of a hint.

■ Cheese shouldn't be too cold. The ripe old cheeses should be slightly warm when served. Try it and you'll know why.

■ Cheese is a food, not just a trimming.

■ Give cheese on your table the importance it deserves. Like a thoroughbred it lends distinction to the humblest environment.

■ A good cheese sauce has the texture of cream, the color of a buttercup and the flavor of—cheese.

■ Add grated or cut cheese to moderately heated milk and cream. Then cook in a double boiler until your sauce is as smooth as a widower's proposal.

■ A stringy cheese dish is a false alarm.

■ Cream cheese is the answer to a score of possibilities. Not to say probabilities.

■ APPETIZERS: The appetizer is simply a sprint in to dinner. Have them small and select.

■ Savoriness is the mark of a perfect appetizer.

■ A canapé is something that flirts with the appetite, marries the cocktail, and divorces the dinner from dullness.

■ Caviar is a faultless appetizer. Serve it with a hint of onion and a suspicion of lemon.

■ Recipe for an appetizer: Beat a cream cheese with the yolk of an egg, salt and pepper and one teaspoon grated onion. Spread half an inch thick on little fried bread rounds. Let them puff up under the broiler. Serve hot.

■ Appetizers are never on speaking terms with any sweet ingredient.

■ Fish pastes and sardines associate with lemon or horse-radish to the satisfaction of both. Also to the gratification of the eater.

■ The true appetizer is a social ice-breaker. Especially in the drawing-room.

■ Don't neglect such appetite inspirers as olives and pickles. And think of celery stuffed with cheese along with them.

■ An appetizer may be hot or not, but the cocktail has no choice. It is ice cold always.

PRUNES

■ PRUNES: Prunes are often misunderstood. Close acquaintance reveals their better nature.

■ The prune has a heart of gold under an unassuming habit.

■ Cook prunes in the water they are soaked in. And don't drown them in sugar.

■ Simmer your prunes instead of getting them all discouraged with hard boiling.

■ It cheers up the prunes no end if you cook a few lemon slices with them. Lets them see that you're interested in bringing out the best in them.

■ Prunes should be cooked to a perfect tenderness, not to an indistinguishable mess.

■ One of the finest of breakfast fruits, prunes may grace the simplest or most opulent of tables.

■ In salads, alone or with other fruits, prunes add a distinctive note.

■ Taking the pits from cooked prunes, you may profitably substitute cream cheese.

■ Puréed prunes make desserts worth making. As witness the prune whip.

■ Do a compote of prunes for dessert, occasionally. Very smart and why not? Really smart people know their prunes.

EAT SOUP
AND KEEP WELL

# Your favorite

# the moment you taste it!

Taste the Tomato Soup that won for Campbell's a world-wide fame. Let your appetite revel in its racy, sparkling goodness. And you'll instantly realize that it is in a class all by itself. An exclusive recipe which only Campbell's can offer you. A skill, an experience in good soup-making which stand alone. Glistening soup-kitchens which are the marvel of the culinary world. No wonder Campbell's Tomato Soup has such a delicious and unequalled flavor!

## Campbell's Tomato Soup

She's as healthy
As can be
And loves her Campbell's
Just like me!

**21 kinds to choose from . . .**

| | |
|---|---|
| Asparagus | Mulligatawny |
| Bean | Mutton |
| Beef | Ox Tail |
| Bouillon | Pea |
| Celery | Pepper Pot |
| Chicken | Printanier |
| Chicken-Gumbo | Tomato |
| Clam Chowder | Tomato-Okra |
| Consommé | Vegetable |
| Julienne | Vegetable-Beef |
| Mock Turtle | Vermicelli-Tomato |

10 cents a can

LOOK FOR THE
RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

# You can't buy a new Digestion ..so protect it..

*These 4 pictures show why it's healthy to deep-fry in Crisco, the digestible vegetable fat!*

ALL MEASUREMENTS LEVEL. The prices of these recipes are approximate and may vary slightly in your locality.

## FILLED BREAD CUPS *take the place of expensive pastry shells*

**42¢**

*(Serves 6)*

2 small loaves bread
Crisco for deep-frying
3 tablespoons Crisco
¼ lb. dried beef
3 tablespoons flour
⅛ teaspoon pepper
2 cups milk
¾ cup cooked peas

Cut slices of bread 2 to 2½ inches thick. Trim off crust. Hollow centers with sharp paring knife. Deep-fry in Crisco that browns an inch cube of bread in 20 seconds (385°-395° F.). (Always use Crisco, the *digestible vegetable fat.*) Drain on absorbent paper. Strain Crisco. Use again and again for frying. Fill with—

*Creamed Dried Beef:* Melt 3 tablespoons Crisco (the *digestible vegetable fat*) in skillet. Add shredded dried beef. Cook until edges crisp. Stir in flour. Add milk slowly. Stir and cook until thickened. Add peas and pepper. Season with salt, if needed. Any kind of fish, meat or vegetable can be used.

## FRANKFRITTERS ... *see these new treats go at supper parties!*

**35¢**

*(Serves 6)*

1 lb. frankfurters
2 tablespoons table mustard
2 eggs
½ cup milk
2 tablespoons Crisco
1 cup flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
Crisco for deep-frying

Unlink frankfurters. Prick well. Cook gently in boiling water 10 minutes. Drain. Cool. Slit frankfurters enough to spread mustard inside. Fold together again. Then prepare—

*Batter:* Beat eggs, add milk and Crisco (the *digestible vegetable shortening*). Add sifted dry ingredients. Beat well. Dip frankfurters into batter. Fill saucepan or deep skillet two-thirds full of melted Crisco (the *digestible vegetable* fat). Crisco is the right heat (360°-370° F.) when a bread cube browns in 60 seconds. Fry Frankfritters until brown. Drain on soft paper. Serve plain or with tomato sauce. (Strain Crisco—use it for many deep-fryings—Crisco keeps *digestible!*)

## HAMETTES *with* BANANAS ... *Crisco makes this combination so digestible!*

**46¢**

*(Serves 6)*

2 eggs
3 tablespoons flour
2 tablespoons milk
¼ teaspoon pepper
1 tablespoon minced onion
2 cups ground left-over ham
6 small bananas
juice of 1 lemon
Crisco for deep-frying

Beat eggs, add flour, milk, seasoning, onion, ham. Drop by spoonfuls into deep Crisco heated to point that it browns an inch cube of bread in 40 seconds, 375°-385° F. (Be sure to fry in Crisco, the *digestible vegetable* fat!) Fry Hamettes until brown. Drain on soft paper. Serve with—

*Fried Bananas:* Peel and split bananas, dip in lemon juice, dredge with flour. Fry as above until brown. Strain Crisco and use it for frying again and again—this *digestible* fat does *not* pass on food flavors.

**1** Are you cheating your table of delicious deep-fried foods because you're afraid they're indigestible? Then you've forgotten the difference between ordinary fats and Crisco. Crisco is *the digestible vegetable* fat. It's creamy-light and creamy-sweet—foods made with it *digest quickly.*

**2** Before Crisco's day, the saying was, "You're ready to fry when the fat smokes." But today, cooking authorities warn you against fats that smoke easily—they are actually burning and decomposing. Use Crisco—this *digestible* fat does not smoke even at 400° Fahrenheit!

**3** Notice how crispy and *digestible* these doughnuts look. That's because Crisco heats hotter—and cooks the surface instantly. Notice, too, that Crisco is being strained back into its can—to be ready for many other deep-fryings. Crisco *keeps digestible!*

**4** Even your eyes tell you that Crisco-fried doughnuts are *so digestible.* "A" was the unfortunate doughnut that was fried in heavy greasy fat. Look at the thick fat-soaked crust. Now look at "B," the lucky doughnut that was fried in Crisco, the *digestible vegetable* fat. See the thin crispy crust—it's as *digestible* as your buttered morning toast!

# Crisco

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

*digests quickly in cakes and pies, too!*

FREE COOK BOOK! "French Frying" makes deep-frying easy—gives 60 Crisco recipes. Send your name and address to Winifred S. Carter, Dept. XD-103, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.

# WORTH LOOKING INTO

by **GRACE L. PENNOCK**

## BY HAND OR MACHINE?

### Both Are Essential in the Modern Home Laundry Which Operates Efficiently

The most recent development in ironing machines is the press type ironer. This type of machine has been used for years in men's tailoring shops and the commercial establishments. For the past few years household machines using a similar principle of operation have been in use—and they are giving most satisfactory results.

Details differ in the different machines but the main features are similar—an ironing surface which is a flat pad shaped at one or both ends and a metal shoe which is heated and which presses against the pad in ironing. Ironing is done between the two.

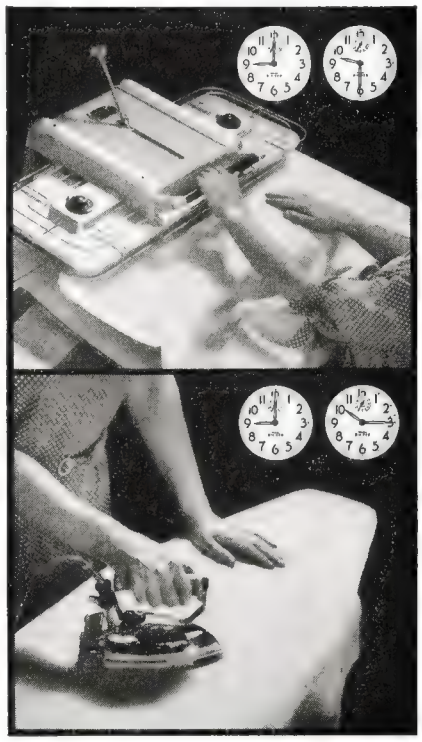
This type of ironer is easy to use, and it irons shirts, smocks, skirts, dresses and other garments—and of course all sorts of flat articles. It does not take long to learn to iron with this machine. Flat work can be done perfectly at the first attempt. A little practice makes it possible to iron other articles very satisfactorily. A corner of the shoe or a special projection is used for ironing ruffles. In a short time most complicated pieces can be ironed well.

One of the pleasant features of this press type of ironer is that it is perfectly quiet and does not move. You can work as rapidly or slowly as you will and nothing is moving to seem to hurry you. In this age of hustle and bustle an ironer which waits for you is like a comforting friend. Yet it is not slow to operate. You can iron as fast with it as you wish.

The question of what an ironer will do as against the hand iron often comes up. We checked the time for ironing the same flat work with both. It took less than one third as long to iron the same articles with the ironing machine as it did with the hand iron and the work was done more easily. The time for ironing other types of articles varies so greatly with the operator and with the garment that it is difficult to make a general statement about the time which can be saved, but a substantial saving can be counted on with most articles after one is experienced in using the machine.

The cost of current depends upon the time the machine or the hand iron is being used. Properly handled it should cost no more to iron a given quantity of clothes with the ironing machine than with the hand iron. While the ironer uses more electricity per hour, it is used less time than the hand iron and you work less when using the ironing machine.

It would not pay to heat up the ironing machine to iron a half a dozen small articles, because it takes much more heat to get the ironing shoe ready for use than it does to heat the smaller hand iron. For the short task you would use the hand iron. For half an hour's work we found the current costs about the same. Beyond this point it is safe to say that the cost of operating the machine is no more and possibly less than operating the iron, if you make full use of the ironer heat. A very slow worker will naturally use more time and so more heat than one who works as rapidly as the heat will permit.



Flat work, taking an hour and a quarter with hand iron, done in half an hour with ironing machine

## SHEETS MARKED WITH BED SIZE

Picking out the right sheet for a certain size bed is very apt to cause the housewife annoyance. Until bed sizes are all the same, hunting for the right sheet is going to be a weekly task. Identification tabs on the sheets simplify this task. There are sheets in the stores with markings all on them—a neat tab with "Twin bed," "Double bed" or what you will tells you what the sheet is at a glance. It helps in putting the sheets away and it makes it easy to get the right one for each bed.

## ROD FOR CLOSETS OR FOR CURTAINS

A rod in the clothes closet for garment hangers is expected equipment in these days. Even so there still are closets without this convenience. In many such places an adjustable rod which can be put up regardless of studdings and wall material is just the thing.

Such a rod has been in a closet at the Institute for a number of weeks, holding coats and garments too numerous to mention. It stays in place perfectly and comes out as easily as it goes in, when you want it down. It is just as good for the living room curtains as for the coat hangers in the closet.

## LESS LIFTING

If you have seen the light weight—usually three pound—electric irons in the stores recently you have probably wondered how satisfactory they are to use. Being interested in the same question some tests have been made at the Institute with irons of both weights. We ironed articles of cotton, linen and silk with each iron and compared the finished products, and also the amount of effort required by the person who ironed.

The lighter iron is easier to lift—naturally—but is this offset by extra pressure exerted in getting a good finish on the articles ironed? We did not find it so—not with silks and cottons. We found the finish on linens better when the heavier iron was used, but the light iron did very good work even on the linens, and without too much effort. If you prefer the finest polish on towels and tablecloths and your ironing has a large proportion of these articles you will probably do well to choose the heavier iron, if you do not use an ironing machine for these.

Against this, however, think what you do yourself. We counted the number of times the iron was lifted in ironing a small hand towel. It was seven times. On this basis you lift forty-two pounds in ironing this towel with a six pound iron, and twenty-one pounds with the lighter iron. That is a worth while saving of energy when a satisfactory product results. On a tablecloth it was one hundred and fourteen pounds against fifty-seven. With silk this lighter iron has a definite advantage. It produces just as good a finish as the heavier iron. You work less and you can control this lighter iron more easily than the heavier one. It is easier to get it into the difficult parts of garments because your hand has it under better control. Just as with any piece of household equipment personal preference is the final factor in its choice, but we believe you will enjoy these light weight irons.

In ironing light weight materials, light weight full sized irons save lifting many pounds every ironing

## INTERESTING NEW BROILERS NOW ON MARKET

Made of aluminum, they can be used in any range, keep fat from flame, are efficient, easy to clean

What is better than broiled steak or chops or chicken? No other method of cooking is better than broiling. But cleaning the broiler with its burned-on fat is a tedious task. The smoke of the burning fat and juice spreads throughout the house.

Several broiler pans designed to do away with these unpleasant features of broiling are now to be found in the stores. They have certain features in common. They allow the fat to drain away from the meat as it cooks and protect it from the broiling flame in a lower section of the broiler; thus the fat does not catch fire and much of the unpleasant smoke and odor from the broiling are avoided. These pans are much easier to clean than the old fashioned broiler for they are smaller and can be easily put into the dish pan and the fat is not burned on them.

Two of these pans which we have recently tried out are used under the broiling burner or unit of the range. A third is used on the burners on top of the range. The lower sections of the first two make excellent baking pans as well as broiler bases. Not a bad two-in-one scheme. Many of the modern ranges—both gas and electric—are equipped with new types of broiler pans which have the special features of these separate ones.

**DELINEATOR INSTITUTE**

exists primarily for the developing of more interesting and more helpful editorial articles

Garbo is inspiration for every woman in the world to try to be as beautiful and glamourous as possible

# CROWNED HEADS

by

## CELIA CAROLINE COLE

LAWSIE, but Hollywood is fun! It's more exciting than getting married—this beauty business in Hollywood!

I sat in a delectable little room and had my top-knot shampooed by the same hands that wash the sunny locks of Mary Pickford; and my nails done by a silken black-haired girl who knows the hands and ways of most of the crowned heads in the cinema kingdom. Through the half open door (I left it open so that I wouldn't miss any tricks outside or in) I looked out on Jean Harlow, in slacks, come to have her moonlight tresses curled and set—hours and hours Jean Harlow spends on that lovely head (dollars and dollars, too, because she has to come every day). In the booth back of me sat Claudette Colbert having her nails done and her hair set, the good-looking thing—sitting half asleep and dreaming of who knows what. And then the air swung alive and in came Joan Crawford—as beautiful and gleaming as anyone could wish a movie star to be.

The skilful hands upon my head dried and pushed my hair into a most stimulating line. "It's alkalai!" said the voice back of the hands. "That's what makes hair and skin so dry out here. You walk on alkalai, you breathe it, you drink it—how could your hair and skin be anything *but* dry!"

I sat and contemplated. Alkalai! Why not? Why lay it all on the hot, bright sun? Smart girl. You people who live in an alkalai country know that you *have to use oil* on face and hair so as not to look dried out and old.

"I love Mary Pickford better than any person I've ever met! And I do it not because she's a great star but because she's the nicest woman I've ever known. She has divine hair, too!"

"Why," I ask, "are there so many blondined heads? And platinum? Must it be? It gives Hollywood a look of ladies with bad taste. It throws their color-scheme all out! One doesn't see the face for the peroxide. Why do they do it?"

"Oh, the pictures. And then they're restless. It's no fun being a star—they're never free. Even in the evening, they're told what to do—where to dance and with whom. They've just got to jump over the traces in some way—so they change the color of their hair. They come in here—and then come in the next month so changed I hardly know them. Changed their hair."

It's true.

Hair can change you more than any other one thing—except trouble or being in love.

Then off to a place to have my face soothed and stimulated by the same firm hands that care for the delicate beauty of Helen Hayes (I'll tell you about that in a later article), and after that I rolled away in state to a studio where I saw two pictures in the making.

It looks more like a college than anything else—this studio—with its beautiful buildings, its quadrangles of grass and gardens with attractive girls and boys, young men, young women (a few old ones) coming and going—make-up boxes under their arms instead of books.

But too many heads of gold. Everywhere in Los Angeles and Hollywood too many heads of false gold. But they *do* look cared for—they have that clean, burnished look.

Later, sitting in the stately office of the man who knows more about film hair and wigs than any man in the world, I learn that ninety-five percent of those blondes are brunettes, or at least not blondes—they range from light brown to black.

"Does it *have* to be?" I cry in protest.

"*Yes!*" he cries back. "Every head has to be touched up in order to get high lights. If we tried to pick up the natural lights in hair, we would have to use so strong a light it would blot out the face—or at least blur it. Blond heads give life. Dark heads are just hair when it comes to the camera. In order to get beauty and line and excitement into them we have to touch the hair up."

Only a few of the stars are sufficiently secure to refuse absolutely. The camera likes them blond!

"When a play has been cast," goes on the voice in the office, "it's up to us to see that the hair is in character because hair makes a type more than any other one thing. If you have a sophisticated character, a little 'hard boiled,' she must never have waves on the top of her head, no nimbus of hair around her face, but close, very definite, severe. If you want wondering youth, or any lovable type, then an aureole, a numbus, flying, soft waves on top of the head, curly ends. Some of the stars wear wigs so they won't have to be eternally having their hair done."

And off we went to look at wigs.

I walked softly in the presence of such art. These were no false wigs that sat on heads. Look as closely as you like, these wigs grow out of foreheads and necks, the parts showed a scalp, not material. Incredible. And beautiful.

Soon after this article comes out, Garbo's new picture, "Queen Christina," will appear. Perhaps you will see her in a curly wig, perhaps in one a little more masculine and severe—both are authentic Queen Christina wigs, and have been submitted to her for choice. She has not yet chosen, but I myself prefer the curly one, because I take my Garbo with curls whenever I can. Never will I forget that starry face topped by the golden curls in "As You Desire Me."

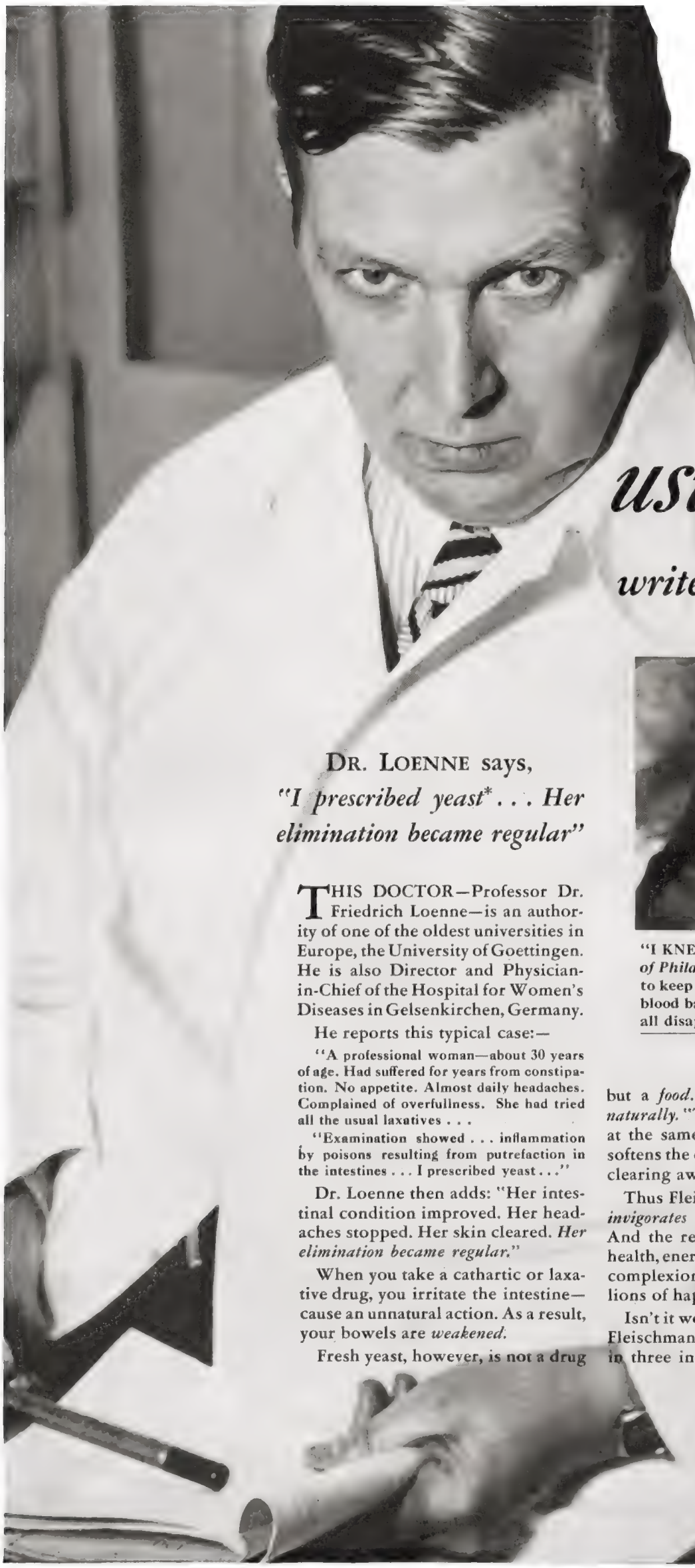
GARBO is a glamourous name in at least two continents, but here in Hollywood she is much more. She is a lovely living legend—remote, exquisite, lovable. So carefully protected is she from the publicity she so dislikes that most of the time not more than a dozen people will know where she is living.

She has the shyness of small creatures of the woods, and of sensitive, shy children. She is simplicity; she is poetry; she is truth; she is Garbo.

She is inspiration for every woman in the world to try to be as beautiful and as glamourous as possible.

**DELINEATOR INSTITUTE**

*Department of Beauty*



# "She had tried all the *usual* laxatives"

## *writes this Famous Hospital Head*

"I KNEW I WAS RUN-DOWN and needed a rest," *writes* Miss Violet Sowden *of Philadelphia, Pa.* "My skin was in a horrible condition and it was an effort to keep on with my work . . . My doctor said my system was sluggish and my blood bad, and prescribed Fleischmann's Yeast. In a few weeks my acne had all disappeared. My sluggishness left. I had more pep than ever."

### DR. LOENNE says, *"I prescribed yeast* . . . Her elimination became regular"*

THIS DOCTOR—Professor Dr. Friedrich Loenne—is an authority of one of the oldest universities in Europe, the University of Goettingen. He is also Director and Physician-in-Chief of the Hospital for Women's Diseases in Gelsenkirchen, Germany.

He reports this typical case:—

"A professional woman—about 30 years of age. Had suffered for years from constipation. No appetite. Almost daily headaches. Complained of overfullness. She had tried all the usual laxatives . . .

"Examination showed . . . inflammation by poisons resulting from putrefaction in the intestines . . . I prescribed yeast . . ."

Dr. Loenne then adds: "Her intestinal condition improved. Her headaches stopped. Her skin cleared. *Her elimination became regular.*"

When you take a cathartic or laxative drug, you irritate the intestine—cause an unnatural action. As a result, your bowels are *weakened.*

Fresh yeast, however, is not a drug but a *food.* It stimulates intestines *naturally.* "Tones." Strengthens. And at the same time it mixes with and softens the clogging wastes that need clearing away daily.

Thus Fleischmann's Yeast actually *invigorates* your intestines—purifies. And the results—in terms of better health, energy and a smoother, fresher complexion—are testified to by millions of happy people everywhere.

Isn't it worth trying? Every cake of Fleischmann's Yeast is extremely rich in three indispensable health-building vitamins . . . vitamins B and G, so important for appetite and digestion, and the remarkable "sunshine" vitamin D that so few foods contain.

### Try Fleischmann's Yeast!

So get a supply of Fleischmann's fresh Yeast at your grocer's, or at a restaurant or soda fountain now, and add it to your diet—three cakes a day. Eat it just plain, or in a third of a glass of water—one cake before each meal, or between meals and at bedtime.

Get on this road to health today!

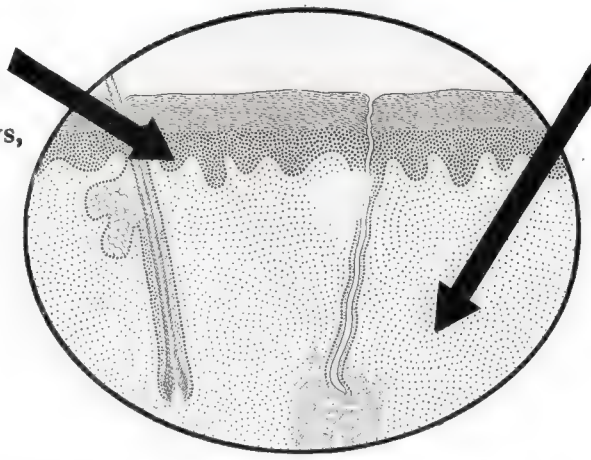
*IMPORTANT! Fleischmann's Yeast for health is sold only in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label. It's yeast in its fresh, effective form—the kind world-famous doctors recommend. Write for booklet. Dept. YE-10, Standard Brands Inc., 691 Washington St., New York City.

Copyright, 1933, Standard Brands Incorporated

# Amazing—*but it's True*—You

**OUTER SKIN**

which coarsens and yellows, roughens and dries, if unprotected from sun, wind, cold weather, overheated houses, make-up —which tend to *dry out* its natural moisture



**UNDER SKIN**

which shrinks when tiny glands don't function, thereby causing the outer skin to form folds and wrinkles. Here is where really you help these glands to work properly

# *This* TWO-SKIN TREATMENT *corrects dreaded age-signs*

YES, it is true. You actually have two skins!—an under and an outer skin. And those dreaded signs of age—Lines, Wrinkles, Discolorations—have their cause in *one* skin. Those plagues of modern women—Dryness, Roughness, Chapping—have their cause in *the other skin!*

Once you know how differently your two different skins function, you will understand instantly why each skin requires an entirely different care—if you are to keep the charm of a young, fresh and altogether lovely skin.

### Why the Under Skin needs an Oil Cream

And here's the way the *under skin* functions: As you can see from the simplified diagram, the under skin is a thicker layer than the outer skin. In it are situated the capillaries and nerves which regulate its nutrition. Here are the tiny glands which pour out beauty oils. And the tiny fibrils which maintain the skin's young firmness. When these tiny glands fail, the *under skin* loses its tone, shrinks, the *outer skin* becomes loose, wrinkled and finally discolored!

To prevent this loss—and *check* wrinkles and flabbiness—you must use an oil cream that sinks way down into the under skin when the tiny glands and fibrils are failing to function. This is what Pond's Cold Cream does. Its fine delicate oils sink deep and bring the under skin just the aid it craves.

Use this pure silky cream for a deep cleansing and toning, patting it in vigorously. You feel a firming, lifting effect. Sagging tissues are toned. Little lines and creases smooth out, seemingly by magic!

### Why the Outer Skin must have a Greaseless Cream

*The outer skin is different!* In it are the moisture cells, placed there to counteract dryness. This skin is being constantly attacked by sun, wind, cold, overheated houses, make-up. They tend to whip out its natural moistness. It becomes dry, chapped. The pores grow coarse.

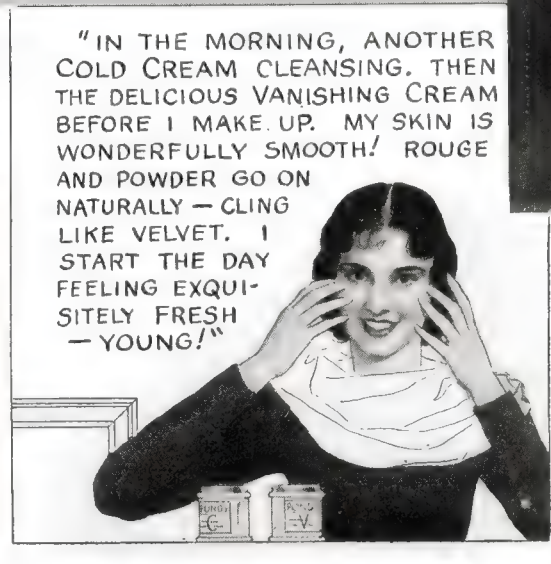
For this *outer* skin, you need a cream that will check this constant loss of natural skin moisture. Pond's Vanishing Cream does this. This delicate, fluffy, greaseless cream contains a very marvelous substance which *restores* moisture to the outer skin and *prevents* the loss of moisture that makes it harsh and coarse. That is why women find this cream so marvelous for relieving chapping. It smooths roughness away—*with one application!* And keeps the outer skin soft, clear and fine textured.

### Try this TWO-SKIN Treatment

Read below how one of society's most beautiful young women—Mrs. Biddle Stewart—follows this Two-Skin Treatment with Pond's Two Creams. Then send the coupon for the generous samples offered. Try this treatment yourself. Use it in the day and at night. Soon you will begin to get your reward — a lovely pearly skin, clear, smooth, free from lines. Like Mrs. Biddle Stewart you will say, "I can never be too thankful to Pond's Two Creams."

**OUTER SKIN WHERE DRYNESS STARTS**

## HOW MRS. BIDDLE STEWART KEEPS HER SKIN EXQUISITELY LOVELY—



# actually have TWO SKINS

## Beautiful Society Women all over the world follow this Two-Skin Treatment

LADY VIOLET ASTOR
MRS. REGINALD VANDERBILT
MRS. MORGAN BELMONT
MARCHIONESS OF CARISBROOKE
LADY GEORGIANA CURZON
MRS. ANTHONY J. DREXEL, JR.
H. R. H. PRINCESS ELIZABETH OF GREECE
MRS. ADRIAN ISELIN, 2ND
MRS. ALISTER H. McCORMICK
MARCHIONESS OF MILFORD HAVEN
MRS. POTTER D'ORSAY PALMER
COUNTESS OF SEAFIELD

*Young and lovely* MRS. BIDDLE STEWART, *society favorite, whose pearly skin, smooth and free from lines, shows you how you, too, can have a flawless skin. Mrs. Stewart uses the Pond's Two-Skin treatment. Pond's Cold Cream for her under skin—Pond's Vanishing Cream for her outer skin.*

**UNDER SKIN WHERE WRINKLES START**

*Send for free 3 Days' Treatment of Pond's Creams at our expense*

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. K, 115 Hudson St., N. Y. C.
Please send me FREE samples for 3-day treatment of Pond's Two wonderful Creams and exquisite Pond's new Face Powder. (Check shade): Naturelle ☐ Light Cream ☐ Rose Cream ☐ Brunette ☐ Rose Brunette ☐ Dark Brunette ☐

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

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**TUNE IN on the Pond's Players every Friday evening, 9:30 P.M., E.D.S.T., WEAF and NBC Network**

# BEAUTY IS TODAY'S TABLE NEWS

**The hostess of today has a "seeing eye" for beautiful things. Her tables express her personality. With sure taste and refreshing independence she chooses accessories for her table, and combines them harmoniously**

by **HELEN UFFORD**

TODAY'S hostess chooses her dining-table accessories with the same happy spirit and refreshing independence with which she chooses her dinner guests. On her table she doesn't put things that bore her, any more than at her table she puts people who bore her. Instead she chooses each of her table accessories for its own beauty, its appeal to her, and its friendly adaptation to the harmonious whole.

The table that appeals to us most today is the table that doesn't seem to be making any special effort to be classified either as strictly formal or as informal. It doesn't seem to aim to be of any special period. It hasn't any affectations. It isn't bizarre.

The table that is apt to delight us most these days is the table that "wears the air of all the ages." That is, everything on it—its linen, its silver, its glass and china, its central decoration—reveals that the hostess has studied these elements of table-setting, and, for each accessory, has chosen the fitting thing, fitting either for its time-honored beauty or for its gracious adaptation to her special needs. When we see such a table, we know that the hostess has a love of beauty, that she has a sure and independent taste. Such a table has quality.

The hostess may, for example, choose a white or ivory damask cloth, or, if damask doesn't appeal to her, she may choose lace or a combination of lace and lovely linen, as we have used here. To a table-setting such a cloth gives a background of grace and a classic beauty.

The centerpiece of such a table makes no effort to be "clever." Its simple effectiveness may, for example, be achieved in the loveliness of roses of brilliant color and perfect form. The ones we used in this setting are the new "Sweet Adeline," of an unbelievably radiant pink.

The candelabra needn't be tall, but they're more effective if they aren't too short. Most hostesses now like candelabra for two or three candles, rather than the single candlesticks. The light that is shed by a concentrated group of candles is, we find, especially pleasant. And the candles should be white or very light ivory.

Crystal glasses, the white rock crystal that never goes out of fashion, are always appropriate on such a table.

The silverware pattern for such a table? It must be adaptable to both formality and informality. And it must be in key with this heritage beauty.

The pattern that we chose for the table here is the new "Marquise" pattern, appropriately named, for it is a noble pattern, with the same inevitable distinction in its lineage that there is in the lineage of lovely lace and of rock crystal glasses. For this rich pattern is crafted, carefully and artistically crafted, after the manner of Old French and Old English silver. And that is the superior craftsmanship that is still the most satisfying mode in silver patterning. The graceful acanthus leaf, which is the rhythmic motif on which this pattern is designed, is the immortal motif used in many decorative ways ever since its symmetry was glorified in Corinthian capitals.

Now too we have the thrill of independence in choosing our individual silverpieces. A few years ago we ordered "dinner knives and forks," "luncheon knives and forks" . . . just like that. But now we must be more specific, for we are asked, "Regular shape or long-handled?"

This long-handled idea, revolutionizing the world of silverware, both silverplate and sterling silver, was introduced several years ago, in the type of knives and forks shown on this page. At first it took bravery for a hostess to choose them. But now it takes only common sense to realize the perfect proportioning of their shape. At once we see that the blade of the knife and the tines of the fork are long enough for any possible use. The long, tapered handles have an excellent balance, and they have a most comfortable "feel."

Coffee in the living room is the happy ending of a dinner. On this page we show a beautiful service, ready for the gracious hostess to take her place before the tray. The graceful coffee pot is at hand. "Cream?" Yes, it's usually offered now. And the choice of lump sugar or rock candy crystals. After-dinner mints too. And lovely white coffee cups in which to "serve hospitality."

Photographs by Goold Studios

*The silverware used on this page, flat silver, service plates, serving pieces, and decorative pieces, is the new* "Marquise" *pattern of 1847 Rogers Bros. The cloth, from Mosse, New York, is also a Marquise,* "Marquise de Pompadour." *The rock crystal glasses and Lenox china cups and saucers are from B. Altman and Company, New York. Candles, Will & Baumer, Syracuse, New York.*

# HOW'S YOUR BREATH TODAY?

Any woman, any man, who fails to keep the breath beyond suspicion is headed for neglect.

The condition of your breath should be your first consideration—every day. Nothing repels others, even loved ones, like a case of halitosis (unpleasant breath).

Why guess about your breath? Why not make sure that it is sweet, wholesome, agreeable? So much depends on it—popularity, friendships, the affection of others, happiness, and peace of mind.

And it is so easy to be sure! Simply rinse the mouth with Listerine.

Listerine is antiseptic and therefore instantly halts fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth and on the teeth and gums—the cause of 90% of breath odors. Having thus struck at the cause of odors, Listerine gets rid of the odors themselves.

*Tests show that Listerine instantly overcomes odors that ordinary mouth washes cannot conquer in 12 hours.*

Begin today to make your breath agreeable. Every morning and night, and between times before social or business engagements, use Listerine. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

## LISTERINE

*instantly conquers halitosis (bad breath)*

# Prevent diphtheria
## *from invading your home*

THE message reproduced here, "No More Diphtheria," published in November 1923, contained facts unknown to a large majority of the people.

Many newspapers verified the statements and then, in the interest of local public welfare, reprinted the article in full in their news or editorial columns, or both. At the same time they urged local Boards of Health to see that every school child was protected from diphtheria. In 1923, the diphtheria death toll was about 13,500 in this country.

The facts about prevention of diphtheria were retold in 1926 when the death list was about 8,750; again in 1929 when it had dropped to about 8,000; and still again in 1931 when the mortality was about 6,000.

It is encouraging to report that last year about 8,000 fewer children died of the disease than in 1923. But the sad fact remains that in 1932, according to estimates, more than 5,000 children, most of them under five years of age, died from the disease.

Your doctor will tell you that the toxin-antitoxin inoculation against diphtheria is extremely simple and is neither painful nor dangerous. It leaves no scar and it gives sure protection from a disease against which, not many years ago, the science of medicine had found no defense.

If all the boys and girls in the country, more than six months of age, are inoculated now—and if in the future all babies are inoculated as soon as they are six months old—the death-rate from diphtheria will fall close to zero, and the promise made ten years ago "No More Diphtheria" will be fulfilled.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will gladly mail, free, its booklet "Diphtheria and Your Child." Address Booklet Dept. 1033-D."

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT ~ ONE MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.
© 1933 M. L. I. Co.

# WALLS AND ROADS

**by ELIZABETH COOK**

IF WE must have walls, let us make them ourselves. From the cradle up, someone is always telling us what to think, what to eat, what to read, where to go. It must be frightfully necessary or it wouldn't be going on at such a lively rate. But the grandest things that ever happened to a lot of us were never set down in copy-books. We bumped our heads on a ceiling or two, saw stars, but, despite the pain, still insist that some of those stars were real and never to be dimmed by any two by four remorse.

But there's a code to this business. If we tear holes in our walls, so as to thrust out our inquisitive heads, we mustn't holler if we get hit! If we can't take our own medicine, best climb back in, mend the hole in the wall, plant ivy and things over it, so we can't see it, and pretend we like it better in the garden anyhow.

We can do a lot of nice things in a garden. We can sit in the sun by a little fountain and take stitches in our embroideries. The other day I looked at those truly beautiful bits of parchment kept in the New York Public Library. Though it is sixteen-hundred years since the monks toiled with brush and color to set down the Latin letters and make the birds, scrolls, vines and flowers, the colors are as fresh as though newly laid on.

I looked at this painful vividness and wondered just how much of himself each monk had put into this slow work. Behind walls, in his monastery garden perhaps, he poured out the love of living that had been denied him.

I often wonder how far the dreams of mothers carry their children. It isn't any tragedy to live behind walls, if we can climb up on them and look out occasionally.

It isn't right to force experience on people either. This desire to knock walls over, and get going, isn't a sign of a superior person. It's just a sign of being different. Some folk are born wall builders and some are road builders. Some will do their best and happiest work behind their own barriers and others do their most joyful singing while on the march. Some of us need peace and some of us need a road map.

The best part of living is that—sooner or later—most of us get what we need. The only danger is that we may not recognize it. That's where this business of building walls for others becomes dangerous. Walls of fear, of pride, of self-depreciation, walls of false duty, of vanity, of custom, these walls are built for us by other people and the pity of it all is they are usually built out of love—that intense desire to shelter some one who is dear.

As if we could really shelter any one from life! Let's be careful, then, how we step on other people's hopes and dreams.

A bit of faith, a ribbon on the sleeve—that's what most people need! Love should be an open door, to welcome back into the garden or to send forth the adventurer afresh.

*Drawings by* **WINIFRED MURY**

# "When the frost is on the Pumpkin—"

WHEN your family's appetites are sharpened by the first cool, brisk days this autumn, you'll be wanting to surprise them with something that will be a real treat. Why not make it the very best Pumpkin Pie they've ever tasted?

Follow this recipe and you'll have a pie that you've never seen equalled for rich, creamy-smooth texture and delicious flavor. Serve it with Whipped Pet Milk Topping (recipe in *free* "Pet Dinners") and you'll have plenty of the praise that every good cook likes to hear.

### PUMPKIN PIE

| | |
|---|---|
| ¾ cup brown sugar | ¼ teaspoon ginger |
| 1 tablespoon flour | 1½ cups cooked or canned pumpkin |
| ½ teaspoon salt | 1½ cups Pet Milk |
| ½ teaspoon cinnamon | 1 well-beaten egg |
| ¼ teaspoon nutmeg | |

Mix sugar, flour, salt and spices together. Add remaining ingredients and stir until smooth. Pour into deep pie pan lined with unbaked pastry. Bake in hot oven (450°F.) 10 minutes; reduce to slow (325° F.) and bake 30 minutes longer, or until firm. Makes one 9-inch pie.

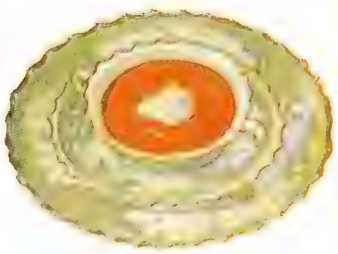
A glance at the recipe shows that no butter is used and only one egg. You're saying, "Hardly possible—most pumpkin pies I know about call for butter *or* cream or more eggs." Very true! But the *undiluted* Pet Milk in this pie replaces the butter and the cream or the eggs and gives it that marvelous flavor and smoothness. And in the topping for the pie, Pet Milk, of course, replaces whipping cream.

This recipe for Pumpkin Pie is a very good example of how, through the use of Pet Milk, you can give your family the wholesome substances of whole milk instead of the mere fat of cream and butter. It is also a very striking example of the method by which thousands of women today are getting their families to eat the milk they need to have. The food value, for instance, of the cup and a half of milk in this Pumpkin Pie is equal to that supplied by three cups of ordinary milk.

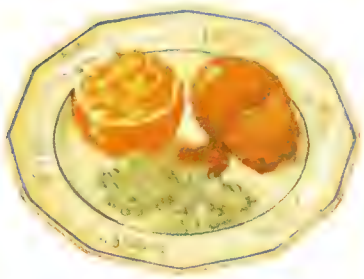
***Hundreds of recipes*** for delicious, wholesome food, created by the Pet Milk Experimental Kitchen, include more milk than such dishes ordinarily contain. The concentrated form of Pet Milk—because it's more than twice as rich as ordinary milk—makes that possible.

The recipes for creamed vegetables, cream soups, creamed meats and fish—desserts and ice creams—all the recipes usually calling for milk or cream are especially designed to include as much milk as possible and still have the food as appetizing and delicious and economical as it can possibly be.

***A beautifully illustrated 200-page loose-leaf ring-binder cookbook*** containing seven hundred just such recipes will be sent for one dollar—just the bare cost of printing it and sending it post paid to you. This book will enable you to save more than its cost every week in the year.



*Creamy-smooth texture, rich buttery flavor—without the use of a speck of butter—are the characteristics of Cream of Tomato Soup made with Pet Milk*



*The recipes for the individual Meat Loaf, Sweet Potatoes in Orange Cup, Creamed Peas, are in the free booklets. Pet Milk does something for each one of them*

**FREE**—four booklets giving eight menus and recipes for a variety of dinners—among them one for Friday, one for Company, a meatless dinner, a Short-cut dinner, and one from left-overs.

PET MILK COMPANY, 1436j Arcade Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.... *Please send me,*

☐ 200-page cookbook—find $1.00 enclosed
☐ FREE—4 booklets containing 8 Pet dinners

Name_____

Address_____

*Fill in completely. Print name and address. (U. S. A. only)*

# Radiant rugs from Bigelow looms Renew the youth of run-down rooms!

Copyright 1933, Bigelow-Sanford Carpet Co. Inc.

## Exquisite patterns for rooms grown "tired" since 1929

"My home needs so many things. Where shall I start?"

May we suggest that you start by spending the price of a party frock for a rug or carpet by the Bigelow Weavers! We assure you that it will last and last, and that it will remain a thing of beauty all the years of its busy life.

This ageless beauty of Bigelow fabrics is not the result of flighty inspiration! It comes from designing into each rug or carpet a background of color-harmonies akin to the items of home furnishings that are selling in the popular shops today. Draperies, upholstery, furniture, wall paper, bric-a-brac.

One thing more, before you venture among the rug piles of your store. What about wear? Our rugs and carpets are woven of Lively Wool from the wind-swept corners of the earth. It is tough, resilient, pliant, springy. All are woven with a True-Tension which securely binds each tuft in place. All are colored with the fastest dyes known to science.

A rug or carpet by Bigelow Weavers is all these things . . . to assure you the utmost value at the price-level in which you buy. Widest range of patterns and prices. Authorized dealers everywhere. Bigelow-Sanford Carpet Co. Inc., 140 Madison Avenue, New York.

WOVEN BY THE BIGELOW WEAVERS

*This trade-mark appears in plain sight on all Bigelow fabrics; at the edge of each rug and on a ticket attached to the end of each roll of carpet.*

# THAT WOMAN

by ELISABETH SANXAY HOLDING

**The story of a little gray home, and of a big house where a man found rich enchantment offered**

*Illustrated by* **GEORGE MITCHELL**

**A flushed, tired, dusty girl and a crying baby: Frank's wife and child!**

THE little sitting-room was dark, but there was still light in the western sky, a sad and dreadful light, it seemed to Agnes. Kneeling on a chair, she looked out across the empty lots, to that sky that was like a pallid and ominous sea.

"What are you doing there, at all?" called her mother.

"Nothing."

"Then it's a wonder you wouldn't come into the kitchen and help me."

"Don't I always help you?" said Agnes, turning away from the window.

"You look like a ghost!" cried her mother. "And it's no wonder, the way you're always creeping off by yourself . . . and your best dress on again. Are you lookin' for me lord again to-night?"

"How would I know?" asked Agnes, her young voice so soft in the dusk. "He'll come if he can."

"Oh, he will, will he?" said her mother. "Come on then, and drink a cup of tea. That'll do you more good than starin' out the windy."

"The nurse said tea wasn't good——"

"The nurse, is it? How does *she* know, that's never had a child of her own? Here! Give me a hold of your hand! I knew it! Cold as ice!"

Not as cold as my heart, thought Agnes. "Four days and he hasn't come . . ."

The kitchen was bright in the glare of the unshaded electric bulb overhead, so bright, after the dusk, that the girl was dazzled. She stopped in the doorway, a blank look in her gray eyes, her soft black hair in disorder about her pale little face. Her mother glanced at her sharply, and turned away to the stove.

"Sit down!" she said. "And I'll give you your tea."

She moved about the kitchen stormily, set the kettle back on the stove with a slam, rattled the china; a gaunt woman, with deep-set blue eyes, a woman worn with hardships, yet inexhaustible in her passionate love.

She sat down across the table from her child, and poured out the tea, black and bitterly strong.

"I shouldn't drink it . . ." said Agnes.

"You'd better get what comfort you can," said her mother, grimly. "You'll have another bad night, maybe."

"He's sleeping fine now, mother."

"Why wouldn't he, after crying all the night? If you'd leave him to me . . ."

"Oh, don't begin that again, mother, please!"

"I will begin it again!" said her mother. "If you'd let me give him the elixir——"

"The nurse——"

"Oh, be quiet with your nurse! What does she know? It's enough to drive me crazy, him crying all the night long, and you looking like a ghost. And what have you got a husband for, at all, when he——"

"You're not fair to Frank! He's got his work to do. He brings me his money, doesn't he? He——"

"He brings you his money—after he's bought his cigarets and his silk socks and his silk shirts and his silver watch——"

"You know he's got to have a watch! Won't you ever get over that watch?"

"No, I never will!" said her mother. "Him coming here, in his gray suit, and his hat on the side of his head, and his watch—and you like a ghost, the way the child gives you no rest——"

"It's you that won't give me any rest!"

"Me, is it?" said her mother. "God forgive you for your black ingratitude. It's no wonder you'd be crying."

"Oh, mother!"

Her mother's arms came about her, her mother's hand stroked her soft hair.

"My girl—that's the blessing of my life . . . my baby girl. Don't you cry now, my darlin'. I wish the words had choked me before I'd made you cry. Drink your hot tea, my darlin'! It's nothing but my talk. You know I'm as fond of that boy as if he was my own son."

"You've changed to him! With rich people like he works for, he's got to be on late. They wouldn't keep a chauffeur who was always wanting to run home. He does come, every chance he gets."

"I know, my darlin'! It's nothing at all but my talk."

"You *know* he's always looking for a job—where he can have us with him. But times like this, he's got to take what he can get."

"Sure, I know! Drink your tea, my darlin', and stop your crying. You wouldn't want himself to come walking in now, and find you with your eyes all red, would you? Now! Let you sit up, and I'll dry your eyes. It's no wonder at all the baby cries so much with you to be setting such an example. Now! If that isn't him!"

They both listened, and a baby's cry reached them again.

"I'll bring him down to you, Agnes."

"No! He mustn't be picked up every time he cries. The nurse says——"

"The nurse!" her mother began but checked herself. "She won't be in till tomorrow afternoon. She wouldn't know had you picked him up or not."

Agnes hesitated at the foot of the stairs; then that angry little wail sounded again and she ran up, just to see. She was not going to be old-fashioned, not going to do anything, ever, to spoil that baby.

He was lying in his crib, his eyes tight shut, crying as hard as ever he could, his little fists waving in the air. In all this grief, no tears. That seemed to her so pitiable, that he was too little for tears. (*Turn to page 81*)

# Here's a Laxative that you really *enjoy!*

THERE used to be an old-fashioned idea that a medicine had to be bitter to be effective.

But people learned better. That's why millions of men, women and children take Ex-Lax.

***Make this Test!***

Next time you need a laxative, go out and get yourself a box of Ex-Lax. Take a tablet or two before retiring. You won't make faces when you take it—you'll actually *enjoy* its rich chocolate taste. And, next morning, when you see the mild, gentle way it works, you'll resolve never to take bitter, messy purgatives again!

Ex-Lax is enjoyed by the entire family. It is equally effective for young and old.

No wonder Ex-Lax has outlived many other laxatives—that it has become the all-family laxative in millions of homes.

***When Nature forgets—remember Ex-Lax!***

All druggists sell Ex-Lax in 10c and 25c boxes. But be sure to ask for the *genuine*—spelled E-X-L-A-X.

For a free sample, write to Ex-Lax, Inc., Dept. D 103, Box 170, Times Plaza Sta., Brooklyn, N. Y.

keep "regular" with EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE


## A FEATHER IN HER HAT

*Continued from page 9*

the area of one window unpainted and the little house looked as though someone had blacked its eye for it. Just like old Vining, for whose departure the whole family had prayed for years, to pop off slap in the middle of her spring cleaning. But there it was. People came and went without the slightest consideration for anybody.

Mrs. Phipps led the way into the front parlor. Supper had been laid out. Mrs. Vining's protuberant blue eyes fairly bulged. Salmon, cucumbers, potted shrimps, sausages and a cold tongue. And a bunch of daffodils stuck in a bright red vase.

" 'Yacinths to feed the soul," Mrs. Phipps remarked with a vague explanatory gesture.

MRS. VINING blinked. They were not hyacinths. They were daffodils; sixpence a bunch too. Clarissa Phipps might lay out "better than life," as bereaved relatives invariably acknowledged. She might smack life into the newly-arrived more efficiently than any trained nurse, as admitted by Dr. Philips, who was as bad-tempered as an old woman himself. She was wrong in the head for all that . . .

" 'Aving quite a blow-out, ain't you?"

"It's for Orlando. It's 'is birthday——"

Orlando. Mrs. Vining sniffed. It was one thing to be wrong in the head. Lots of people were like that. But the name Orlando wasn't English. Which was worse. It had a nasty foreign sound to it. Orlando and daffodils.

"Getting quite the man, ain't 'e? 'Ow's the shop doing?"

"It's done. 'E's leaving it——"

"Ain't that too bad. Chucked 'im, 'ave they?"

" 'E's chucked them. 'E's going away."

"Going where—?"

"Away. 'E's come into money—— "

"Well now—did you ever——"

"Two thousand pounds," Mrs. Phipps added casually. "It was left in trust for 'im. 'Is mother's people——"

"Meaning yours——"

"I said 'is mother's," Mrs. Phipps corrected. She thumped herself in the middle with an exasperated fist. Drat that pain. Writers and such-like could talk of heartache. Dr. Philips called it nervous indigestion. She called it the belly-ache. It all came to the same in the end. You had to do something about it—get off your chest whatever was lying on it.

"I ain't 'is mother," she said, "and I never was."

Mrs. Vining sat down uninvited. She had completely forgotten Uncle. Of course everyone knew that Clarissa wasn't really Mrs. Phipps, she being the wife of the queer individual who spent half his life in the back parlor working out what he called "problems" and the other half at the King's Head where as founder of the Old Kent Road Chess Club he had brought about a devastating sobriety—even Uncle Vining having been known to come home cold sober. His name was Randolph Courtney. Rumor had it that during the war he had been "something" in the Guards which so obviously ought to have been true even if it wasn't that the neighborhood called him "Captain." Technically therefore Mrs. Phipps was Mrs. Randolph Courtney. But she had been Phipps when she had arrived in Little Egbert Street twenty years ago with her baby, and Little Egbert Street couldn't be bothered to change their minds about her. The prefix "Mrs." was a testimony to their acceptance of the departed Mr. Phipps and their half-hearted conviction that she was really married to the Captain who didn't seem quite real anyway.

But this business with Orlando was a bombshell!

"For 'eaving's sake," breathed Mrs. Vining. "When did that 'appen?"

"When did wot 'appen?"

"It's knocked me out of a 'eap like. 'E was your son, wasn't 'e?"

" 'E wasn't," Mrs. Phipps reiterated with a sudden testiness. "And it's 'igh time everyone knows it. And I don't know of any better way of telling 'em than telling you."

Mrs. Vining bridled.

"You don't ought to say things like that, Clarissa."

"Well, tell it anyway. I adopted 'im. First of all I meant 'im to be my son. I wanted a kid. It seemed fair enough. And it would 'ave been, if 'e'd grown up—well, my cut, so to speak. But 'e ain't. 'E's different. And it ain't no use pretending any more. It ain't fair to 'im. Might give 'im a sort of complex——"

"A wot?" said Mrs. Vining.

"A complex." Mrs. Phipps threw a gloomily disparaging glance at Mrs. Vining's rusty figure. Its untrammeled and misplaced bulges annoyed her. "You wouldn't know it," she said. "It's something new."

"Them there doctors—" Mrs. Vining commented bitterly. "If they can't kill us off with one thing, they 'ave to find another. 'Okus-pocus, I calls it." She took a long breath. "Not that I 'aven't seen wot you mean about Orlando. 'E's queer and that's a fact. Well, I used to think 'praps it was Mr. Phipps 'e took after—Mr. Phipps wot died out in South Africy——"

"Well—'e don't. And that's all there is to it——"

"Well—then—'oo does 'e take after?"

Mrs. Phipps made a careful re-adjustment to her table arrangements. She pushed the salmon into a better light.

"That's something I ain't telling," she said, "not to you or Orlando or anyone. Not ever. I gave my word. And that's that. It wouldn't do no good and it might do a lot of 'arm. The truth ain't always wot it's cracked up to be. You 'ave to go easy with it——"

So that was that. Mrs. Vining knew the set of Clarissa's fang-like mouth too well to persist. Her mind tried to revert to Uncle. Something had to be done about him. On the other hand, the loaded supper-table and Clarissa's parlor distracted her. She never could get used to Clarissa's parlor. It wasn't only its aggressive cleanliness—which was odd enough. There were things in it like the plant in the window, the polished sea-shells on the mantelpiece, the deplorable stag dying persistently in the fangs of a wolf-hound that hung over it, that even struck a familiar note. They were the sort of things one might aspire to if one ever got ahead with the rent. But there were bits of china and prints and etchings on the walls that Mrs. Vining couldn't make head nor tail of. They made her uncomfortable. She suspected some of them of indecency. And she couldn't see what Clarissa Phipps wanted with the photos of people Mrs. Vining had never heard of—some of them not properly clad, in Mrs. Vining's opinion—large stout people dressed up like heathens with spears and helmets.

One photograph on the wall had been set apart from the rest. Even Mrs. Vining felt its aptness. It was as though an invisible wreath of flowers had been set round the delicate boy in tights with a jaunty cap on his thick curls and a merry laugh caught forever on his lips by the faded picture. Only it wasn't a boy. Across the slender black legs had been scrawled "*Julia Trent*" and in a free space beneath, Clarissa herself had traced out laboriously: "*Who so fair as Rosalind?*"

MRS. VINING didn't know—never having heard of her. It was all very queer. She supposed that boy, not to mention the Captain, was at the bottom of it all.

Meantime it was obvious that Clarissa had not grasped the urgency of Mrs. Vining's mission. She stood, her thick strong arms akimbo, brooding over the supper table.

"Uncle being the sort of man 'e was—" Mrs. Vining began dubiously.

Mrs. Phipps ignored her, seeming to have come to a decision. She thrust her hand into her apron pocket and produced a small black box. It was a jewel-case. As she snapped it open, Uncle again faded from the immediate prospect.

"Lawks!" said Mrs. Vining. "Wot is it? The Koh-in-noor?"

"It's a diamond." Mrs. Phipps' voice had dropped. It sounded respectful—almost awestruck. "A gent's finger-ring. That's wot the man called it. Genuine three carat diamond set in white silver. Wears better than platinum. I've 'ad my eye on it these three weeks. It's for Orlando. 'E's mad on all sorts of pretty things——"

"Well, did you ever—!"

"Like it?"

The door of the inner room opened. The Captain put his head through the opening.

"I'm just breezing over to the Pub, Old Girl," he said. Then he saw Mrs. Vining and limped over and shook hands. He said, "How d'you do, Mrs. Vining?" And Mrs. Vining, much fluttered, said that allowing for wind and a touch of the rheumatics, she was fair to middling. People could be nasty about the Captain—and most of them were. There wasn't a brat in the neighborhood who didn't know how ten years before, Mrs. Phipps had found him in the gutter outside the King's head, singing to himself, and broke and drunk as a lord. She'd taken him, nursed him sober, married him and kept him. Well—and what of it? That was Mrs. Vining's fairminded retort to adverse criticism. What of it? If Clarissa Phipps had a fancy for a useless good-looking gimcrack and could afford it—and no doubt she could—that was her business. And you couldn't deny his looks. Not what they were, of course. But you could still see what he'd been. A regular fellow-me-lad. Mrs. Vining who cherished the memory of those good old war days, could just fancy him swaggering down Piccadilly in his Guards uniform, his officer's cap cocked the correct shade over one eye. He's been one of the slender, round-faced boyish sort, with a dimple in his chin and a mushy mouth. Generally speaking, up to no good.

"Mind if I smoke, Mrs. Vining?"

Mrs. Vining twittered. Things like that sent you all of a doo-da. Nobody had ever pretended to care what she minded. She watched him, fascinated, as he stuffed his pipe with slender, well-kept fingers.

"It's the match against Bermondsey," he was explaining. "Porter has had the cheek to offer me two pawns and mate in ten moves. Infernal young cub. But he's first class. I'll have to pull my socks up. Ever play chess, Mrs. Vining?"

He knew she didn't. It was just one of his little ways of joshing her.

"Uncle's gone—" she intervened sepulchrally.

"Gone? Really? Too bad. I had hopes of him. He developed the Queen's Knight opening in a way that was quite remarkable——"

"It's Orlando's (*Turn to page 42*)

From a pastel portrait of Richard by Hilda Grosman

# RICHARD

## Song for a little boy

### by GERTRUDE CLAYTOR

*Richard on an antique chair*

*Is a part of all the grace*

*That the ancient maker made.*

*Roses carved upon the chair,*

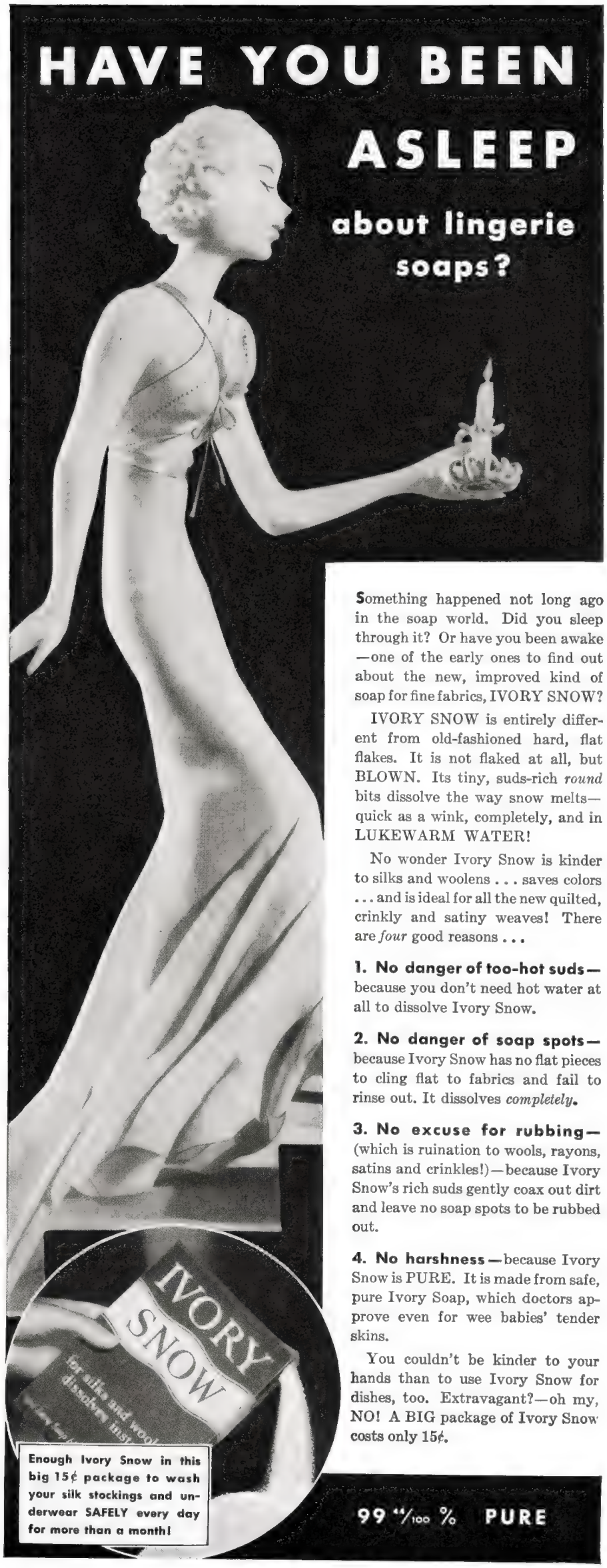
*Roses on his shining face,*

*And so firm his hand is clasped*

*Round the rosewood of the chair,*

*Round the carving on the wood,*

*That he seems to blossom there!*




Something happened not long ago in the soap world. Did you sleep through it? Or have you been awake—one of the early ones to find out about the new, improved kind of soap for fine fabrics, IVORY SNOW?

IVORY SNOW is entirely different from old-fashioned hard, flat flakes. It is not flaked at all, but BLOWN. Its tiny, suds-rich *round* bits dissolve the way snow melts—quick as a wink, completely, and in LUKEWARM WATER!

No wonder Ivory Snow is kinder to silks and woolens . . . saves colors . . . and is ideal for all the new quilted, crinkly and satiny weaves! There are *four* good reasons . . .

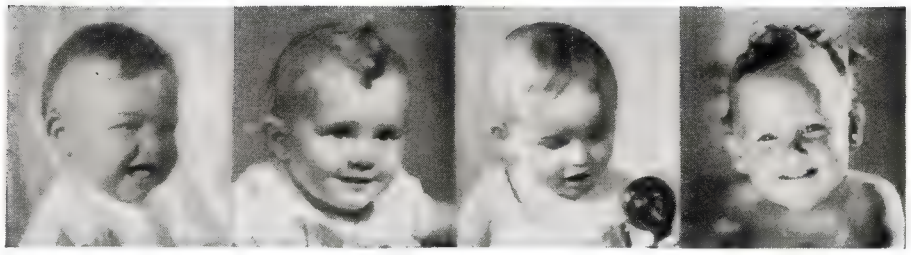
**1. No danger of too-hot suds**—because you don't need hot water at all to dissolve Ivory Snow.

**2. No danger of soap spots**—because Ivory Snow has no flat pieces to cling flat to fabrics and fail to rinse out. It dissolves *completely*.

**3. No excuse for rubbing**—(which is ruination to wools, rayons, satins and crinkles!)—because Ivory Snow's rich suds gently coax out dirt and leave no soap spots to be rubbed out.

**4. No harshness**—because Ivory Snow is PURE. It is made from safe, pure Ivory Soap, which doctors approve even for wee babies' tender skins.

You couldn't be kinder to your hands than to use Ivory Snow for dishes, too. Extravagant?—oh my, NO! A BIG package of Ivory Snow costs only 15¢.



# "Square Meals" FOR BABY

. . . . . and better for him than vegetables you could prepare yourself with ten times the work!

EVER prepare spinach or carrots or prunes for Baby's mealtime—yourself? It's tedious labor. Baby is work—a lot of extra work. He's worth it and he'll get it.

But when you're working over a stove cooking, stirring, then straining vegetables for Baby you're not doing him a favor. You're cheating him out of a lot of vitamins and mineral salts Baby needs—and doesn't get with home-cooked vegetables!

Serve Baby Gerber's Strained Vegetables. Already prepared. Ready to warm, season and serve as your doctor orders. Then spend the time *you* save playing with him, or taking him out in the Fresh Air. Baby would rather spend the time *with you* than have you spend it in the kitchen *without him.*

*Really Fresh Vegetables*

Vegetables deteriorate—lose valuable nutrients—every hour they age. You've thought, perhaps, vegetables are fresh when you get them uncooked in the store. But they may be days or weeks from the garden. Vegetables in Gerber's are 100 per cent fresh always—just a matter of hours from dewy garden to the start of the canning process—before they have a chance to lose their garden fresh nutritive value.

*No Vitamins Lost in Cooking*

When you cook vegetables in Baby's double boiler, valuable vitamins are lost; mineral salts run off with water. Gerber's, due to being cooked by special vacuum processing, retain these vitamins and mineral salts so vital to sturdy bones, rosy cheeks, and strong white teeth.

Each of Gerber's Eight Strained Vegetables is absolutely unseasoned, *in order that you can season them the way Baby's doctor suggests.* Different babies, you know, require different formulas.

In addition, with Gerber's you are sure of finer strained vegetables—therefore much easier on tiny digestive systems. Special monel metal strainers, five times as fine as ordinary kitchen colanders, mean superfine, uniform products, with every irritant eliminated.

Don't serve Gerber's for your sake—merely because it's easy—*serve them for Baby's sake!* They're the finest vegetables Baby can eat—and Baby deserves the best!

*A "Breakfast" Food for Baby Exclusively*

Here's the newest Gerber product—Strained Cereal. And how Baby will love his own exclusive "breakfast food"—even if he's been in the habit of batting ordinary cereal off the high chair.

Unlike lots of cereals fed to babies, this one has been specially created for Baby exclusively. It's a baby cereal—balanced for infants—not a "grown-up's" cereal which mothers have had to use for Baby. It's made of whole wheat, hulled oats, and added wheat germ (very rich in vitamin B—the appetite appeal vitamin) and it's long-cooked in fresh, whole milk to improve both food value and flavor. Then Gerber's Strained Cereal is extra-finely strained to remove every harsh bran particle after its food value has been absorbed.

*Nine Strained Foods for Baby*

*Strained* Tomatoes . . . Green Beans . . . Beets . . . Vegetable Soup . . . Carrots . . . Prunes . . . Peas . . . Spinach . . . 4½-oz. cans. *Strained* Cereal . . . 10¼-oz. cans . . . 15c.

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Gerber's

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Please send me free copies of "Mealtime Psychology," by Dr. Lillian B. Storms and "Progress in Infant Feeding." (Enclose 10c if you would also like picture of the Gerber Baby by Dorothy Hope Smith, ready for framing.)

*Name*..... *Address*.....

*City*..... *State*.....

## A FEATHER IN HER HAT

*Continued from page 41*

birthday—" Clarissa said. But it was of no use. She couldn't stop him going to the King's Head any more than she could stop people getting born and dying in the middle of your best sleep or the spring cleaning. She glanced at the clock. With luck she'd be through with Uncle by seven. But then there was young Mrs. Sanders. Coming down with her first, and nervous as a cat. Clarissa had promised to drop in. Orlando would have to eat his birthday supper alone . . . It might be the last time . . .

She still held the little black box. But she had forgotten it. She was still struggling with that dratted pain . . .

The Captain took the thing out of her hand and she looked up confusedly. There was that expression in his soft brown eyes that she dreaded—mocking and curious and amused——

"Backed another winner, Old Girl?"

She nodded grimly. And he laughed over his shoulder at Mrs. Vining. "What a woman! Doesn't know one end of a horse from another. And picks outsiders that romp home every time. I don't take her tips. I wouldn't spoil her luck." He held the ring at a distance, inspecting it with an exaggerated gravity. "And what has the tide washed up this time?"

"Orlando's birthday present—" She sounded gruff and self-confident. But she was nervous. Mrs. Vining could see that. She was nervous herself. All hot and cold. Something was happening. She felt it. Something just between the two of them. They made a queer, unlikely pair—the slender, delicate man and the sturdy, stocky woman with her arms akimbo. She could have knocked him over with one hand. She was defying him now. And yet, in some queer way, appealing to him.

"You ain't 'olding it right. Give it a bit of light, can't you?"

"What's it supposed to be, anyway?"

"It's a ring, stoopid. It's genuine——"

"Genuine what? Glass?"

Mrs. Vining winced. Somebody's face had got slapped. It hurt. Even the Captain seemed to feel it. He snapped the jewel-case and put it gently back into Clarissa's hand and closed her stubby fingers over it as though she'd been a small child with a foolish toy.

"Better luck next time, Old Girl——"

Then he was gone. It was almost as though he had run away from something he couldn't bear. Mrs. Vining pulled herself to her feet. There were things she couldn't understand. But there were things she could. Uncle was one of them . . .

"Well—I'll be getting along too. And I'd be obliged to you, Clarissa——"

Mrs. Phipps nodded absently.

"I'll lay 'im out so's you'll think you've got 'im back again——"

"You don't 'ave to go as far as that," Mrs. Vining said tartly.

Clarissa heard the door slam. Then she went over to the fire-place and dropped the jeweller's box among the coals where no one would see it. Next time they lit a fire the dratted thing would burn up and melt. A bit of glass. She ought to have had more sense than to trust that squint-eyed shop-assistant. She ought to have known better anyway. Orlando would have known. You couldn't palm off fakes on him. Mrs. Phipps sighed deeply. Well—there was Uncle Vining . . .

Ten minutes later the gate clicked behind her. A black bulging bag under one arm, she was off down the street with the peculiar motion and grim purposefulness of a battleship going into action. Her hat flew a red pennant. One could almost see the smoke pouring from her smokestacks.

But at the corner of Little Egbert and Compton Street she stopped to throw a last glance at the day's work. She sighed again. Too bad she hadn't finished it. It would rain tomorrow. It always did. She felt she'd made a fool of the house, leaving it like that. Its one black eye seemed to gaze back at her reproachfully . . .

THEY had walked all the way from Piccadilly. To Richard it hadn't seemed any distance at all. He had been blown along by the tempest of his thoughts. At crossings he had caught Emily by the elbow and carried her along into safety. Otherwise she hardly existed for him—his mind had journeyed far.

Now in the middle of the great bridge they both stopped, not asking each other why, and, leaning their elbows on the parapet, stood looking across the darkly polished water towards Westminster. Behind them another tide flowed violently and noisily—rumbling busses and lorries, hysterically hooting taxicabs, hurrying feet and hot irritable bodies that brushed against theirs and tried to sweep them along too. But with their faces to the river they felt withdrawn and quiet and safe.

"I always knew," Emily said. It wasn't exactly the truth. She hadn't known. But she had dreamed. And if a dream comes true then it never really was a dream. Anyway it was almost her first remark. They hadn't had much chance to talk. Every time Richard had got fairly started they had had to dodge traffic or people had barged between them. He had just shot things at her. All that she knew for certain was that the stout funny woman with the hat was not his mother. "I guessed," she amended solemnly.

"Did you? How did you?"

He looked down at her. Her hat, a pert, cheap little thing that in their headlong progress had lost its correct tilt and now looked merely out of balance and bedraggled, threw a mask of shadow over her eyes. But he could see her mouth. It wasn't a pretty mouth—thin and tight drawn as though with a constant denial of everything it passionately asked for. When it grew middle-aged it would be pinched and bitter. Richard didn't know all that. He only saw that somehow it was pathetic. "How did you know?" he asked.

"I COULDN'T say. It just came to me." Her cockney accent that in the daytime was held in check by cautious refinement was getting the better of her. She was tired. She was near home. Noise and squalor and hot close living threw its tentacles around her. It drew her down from the bright surface of the day. From nine to six she was Miss Judson who had risen from selling hardware at Woolworth's to the position of cashier in Bendell and Bendell's Smart Shoe Company. It was a real rise. She was a young lady. She said "Thank you, Madam," to the best people. But at night she was just Emmy Judson going back to the noisy street where she had danced to a hand-organ. In an hour's time she'd be washing babies and dishes with her mother screaming at her.

"Anyone could have seen it," she said almost to herself. "You weren't like the others. You didn't belong——"

"I knew too," he said shyly and eagerly. "Not better. Just different. I always expected the shop to vanish. Nobody in it seemed quite real——"

"Not even me," she thought. But he added quickly and gently, "Except you." And at once she was less tired. Her feet didn't ache so badly. She saw the beauty of the dark river and the black towers of Westminster rising among the misty stars. She had never seen before that it was beautiful. But now the tears came to her eyes.

"It made things awfully difficult," he went on. "I felt like someone in someone else's dream. I didn't know what I might turn into next. In the morning I'd be Richard Phipps. I'd belong to Little Egbert Street. Then when I crossed the river I was someone else—I didn't know who—but just someone else—a stranger whose name I couldn't quite hear——"

"Orlando—" she whispered.

He caught his breath.

"How did you know?"

"Your mother—" She stopped. "When *she* came to the shop—that was what she called you——"

"Oh—" he said, the eagerness had gone. It was as though he had expected her to say something wonderful.

Then he laughed.

"Sometimes I think I'm Dick Whittington. I can hear Bow Bells calling to me . . ."

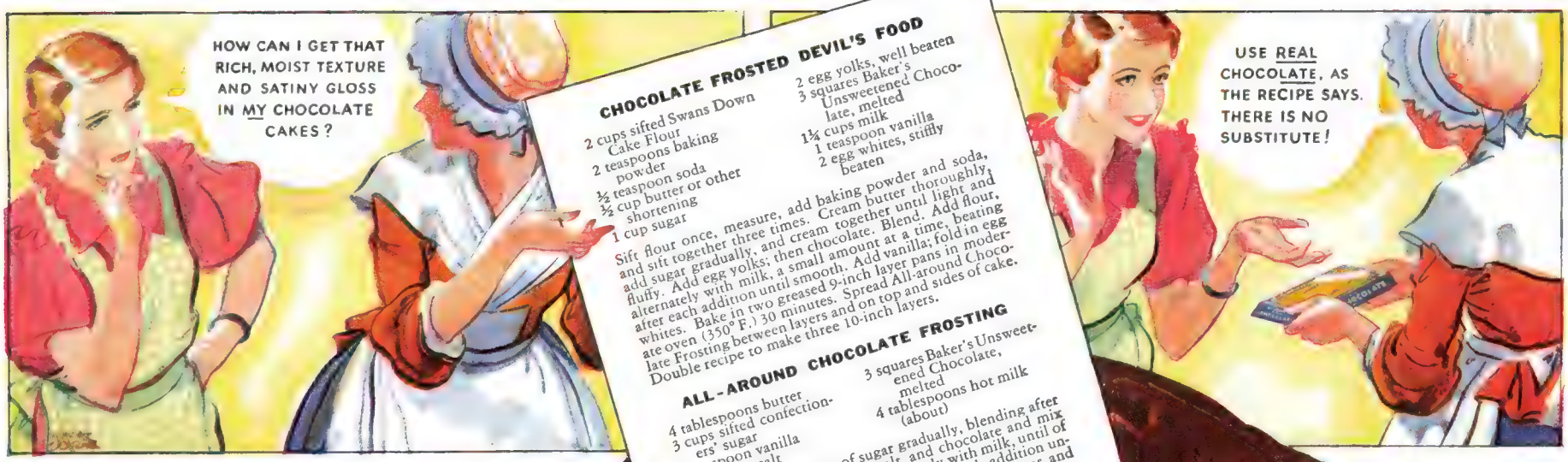
She had to follow his thoughts. She was like a bothered little fox-terrier on an uncertain trail.

"You could be Lord Mayor—if you would——"

"I don't think I do. They have to be fat and bald, don't they? I don't know what I want. It's there—it's (*Turn to page 45*)

# Here's the Devil's Food Cake

## ...THE BAKER CHOCOLATE GIRL SUGGESTS

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"Of course it's *chocolate* . . . real, genuine Baker's Chocolate . . . that gives the marvelous, rich flavor you want . . . a truly satisfying flavor that you simply cannot get in any other way.

"I've been recommending Baker's Chocolate for 153 years! And there has, *never* been a substitute for its superb flavor and mellow richness. Today, as yesterday, its secret blend of choice cocoa beans supplies the smooth, full chocolate goodness America loves the best!

"So I hope you'll try this marvelous Devil's Food without delay . . . and try the fluffy-topped Chiffon Chocolate Pie below, too. You'll find the recipe for the pie on page 47 of the recipe book I have for you.

"Do send for the booklet, won't you?' It shows you dozens of glorious treats you can make from Baker's Chocolate. Richly flavored puddings . . . marvelous mousses . . . dainty company cakes . . . glorious fillings and sauces.

"Just use the coupon at the right, and I shall see that your copy of 'Baker's Best Chocolate Recipes' is sent to you at once."

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| *Product* | *Vitamins* | *Product* | *Vitamins* | *Product* | *Vitamins* |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Apricots | A, C | Peaches | A, B, C | Salmon | A, D |
| Asparagus | A, B | Pears | B | Sardines | D |
| Blackberries | C | Peas | A, B, C | Sauerkraut | C |
| Carrots | A, B, C | Pineapple | A, B, C | Spinach | A, B, C |
| Cherries | A, B | Pineapple | | Strawberries | A, B, C |
| Corn | A, B | Juice | A, B, C | String Beans | A, B, C |
| Fresh | | Plums | A, B | Sweet | |
| Prunes | A, B | Prunes | A, B | Potatoes | A, B, C |
| Grapes | B | Pumpkin | A | Tomatoes | A, B, C |
| Grapefruit | B, C | Raisins | B | Tomato Juice | A, B, C |
| Loganberries | C | Raspberries | C | Tuna | D |

# A FEATHER IN HER HAT

*Continued from page 42*

all locked up inside me and I haven't got the key. If only I knew who I was . . . Who am I, Emily? Do you know?"

It was the first time he had called her Emily. She couldn't answer. It would be no good saying, "I don't care who you are. I love you." He wasn't thinking of her at all.

"Won't she tell you?"

"No. And she never will. She's like that. She said she'd promised. She wouldn't have told me anything—just let me go on thinking I was her son—but there was the money. She had to explain. But it wasn't only that. I suppose she saw I was unhappy and restless. Instinct's awfully strange, isn't it, Emily? You can't deceive it. It wasn't that I didn't care for her. I did—I do. But not that way. She was good to me. But not as my real mother would have been. You can't fake things like that. Why, when I was a kid I knew. She used to come into my room to tuck me up. She'd say goodnight. And just as soon as she'd gone, I began imagining . . . I'd see my real mother open the door. She'd stand against the light— I could see her quite clearly. Emily, you aren't laughing at me, are you?"

"'Course you know I'm not."

"She was beautiful. She wore lovely things. She sat on my bed and kissed me. Of course, I'm grown up now but I can remember what it meant to me when I was a kid. And I was right. I mean she really was beautiful. Mother—I mean Clarissa—I say, Emily, what shall I call her? I can't call her mother any more. Shall I call her Clarissa?"

"Well, it's her name," Emily said reasonably.

"All right then. That's what Clarissa said. I made her tell me. Even if I wasn't to know my mother's name, I had a right to know what she looked like. And Clarissa said she was the most lovely thing she had ever seen. But reckless and headstrong. I take after her—that way."

"Do you?" Emily asked.

"Yes. I don't show it. I keep a tight rein on myself. But if I loved anyone I would do what she did, I wouldn't care what stood in the way——"

"Wouldn't you? But suppose they—she—was not your sort?"

"That wouldn't make any difference. Not if I cared as my mother must have cared——"

Emily rested her chin between her hands in her favorite pose. She would take French lessons. There was a correspondence course advertised in her favorite movie magazine. "*How to be at Ease in the Highest Circles.*" She would try to read the books he lent her. For a while she was so busy that she hardly listened.

"You see, it was worse in those days. It's hard for us to realize how stupid people were. Why, the very idea of a girl falling in love with a married man gave them fits. And my mother's people were always having fits—about everything—about being respectable and money and family and tradition and all that stuff. And my father was the same sort—very honorable and straight-laced. But being in love upsets things——"

"Yes—" said Emily.

"He was splendid. Very brave. Clarissa said so. And handsome. Tall and dark. My hair's red. But a fair mother and a dark father often have red-headed children."

Emily sighed.

"Do they?"

"Yes. Anyway, he wanted to do the right thing. His wife wouldn't divorce him. She was a beast. So he tried to get away. He was an explorer and he fixed up a two years' expedition to one of the Poles—I forget which. He thought that would save them both. But you see, she was wildly in love. They both were. They had a last day together—to say goodbye."

There was a long silence. Emily's hand had dropped on to the parapet and instinctively Richard put his hand over it, gripping it hard. It was as though an old storm had blown up and was sweeping over them and they had to hold on fast to each other.

"Of course, he never knew. The next day he was gone—out of reach. When he came back years later—his wife was dead. But it was too late. I'd been born." His voice wavered. His throat ached with tenderness and pity so that it was hard work to go on with a proper manly steadiness. "You can see how it all happened. She was brave as a lion but she was only a girl and everything was against her. They badgered and bullied her. They sent her away. They made her give me up so that no one would ever know. Perhaps she wouldn't have done it if it hadn't been for Clarissa. But she and Clarissa had sort of grown up together. Clarissa had come into the family when she was a kid—as kitchen maid or something. And then when her husband died, she came back. She was housekeeper. She knew everything that went on. She was like one of them. And she wanted a kid. And my mother trusted her."

Her hand had withdrawn itself. Emily sighed faintly.

"Why didn't they marry—when he came back?"

"It was too late. She'd married someone else. Clarissa didn't know much about it. She'd left, of course. But I know. I can guess. Mother wouldn't have loved anyone else. *I* couldn't—not if I had once cared."

"Couldn't you?"

"No. Once I get my teeth into a thing, I can't let go. So I know how she felt. You see, I take after her. She was just driven into it. They were afraid of her—that she'd run off to me and disgrace them all. That's all they thought about. They didn't care what sort of mess they made of everyone's life." He clenched his fists. His voice was harsh and stern with indignation.

A policeman passed behind them. His measured tread made a stable accompaniment to the restless high-pitched singing of the traffic.

"You don't know what it's done to me, Emily—knowing that she's somewhere in the world and that we belong to each other. It's my twenty-first birthday. At this very moment she may be thinking of me, as I am thinking of her. We aren't the forgetting kind—either of us."

Emily swallowed hard. He was wonderful. Much more wonderful than her dreams of him. She saw now that he had been a sort of nail on which she had hung a cheap pretty picture. But he was flesh and blood. He knew what it was to have a home and to be homeless.

"What are you going to do?" She called up all her courage. "I suppose—you'll go away?"

"I don't know yet. I haven't been able to think clearly. Every time a woman came into the shop—you know, anyone old enough—I'd think, 'Perhaps it's you.' There was one today. I found myself looking hard at her. She blushed——"

"I suppose she would," Emily said.

"But of course it couldn't have been. She was nice enough. But she was too old. And not beautiful at all—" He looked down at her. "Emily—you're tired. I have talked, haven't I?"

"Just a bit, Richard."

"It's been awfully selfish of me. But I was choked with it. And I have no one else."

"Haven't you?"

"Not a soul. You're the only girl I've ever been out with." His heart grew warm with an unfamiliar tenderness. It was as though he had never really looked at her before. She wasn't pretty. She never would be. She'd been starved and frightened too young. But she cared what became of him. And she was good. He could see the goodness in her eyes, through a mist of tears.

"Emily—you're not crying?"

"Not really. Just—just upset a bit—you going away—and all that."

"But I shan't go. At least—not far. We're friends. I'm awfully grateful—" That wasn't the word. The waiting look in her eyes pleaded for something that he wanted to give her because she had understood and been kind to him. "So good of you, Emily."

"Really, Richard?"

The policeman touched him on the shoulder.

"Better be moving on, young man, and take the lady home."

RICHARD PHIPPS sat on the windowsill of the front parlor and swung his heels over the head of the crocus. It was a cloudless April night. The moonlight flooded Little Egbert Street. Richard imagined that he was floating in it as one floats in a cool, quiet tide. It was magical. But then everything was magical—even Little (*Turn to page 46*)

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SO MANY discriminating women are devoted to Glazo's superior quality that for years it has far outsold any other polish of its price.

Today, this famous Glazo costs you even less than ordinary polishes. But more . . . the polish itself has been perfected far beyond anything you've ever hoped for of your manicure!

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☐ Natural ☐ Shell ☐ Flame ☐ Geranium

.....

.....


## A FEATHER IN HER HAT

*Continued from page 45*

Egbert Street in all its prosaic squalor.

He knew now that he had never really seen Little Egbert Street before. He had been too much a part of it. Now he was free. He was leaving it behind him. He was like an artist and could see beauty in things—that the people who really belonged to them thought quite awful. Nobody who lived in Little Egbert Street could realize what an April moon did to it.

Over his head Richard could see the stars. Beneath him the crocus preened itself in shining painted purity.

HE hadn't touched the supper Clarissa had laid out for him. He couldn't. It was a splendid supper. It was just like her to get him everything he liked and then go out and leave him to it. Not even a note. Much less a birthday present. Not that he wanted presents. But he wanted someone who wanted to give them to him. Clarissa did her best. But it just showed that it was no use people pretending to be what they weren't. And Clarissa wasn't his mother.

But it had been a happy evening. He and Emily had had supper together and had talked their hearts out. At least he had. The restaurant was a cheap Italian place near Waterloo Station where you could eat yourself stupid on rather greasy hors d'oeuvres, macaroni au gratin and tortoni, for two shillings. He hated to have to take her to a place like that. But he had only had five shillings. It was ridiculous to have two thousand pounds in the bank and only five shillings in your pocket.

Two thousand pounds. An awful lot of money. And probably they'd given Clarissa something to bring him up with— She hadn't said so—just that he was to have the money when he was twenty-one. But it wasn't likely they would have let her carry the whole burden. His people must have been very rich. People were rich in those days. A chill wind blew over him. His heart contracted. Things had happened since then. People had lost their money. At this very moment whilst he sat there, so stuffed with macaroni au gratin that he could hardly breathe, his mother might be starving. She might be shivering in a garret, thinking, "Somewhere in the world, I have a son who might have cared for me."

It was awful.

Or even if she still had money—even if her wretched husband looked after her—you didn't know what was going to happen. A woman needed a man to take care of her—a real man, not a miserable cad who married a girl who didn't love him.

There was someone singing.

"Who is Sylvia?
What is she?"

It was the Captain. He often sang like that when he came home from the King's Head. It was not drunkenness. It denoted victory. He limped into sight, a black, unevenly moving shadow, swinging his cane, his walk a triumphant march with a hiccough in it. At the gate he stopped, lifting a white, spent-looking face, and saluted grandiloquently.

"Hail, Orlando!"

"Oh, shut up, sir," Richard pleaded.

"Don't you like it? Oh, come now, you do really, you know. On such a night one can admit the queerest follies. And the name suits you. Clarissa must have been inspired."

"It wasn't Clarissa. It was my mother."

"True. Your mother. The dear unknown. Forgive me. I am still shaken. The match with that insolent cub from Bermondsey was close. Damn close. But he slipped, I offered him my queen. Only a good man can resist a queen. Checkmate in fifteen moves. One of the neatest things you ever saw. I'll show you——"

"Thank you, sir."

The Captain unlocked the front door and came in. He was, as he had said, shaken. It was odd that a man who seemed to care for nothing could be made to tremble all over by a game. He admitted the oddness.

He pushed the plate of salmon on one side and laid out a board with chessmen. "I'm glad I taught you, Richard. I couldn't go to sleep tonight without showing someone how brilliant I was. I tried to teach the Old Girl. But she seemed to think corpses and babies more important. She couldn't explain why——"

"She's out—" Richard said, almost gruffly.

"And your birthday. So it is. How heartless. But a lately departed Vining threatened to become obnoxious—more obnoxious, if possible—and his place in the world has been taken by an arrival in the Sanders menage. They come and they go. Fortunately. A strange but wonderful woman, your mother, Richard."

"She's not my mother, sir."

"True. Stupid of me. It's all been rather sudden. And after ten years. One might have guessed it, of course. Really, there is no resemblance." The pieces were now arranged to his satisfaction. "You see, by moving my queen to her bishop's fourth I exposed her—but not too obviously. It might have been a slip. He snatched at her. Then he was lost. Neat, wasn't it?"

"Very, sir."

"Of course, he wasn't a great player. Too rash and sudden. Or he wouldn't have made a mistake like that. But I confess he had his moments—" He stopped. His brown eyes that at first encounter were soft and gentle as a dog's had a penetrating malice. "Not listening, are you?"

"Well—I'm rather shaken myself, sir. I'm worrying."

"Of course you're worrying. I worried too—till something really happened to me. What do you think it is?"

"It's not knowing who I am," Richard said, "or what I am to do about it."

The Captain showed how the outclassed gentleman from Bermondsey could have saved himself. His hands, under the lamplight, moved with a delicate precision. They were beautiful hands, kept like a fashionable woman's. Richard remembered the day, long ago, when the Captain had raised himself indignantly from a drunken stupor and had spent a sober hour showing a very dirty small boy how a gentleman kept his nails clean under the most adverse circumstances. Richard had never forgotten. The lesson had cost him several bitter fights with the neighborhood gang to which he had belonged and which regarded clean nails as a sign of degeneracy. It had begun his envious and often unhappy isolation. At times he had wished passionately that the idea had never been put into his head or that his head hadn't been so obstinate. Now he was grateful.

"Queen to the King's third—" the Captain murmured. "That would have delayed the end. You ask too much, Richard. Trying to find out who we are and what we want takes us a full lifetime. And at the end it's either too late or we find we've been on the wrong track. I wager Mr. Ford, on his deathbed, will discover that he wasn't Mr. Ford at all and that he loathes motor cars."

"It's not only for myself," Richard said. He began to move about restlessly, his hands either in his pockets or in his hair. "It's all very well for Clarissa to make promises. She's not responsible. But I am. I'm her son—I mean, my mother's son. We don't know what's going to happen. She might need me——"

"Ah, the rising mob of proletariat, the tumbrils, the guillotine, gallant young man rushes to save beautiful long-lost mother." It was uncanny the way he saw what was going on in one's mind. It made conversation very disconcerting. "On the other hand," the Captain added judicially, "the appearance of said gallant young man in an otherwise peaceful and respectable English family circle might create something in the nature of a disturbance."

RICHARD stopped in his tracks to retort indignantly.

"I shouldn't do that. I'm not a brute. If she were happy and cared for, she should never know the truth. But I've got to be sure. I've got to find her——"

"Well, you never will if it depends on the Old Girl. She has reasons for keeping her mouth shut. And it will stay shut. I know her. At least I know that I don't know her. Do you, Richard?"

"Do I know what?"

"Know your lately converted parent. Do you know what goes on under her peculiar hats? Do you know why she yanked me out of the gutter, where I (*Turn to page 48*)

# "No wonder many Wives fade quickly

## WITH THIS RECURRENT FEAR"

"I am a doctor. But I am also a woman—and a Latin. I cannot help but look at this whole problem with my feelings as well as my mind.

"As a woman, I think it tragic—and as a doctor, inexcusable!—when lovely young wives fade quickly after marriage. When fear disturbs their health, steals their beauty, turns their dispositions irritable. And, worst of all, when the unhappy husband wonders helplessly what has happened to the blithe young woman he married.

"You cannot blame a woman for her wretched fear of what *might* be . . . when a lapse in feminine regularity occurs. But you can deplore her ignorance of proper marriage hygiene which permits that fear to exist.

"The proper technique of marriage hygiene has alleviated woman's oldest fear. Antisepsis is a proved, familiar practice recommended by physicians in every land. The most important thing is your choice of an antiseptic. My own preference, in common with most doctors, is for "Lysol."

"Lysol" combines the two most important qualities in a germicide. It is certain . . . yet safe. If instructions for its use are carefully followed, it will not irritate delicate feminine membranes, as other antiseptics may do which contain free caustic alkali. We even use "Lysol" in childbirth cases, when the feminine membranes are in their most sensitive condition. Hence "Lysol" must be the safest and gentlest antiseptic for home use.

"Yet "Lysol" has the power to destroy the most active germ-life, which other compounds fail to do in the presence of organic matter. "Lysol" penetrates hidden folds, always maintains its sure, active strength.

"Its regular, unfailing use is the greatest precaution I, as a doctor, can suggest to guard against feminine irregularities—to allay the harassing fear that makes women old beyond their actual years."

(Signed)

PROF. DR. LINITA BERETTA

Photograph by Man Ray in Milan

**Professor Doctor Linita Beretta**, leading Italian gynecologist . . . Director of the Maternity Division of the State and Municipal Clinic of Quentiere Monforte, Milan.

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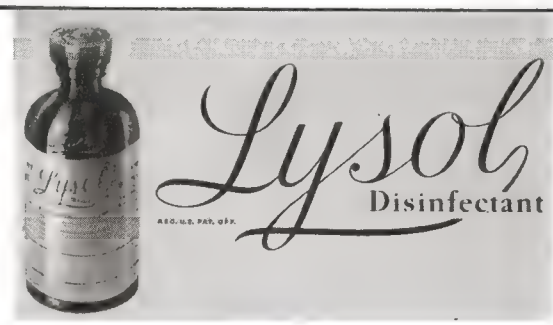


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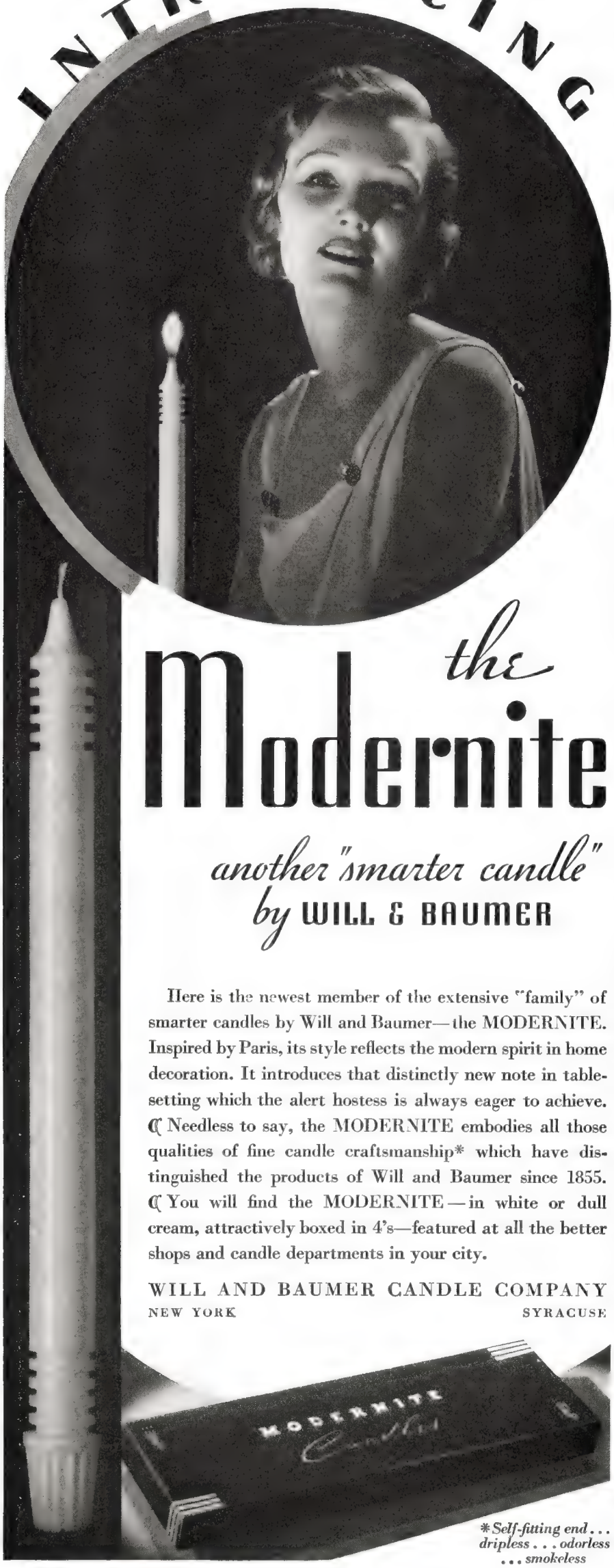



## A FEATHER IN HER HAT

*Continued from page 46*

was dying in perfect comfort, and dragged me back to life, much to my family's regret, and to sobriety, much to my own. What did she want with me?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Or, for that matter, what did she want with you? Redheaded, freckled people make more than usually repellant babies."

"I don't know," Richard repeated. "I suppose she wanted to help. Perhaps she loved my mother."

"No one could help it," the Captain conceded gracefully. He sat back, his injured leg stretched out to ease a pain that after the walk back from the King's Head turned his face parchment yellow. "Anyway, between us, we've cost her a pretty penny. Always the best of everything, good clothes, good food and such cultural advantages as we desired and some we didn't. Eh, Richard? Fortunately she is what the neighborhood calls a warm woman. Babies and corpses are plentiful. But what does she get out of it? She had never really had either of us——"

"One day," said Richard who was not listening again, "I shall pay her back——"

"You won't have to. When your prophetic tumbril, with you on board, rumbles down Whitehall, the Committee of Public Discomfort or whatever it calls itself will appoint Comrade Clarissa Phipps Commissioner of Births and Funerals. She will sit under the guillotine and count heads, not unkindly but as a matter of business. Women are like that anyway. In times of depression, panics and social cataclysms, they come out on top—not because they're beautiful. They're not. But because they're so damn useful."

Richard saw no sense in that sort of philosophy.

"I've got to find her," he said.

"Why? Do you think she'll like you?"

The young man who had been pacing the length of the small room, stumbling over mats and the legs of chairs, came to a halt again. His red head flamed in the mirror over the mahogany sideboard. His face was anxious.

"What do you think?" he asked. "Do you think she might?"

"Some women like 'em red-headed."

"I can't help my hair. But I mean myself. Do you think she'd be ashamed?"

"No—I don't see why she should be. After all—I've made a gentleman of you."

"I'm very grateful, sir," Richard said. But he relaxed, smiling, and perched himself on the table in dangerous proximity to the salmon. The Captain knew as well as Richard did that you can't "make" gentlemen. They either are or they aren't.

"YOU were a dirty little beast," the Captain said, "with a vile Cockney twang. Well - I knocked it out of you. I had to stay sober to do it, but I did it. I taught you all I knew. You're a regular East End Etonian. You don't know a thing that will ever be of the slightest good to you except when you are dying——"

"I don't think I understand."

The Captain surveyed the boy's narrowed eyes.

"Well—I've done it to you, heaven help you. I don't know why I did it. Perhaps out of sheer devilment, perhaps to spite the Old Girl for keeping me sober, perhaps for some complex reason I refuse to recognize." He stood up gingerly. "Well, I'm going to bed," he said. "Better leave a light burning. She'll be late. And she likes a light."

"I haven't a chance," Richard thought. He had been staring sightlessly at the salmon.

From the door the Captain turned and looked back at him. He said with an affected childishness:

"Promise not to tell the Old Girl?"

Richard said, "Of course," rather absently.

"Well—you are a man of honor. I'm not. Morally speaking I am extinct and have been for many years. There is no sane reason for the things I do. I should be at a loss to explain why I read that letter four years ago. It was not meant for me. But I daresay I am telling you about it out of sheer malice. It was an interesting letter, Orlando, written in a lovely hand by a no doubt lovely lady who signed herself Julia Anders—a Mrs. Edward Anders, I gathered—and it was addressed to one Mrs. Clarissa Phipps. The tone was affectionate. The tender, urgent references to yourself, Orlando, puzzled me at the time. They puzzle me no more——"

Richard slid from his perch.

"You mean—why, that—why, then——"

"The address was 11 John's Square, Bloomsbury. A most honorable neighborhood." The twist to the loose mouth was satanic but not unkindly. "Of course—as you suggested, Orlando—a great deal happens. In four years the Anders family may have moved."

The door closed after him with a quiet finality.

IT HAD been a long, hard struggle. Even Clarissa Phipps was worn out. But very pleased with herself. There weren't many women who could have met such a sudden emergency and kept mother and child alive. Even Dr. Philips had congratulated her.

Afterwards coming down the dingy stairs he had repented. "Ought to be ashamed of yourself. Who wants another Sanders? He'll live to curse you——"

The doctor was a card. A sour old customer.

Somewhere in the distance a clock that you could only hear in the quiet early hours struck four. Dawn was stirring. But she could still see the stars. They were very clear. Too clear. Clarissa shook her head.

She was glad they had left a light burning. The little house was on the watch for her. Its forgiving, consoling eye was the first thing she saw as she turned the corner into Little Egbert Street. She was so tired if she'd been the crying sort, she'd have cried.

Nobody had touched the supper. She stood considering it, arms akimbo, a wry twist to her mouth. She had made a mess of his birthday, and no mistake. When it came to Orlando she was always making a mess of things. He was like the National Gallery. He upset her. She lost her assurance.

Well, there was nothing to be done. She was too fagged out to move things. She turned down the lamp and started lumberingly up the narrow stairs. She knew the creaks of every one of them. She knew how to open his door without a sound. For twenty years she had opened it, at all hours, and once, at least, when he had been ill, with fear at her heart——

Next year he would be gone.

He was asleep now. The room wasn't quite dark. A livid morning light, that had something of death about it, filtered in through the open window. It seemed to drain all the brightness out of him. It was though as he had already gone and left only a shadow of himself. She stood in the doorway, not coming any nearer. She knew how he slept when everything was well with him— relaxed, like a happy puppy, his fists under his chin. Well, she might make a mess of things. But she could pick winners. They could palm off a fake diamond on her. But Orlando wasn't a fake. He was the real stuff.

She'd done right to tell him. It hadn't been easy. But it was right. Now he could go ahead. He was free of her, of Little Egbert Street and of that white mouse of a girl with the moon-struck eyes that had gaped at her out of Bendels' cashier's box. In love, if ever Clarissa had seen the symptoms. *Her* applecart would be upset. And a good thing too.

Clarissa stood there for a long time. Then she went out as soundlessly as she had come.

Richard turned over. He hadn't heard her. But in a minute he was awake. Something had happened that had changed the whole course of his life. It was just beyond the confusion of his last dream. He sought desperately for it. It was like waking up in a strange dark room and fumbling for the doors and windows—the familiar landmarks of safety.

Then he remembered. It flooded over him. He could feel his heart thud.

The house on John's Square.

Tomorrow. No—the dawn had already broken. Perhaps this very day . . .

**Thus does Richard Orlando set out to find his mother. Next month he storms that magic door in John's Square—and behind it discovers an enchanting young girl as well**

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# We found ROYAL in 191 *out of* 200 Homes

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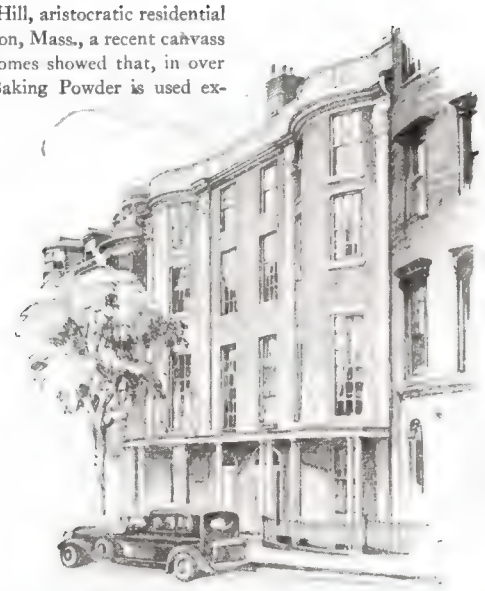

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To save time we make Quick Quaker Oats. They take but 2½ minutes of cooking. And give you the same delightful Quaker flavor.

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**3—Purity**—untouched by human hands during making.

**4—Further enrichment** by the use of modern ultra violet rays.

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## OVERNIGHT SAINTS

*Continued from page 4*

Prohibition agents, presumably carrying a female mandate, began to rove and ravage the country, the ladies themselves began to appear in large numbers in the more refined speakeasies. I observed that these same ladies were taking copiously to the smoking of cigarets. And I observed that the whole sex, including even the old and fat, were rapidly shortening their skirts, and that vast multitudes, throwing the International Sunday-school Lessons over their shoulders, were yielding themselves with gay abandon to playing cards for gain, Sunday golf and automobiling, necking, home-brewing, and a thousand other charming debaucheries. The leading female poet of the country actually smoked cigars. And her chief rival openly hymned what used to be called free love.

As day chased day, these evidences mounted, and some of them came very close to me. During the year beginning January 16, 1920, I was in receipt of seven cocktail shakers, eight sets of beer or wine glasses, and ten other presents of drinking tools of one kind or another—all of them either from private friends or from customers who took a favorable view of my prose. Well, every one of those friends and customers was a woman. And every gift was sent to me in recognition and encouragement, plainly professed, of my war against Prohibition, which I had begun back in 1910 and was now carrying on with Nazitic frightfulness.

It took the politicians a long while to see the truth, for they are men of a truly astounding stupidity. Even down to the time of the Wickersham Report, when it should have been obvious to every sane person that the days of Prohibition were numbered, most of them hesitated to say so openly, for they believed that "the women" were still in favor of it. The truth did not dawn upon them until they began to gather at Chicago in June, 1932, and found the town swarming with lady wets, many of them of a high social puissance and not a few of uncommon pulchritude. Confronted by these damsels, who carried inflammatory banners and were full of bold threats, the master-minds of both great parties performed a tremendous flipflop, and in the ensuing campaign the only question was, which was the wetter.

The man who knows most about the long battle against Prohibition is Captain William H. Stayton, founder of the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment. He told me in Chicago that it was the wet ladies who really upset the Eighteenth Amendment. "The politicians," he said, "knew how to put off men with weasel words, but the women refused to be cajoled. They demanded action on penalty of swift and devastating reprisal, and the politicians were scared half to death. It was a great pleasure to see them at work. They went right to the point, and refused to listen to excuses."

If this technique caused surprise throughout the land, then it was only because archaic and ill-founded concepts of female psychology still prevailed among the generality of men. The politicians had been in close contact with women with a taste for public matters for thirteen long years, and had had plenty of opportunity to see precisely how the feminine mind works, especially when it has to do with questions of social reform; and yet they kept on thinking that they were confronted by a horde of uplifters. What they were actually confronted by was a group of anti-uplifters, and their failure to grasp the fact cost nearly all of them a bad scare, and many of them their jobs.

I do not believe that the women of the United States, as a class, were ever really in favor of Prohibition. There were, to be sure, some women who favored it, and a few of them were extremely zealous in their support of it, but they came mainly from the smaller communities, and not many of them were of any genuine distinction, aside from their distinction as drys. The great majority of superior women were against it from the start, and not a few of them were violently against it. I happen to be pretty well acquainted with many women who have made reputations for themselves in the arts—writers, actresses, musicians, and so on—and I also know a relatively large number who have done well in business. Of the former, I can recall only one who was ever a believer in Prohibition, and her belief in it was apparently very mild, for she lived at peace with a husband who was a militant wet. Of the latter, not one was in favor of it.

The more fervid Prohibitionists, in the heyday of their power, used to argue that everyone who opposed them was an advocate of delirium tremens, but that charge was reduced to absurdity by these women wets. There was not one among those I knew who was not personally very abstemious, and some of them were actually teetotalers. What made them opponents of Prohibition was not any weakness for alcohol, but simply a distrust of all radical reforms. They were too intelligent to believe that human beings could be converted into saints overnight, even with the aid of the most drastic laws, and so they were against every vain effort in that direction.

THIS superior common sense, I believe, is one of the chief characteristics of women, at all events in the Northern countries. They are notably more sensible than men, not only in their private affairs but also in their attitude toward public affairs. There are very few world-savers among them, and they are seldom responsible for the grotesque "reforms" that so constantly beset the United States. Such follies are promoted, not by women, but by men. It was men who invented every article in the repertoire of the man-eating suffragettes, and it was women who, when the Nineteenth Amendment was adopted at last, squelched them.

The "woman vote," in so far as it has any cohesion at all, is usually cast on the side of good judgment. It was feared, before it became a reality, as a possible weapon in the hands of all sorts of fanatics; and the politicians, being donkeys, continued to fear it as such even after they had had practical experience of it. It is actually a great political stabilizer, working always for moderation. In the future, as in the past, the great majority of American women will throw their weight on the side of reason. They are too shrewd to believe in revolutions, whether political or moral. The arduous and illuminating experience of being women is alone sufficient to make them suspect most of the romantic delusions that are cherished so idiotically by men.

## RETURN

**by Bert Cooksley**

Sunlight scattered in the leaves,
A dusty fence, a broken lane—
And all the songs of field and wind,
The songs of hill and rain.

Willows leaning down a moor,
Willows preening in a stream—
And all the cities I have known
Remembered as a dream;

And all the cities I have heard—
Struck silent by a valley bird!

# *When a good little soldier turns rebel*

Tears, needless tears . . . and angry little hands pushing away your own . . . angry little feet stamping up the stairs . . . a good little soldier suddenly turned rebel.

"No reason at all," you may think, for his outburst of petulance. But, mother . . . perhaps you are wrong.

### *A cause you may not suspect*

Childhood's commonest ailment — constipation — is often the cause of these little flare-ups. True, your child's habits may *seem* regular—but as he grows away from the nursery, it becomes increasingly hard for you to be sure that he is not "fibbing" a little now and then. That his system is thoroughly cleared each day of accumulations which, through intestinal obstruction, have a direct effect upon his nerves and normal development.

### *Balanced diet not entirely effective*

In spite of your efforts to provide a properly balanced diet for him . . . in spite of ample exercise — he may *still* suffer from constipation! For he simply won't be "bothered" when he is busy playing.

Look out for signs of unusual fretfulness. Watch your child's appetite too. When he is fussy, irritable . . . when he merely picks at his food—you can be pretty sure he needs a good laxative.

But, mother, select his laxative carefully. Some laxatives—those made for adult use—are much too strong for him. They may do him more harm than good, even when given in reduced doses.

### *Give him Fletcher's Castoria*

Chas. H. Fletcher's Castoria is the ideal children's laxative. It is a simple vegetable preparation *made especially* for them. It does not gripe, is not habit-forming, and is actually settling to delicate stomachs. *It tastes good*—children like to take it.

Your physician will tell you that Fletcher's Castoria contains no harmful drugs—NO NARCOTICS. It is a gentle, safe, effective remedy for the relief of constipation in children from baby age to eleven years old. Purchase a bottle today at your druggist's—the family size is the economical way to buy it—and remember to look for the signature *Chas. H. Fletcher* on the carton.

*Chas. H. Fletcher*

**CASTORIA**

*for*

**constipation**

**in children**

**from babyhood to 11 years**

# "Dorothy's tender skin is no longer inflamed

*—now that I use this soft, absorbent toilet tissue"*

"WHO would believe now that Dorothy was a fussy baby? Only a few months ago she was so fretful. One day, when taking her from the toilet, I noticed she was sore and inflamed.

"About that time I read a ScotTissue advertisement. Can toilet tissue be the trouble, I wondered? I bought some ScotTissue and was surprised at its softness and absorbency. Before long, Dorothy's tender skin was normal. All soreness was gone. Since then, I've insisted on ScotTissue."

Experiences like this are not uncommon. Harsh toilet tissues can do serious harm. Girls and women, because of their peculiar requirements, especially need a soft, absorbent tissue —such as ScotTissue or Waldorf.

These two famous health tissues are made to the same rigid standards of purity as absorbent cotton. They cleanse and dry thoroughly . . . quickly . . . comfortably. They assure an immaculate condition. Notice how wonderfully soft they are.

Only such tissues can give the protection your family needs. Don't risk needless illness. Always order by name —ScotTissue or Waldorf. Scott Paper Company, Chester, Pennsylvania.

**SCOTTISSUE the soft, pure white, 1000-sheet roll.**

**WALDORF the soft, popular-priced, cream-colored roll.**

**ScottTissues** *Soft as Old Linen*


## LAIRD'S LUCK

*Continued from page 14*

been huntin' for the paper since then—and tryin' to find you. Butch was pretty smart to catch upon it like he done just now, sayin' his name. It's the dog all right. Show him the paper, Butch!"

Tim's hand trembled against Laird's neck as he reached out with the other hand for the soiled and crumpled paper.

It was all there. The story of the kidnaping, the license number of the strange car that had been seen around Grand Junction, the overturned car in Florida with that license plate inside, the vanished dog. There was a photograph of Champion Long Island Laird, of his home, of his mistress. A detailed description of his markings. Announcement of the reward for his return, or for correct information leading thereto.

Tim read that item over twice before he lifted his eyes to Butch's face. "Yeah!" Butch was nodding his fat head. "Think that over! Three thousand dollars! A grand apiece for you and me, and one to split between the boys here. And no come-back, from the cops . . ." His voice trailed off into a hoarse chuckle. Toad and the other boy were grinning. They were all waiting for Tim to speak.

His answer was to take a tin cup from his pocket and hold it out to Butch. "Got any more of that corn?" he said. "It sounds good to me. I'll keep this paper where it'll be safe. We'll send them a telegram in the morning."

"*That's* the stuff!" Butch filled the cups all round. It seemed there was another bottle that hadn't been opened yet. But there was something queer about it. Laird knew that his master was emptying his cup each time behind the railroad tie.

They ate the stew when it was ready. Butch raised no objection to sharing it with the dog.

"S'all right," he mumbled. "Gotta get 'im in goo' shape . . ."

By the time the second bottle was almost empty there were three people sound asleep around that fire which Tim had kept blazing warmly. He poked them with his toot to be sure. He took the paper out of his pocket and read over all that was printed about Laird. There couldn't be any doubt about it. And he'd answered to his name all right!

Tim stared a long time into the pictured eyes of the woman who owned Champion Long Island Laird. The dog couldn't know the picture was changing before the boy's eyes into the face of the mother who hadn't known for two years where he was . . . They'd needed his help, his mother and his father. And there were no jobs in Raleigh. He couldn't stay and be a burden. He'd tried Washington, Baltimore, Richmond. He'd been stranded, there, without money, without food. He'd started south again, walking and hopping freights.

He'd found dozens, hundreds, of boys in the same plight as himself. They were pliant tools in the hands of men like Butch. Even if they weren't drawn into actual crime, they were ashamed after a while to go home. Now that there were jobs again, they were still ashamed to go home. Besides, work's such an easy habit for a boy to get out of!

Tim put what was left of the stew in an empty tomato can, wrapped it in newspapers, and stuffed it in his overcoat pocket. He cut out all the part about Laird from the paper Butch had given him, and placed it carefully in a dingy leather wallet, with a letter in a woman's old-fashioned handwriting, and several other clippings. Then he was ready. Only one thing to do now—to get away from Butch. Time enough later to decide about the rest.

THEY had a harder time of it after that. Laird didn't know why his master was suddenly afraid of towns and people.

They were often cold, because Tim was afraid of fires, too. He made the smallest ones they could possibly get along with. And they never joined any of the groups around other camp fires. They went far out of their way to avoid them. Sometimes Tim would take the clipping out, and read it over again. Then he'd sit for a long time pulling the dog's ears, and staring into the fire.

Laird didn't like these moods. There was something brooding and sullen about the boy's eyes that worried him. It was worse one night than usual, because it had been almost two days since they'd had a real meal, and it was raw February weather with snow in the air.

A dog, a man, and a fire! It was an ancient trinity. It went farther back than the generations of careful breeding and training that had made Laird twice champion in his field. It went back to the very beginning of things! The dog crept closer to this first man who had completely commanded his devotion. Tim Nicholls was his master. And to a one-man dog, master means god . . .

The dog's head was on Tim's knee. He glanced down into the pleading brown eyes. "Good Lord!" he said. "You look as if you'd talk, in just about another minute."

Laird whined in his throat and tapped the dead leaves with his tail. That meant he understood. They often carried on long conversations in this way.

Tim drew a deep breath. "I wish to God you *could* talk, and tell me what to do! You want to stay with me. I know that! But the way it is now, I'm practically stealing you. And sooner or later you'll be found. There's Butch . . . He's probably spread the alarm already, so he can claim the reward." His young face was suddenly grim. "Well, I'll do my best to keep him from getting it, but *I* won't touch a cent of their money——"

He buried his face in the dog's neck to hide the sudden tears in his eyes. "You're mine!" he whispered fiercely. "Mine . . . Do you hear? What difference could it make to that woman up there—a woman that's got everything . . ."

BUT that wasn't the issue. And Tim Nicholls knew it. He took the dog's big head between his hands.

"I'm making a bum out of you!" he said. "And you weren't born to be a bum any more than I was. It takes guts to be a champion!"

He pulled the dog close to him, while he dug up dirt with his hand and covered the fire with it. "Well, I guess I've got some too," he said. "Enough to take you back where you belong . . . and enough to go back and face the music where I belong."

Laird had always loved these moments of starting forth once more upon their adventures. But it was different tonight, and he knew it. Perhaps if he looked pathetic enough, the boy would change his mind! But he didn't. He turned toward the railroad tracks that led to a little town and a telegraph office. He could send the telegram collect to Nancy Porter. He could wait in the station for an answer. Then he could find a place to leave the dog, and hop a freight for Raleigh.

Tim's head was down too, as he trudged along the sandy road. In his mind was a picture of the quaint old house in Raleigh that had always been in his mother's family. She'd had guts, too, when his father'd come home to tell them the business he was in had failed, taking everything with it except the house and his wife's tiny income. It had meant Tim would have to go to work, instead of going back to college in the fall.

The boy smiled grimly in the darkness. That was the joker! There hadn't been any work . . . Three months ago Tim had run across a man from Raleigh. Mr. Nicholls' business had reopened, he said. Sure! So they didn't need him now. He wouldn't go crawling back to shame them. Better for them to think—anything—than to know the truth.

But that was three months ago. He hadn't known Laird then. Laird had made him remember a lot of things he'd forgotten about dogs. A lot of things he'd tried to forget about human hearts!

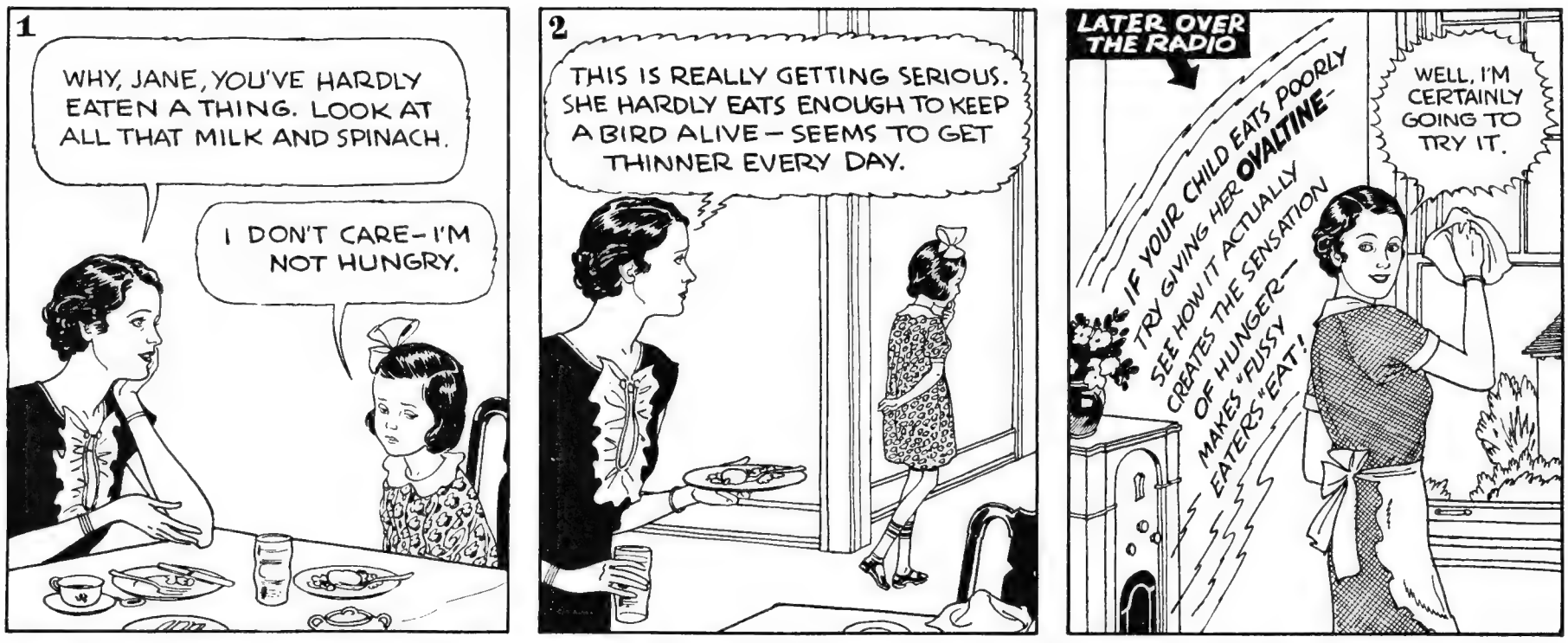
They were almost at the railroad track when the sound of horse's hoofs behind them, galloping hoofs, forced them to the side of the narrow road. But the rider didn't pass. He reined in his horse sharply.

He was a burly man, in a uniform. There was a pistol in his hand. "Get back into the road!" he said curtly to Tim. "Walk beside my horse. On the right side. And see that you keep the dog with you."

Tim stood his ground. His head was up now. "I won't!" he answered, just as curtly. "Why should I?"

The man laughed. "You'll find that out soon enough. You're under arrest for stealin' that dog. Oh, I'll tell you." (*Turn to page 54*)

# Solving the "Fussy Eater" Problem




*How This Remarkable Food Discovery*

# Actually Creates Hunger

## *Even for Vegetables and Milk*

### Accept a Trial Supply

### Note the Special Coupon

Ovaltine is a delicious pure food concentrate—originally created in Switzerland, now made over here. A discovery that makes "finicky" eaters *eat!* Not by merely "tempting" the appetite, but by *actually creating a natural sensation of hunger.*

Besides being extremely nourishing and easy to digest, Ovaltine is rich in the appetite-producing Vitamin B. And contains an unusually high proportion of a remarkable food property called "diastase"—long recognized for its power to "digest" starch in foods. This is important when you consider that the diet of the average child contains about 60% of starchy foods.

Thus digestion is not only *aided,* but appetite is also stimulated in a scientific way. As a result, the old objection to every-day foods gradually disappears. And even a natural "vegetable-hunger" is built up day by day.

But that is not all. Not only will you find your child more eager to eat (even such often-shunned foods as spinach, carrots and lettuce)—but you will also find him willing to drink a far greater quantity of milk each day.

For the sake of your child, you are urged to try Ovaltine. When you do so, note the almost immediate difference in appetite and in the way he acts at meals. Note, too, the accompanying increase in weight, in nerve poise and in strength.

You simply give Ovaltine with milk—either hot or cold—and children love it for its delicious taste. You can obtain it at any drug or grocery store or—if you wish—send the special coupon for a generous trial supply.

**NOTE:** *Thousands of nervous people, men and women, are using Ovaltine to restore vitality when fatigued. During the World War, medical authorities made it a standard ration for rebuilding nerve-shattered soldiers. It is also highly recommended by physicians for sleeplessness—and as a strengthening food for nursing mothers, convalescents, and the aged.*

**MAIL FOR SAMPLE PACKAGE**

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180 N. Michigan Ave.,
Chicago, Ill. Dept. D10

Send me your sample package of Ovaltine. I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. (Or 25c for special offer at right.)

*(These offers good in U. S. A. only.)*

***SPECIAL OFFER***

**Orphan Annie's Very Own Mug**

With colored pictures of Orphan Annie and Sandy, her dog. Orphan Annie Mug and sample package, 25c.

*Name*.....
*(Please print name and address clearly)*
*Address*.....
*City*..... *State*.....
*(One package to a person)* 977

# OVALTINE

*The Swiss Food-Drink*

*Manufactured in the United States according to the original Swiss formula*

Women—

ASK FOR

Equalizer KOTEX

(Patent No. 1,863,333)

for 20 to 30% greater protection, plus new comfort and safety

THE next time you buy Kotex, be sure it is Equalizer Kotex, with the processed center that gives 20 to 30% extra service. This patented method of protection must be used before you can understand all that it means in extra comfort and safety. Read the direction sheet to learn exactly how it functions.

*"Phantomized" ends remain*

The ends of your sanitary pad should not only be rounded, but also tapered and flattened, so that they will be entirely inconspicuous. Kotex has the famous "phantomized" ends so important to good grooming. Also the softness, absorbency, and disposability are exactly the same as in the Kotex you already know and trust so well.

It can be worn on either side with equal protection. It is amazingly comfortable, light in weight, but safe and certain in protection for those hours when safety is of greatest importance.

And all these advantages now cost you less than you have ever been accustomed to paying for a fine, sanitary pad.

*For extra safety*

During certain hours—in some cases even for two days—extra precautions are necessary. At such times, use Kotex Super Size. Have a box of both on your shelf.

*You will want to try the* ***Kotex narrow adjustable belt . . .*** *the final perfection in sanitary comfort . . . designed to give wearing ease such as has never before been possible.*

**Why no sanitary pad can be "just like the new Equalizer Kotex"**

Yes, it looks simple, but this device took 2½ years to perfect. Imitations can be made, they will be made, but it cannot truthfully be said of any other pad that it is like the New Kotex with Patented Equalizer. . . and this is why:

1—it took two and one-half years to perfect.

2—a board of three hundred women tested it.

3—medical authority of high repute checked their findings.

4—★AND, the United States Government granted Patent No. 1,863,333 to protect it for use of Kotex, exclusively.

Illustration and text copr. 1933, Kotex Co.

**Pay no more than 25c for Kotex.**


# LAIRD'S LUCK

*Continued from page 52*

Even in the thin light of the early moon they could see the star shining as he turned back his coat lapel. Tim shrugged his shoulders. "Come, old man!" he said.

It was the end, of course. Laird couldn't testify. There'd be nothing but his word—and what was a hobo's word? He didn't know where he was being taken. But what did that matter?

AT THE station, lights blazed from the windows of a private car that stood on a siding. The burly man swung himself down from his horse. Then they were inside the car, and Nancy Porter was down on her knees by the dog, who acknowledged her greeting with a dignified wave of his tail. No more. His questioning eyes were on the white face of the boy who waited beside him.

He quivered with real pleasure when kindly old Joe Mulrooney, who had charge of the Porter kennels, bustled into the car. But he pressed closer than ever against his master's thin legs. He knew Nancy Porter was angry at Tim Nicholls, who didn't say anything at first except to tell them his name. He stood staring at the woman, with those red spots in his cheeks again and the burning look in his eyes.

The woman was still talking in her crisp voice. Everything about Nancy Porter was crisp. Her face was astonishingly young and fresh looking for the fifty odd years she frankly confessed to. Clean, sun-and-air freshness! She was talking about the championship week after next at Grand Junction, and something she called Laird's "deplorable condition."

"Just look at him, Joe!" she said. "Speaks for itself!"

Joe's white eyebrows came together in a judicial frown.

"Yes, Mrs. Porter, but what I don't hear no speech about is how he come to be that way, and why . . ."

There was astonishment in Nancy Porter's face. "But Joe, you're the one who told me how cruelly the dog had been treated! You talked to the man who sent us the telegram. You reported how he'd tried to rescue the dog, because of cruelty, even before he'd suspected his identity . . ."

"Granted, Mrs. Porter. But that was before I seen this boy here!"

There was suddenly a twinkling, shrewd look in Nancy Porter's eyes. She'd worked with Joe Mulrooney a good many years. She looked at Tim. It was the first time she'd really noticed him, except as a target for anger.

"What were you doing tonight when the constable found you?"

Tim looked straight back at her. "I was coming here, to this station, to send a telegram to you."

"Was there anyone who knew you had this dog traveling around the country with you?"

"Lots of people, I suppose. He came to my fire one night, scared to death and starving. We—we joined up. Butch Smithers tried to kill him, and we ran away together. That's all. It was Butch who found us later, and showed me the newspaper. I wasn't going to let him have that reward money if I could help it. And it seemed to me I—I couldn't face giving Laird up. He was in pretty good shape then. I'd worked on his coat, and fed him, and made him rest. But after I knew who he was, I didn't dare go near houses any more. So we're—we're pretty hungry now. That's why he looks so bad . . ."

"I'd like to hear more about this man, Butch—you called him."

"Yes. Well, I don't know much about him, except he's a stick-up man I was going to join up with before—before Laird came along. That was here in Carolina, farther up state. The dog was just about finished when he ran across me. He must've come all the way from Florida alone."

Nancy Porter turned to the burly man at the back of the car. "What have you done with the Mr. Smith whose telegram, saying the dog was hidden right in this neighborhood, with one of the men who had stolen him, brought us down here?"

"Up in the baggage room, ma'am. He's makin' a terrible fuss about gettin' his reward and gettin' away. I don't see nothin' for me to do now except get this rapscallion in jail."

Tim glanced down at the anxious brown eyes of the dog against his knee. If Laird could only talk! There was a sudden light in the boy's face. "Wait a minute, Mrs. Porter!" In spite of weakness, Tim's voice was vibrant. "I admit that I kept this dog a few days, but I didn't steal him! That's what I'm charged with. It's my word against that man's out there. Well, there's another charge he's made. He says he tried to rescue Laird because I was mistreating him. You know dogs. I can see that. And Mr. Mulrooney knows them. I'm willing to rest my case with Laird. You've seen him with me. Now bring Butch Smithers here, into this car . . ."

Nancy Porter wasted no time. "Send Mr. Smith in."

The burly man spoke to someone outside on the platform. There was no one to be seen yet. But Laird didn't have to see! He took three stiff-legged steps toward the end of the car, the hair risen in a thick ruff along his spine, a growl rumbling in his throat, his nose wrinkled in loathing of the evil smell that had come rushing through the door to him.

"Steady, old man!" Tim said. "Steady!"

The dog obeyed instantly. Halted his advance. Stood there quivering in every nerve with rage and hatred—and hunger that gnawed at his gaunt stomach.

But it took more than a command. It took Joe Mulrooney and Tim Nicholls both to hold the dog back. He stood beside Tim, panting with rage.

Nancy Porter's crisp voice was crisper than ever. "The case is closed, Mr. Nicholls!" she said. Her blue gaze narrowed on Butch's face. "Mr. Mulrooney didn't tell you, Mr. Smith, but we had a telegram ahead of yours, from Mr. Nicholls here. He has now returned the dog. Naturally the reward goes to him. I should judge, however, that you must have bought some clothes for this occasion. And I suppose you spent money for railroad fare."

She opened her purse. Took out a fifty-dollar bill.

Butch snatched the money and backed out of the car.

Tim Nicholls was supporting himself against a table. He nodded toward the burly man.

"You—you can give him the reward," he said. "You don't think *I'd* take it, do you . . ."

Laird didn't know what happened after that, because the chef came and took him into the little kitchen for food, and he was so tired that he went to sleep almost at once on a pallet Mulrooney had fixed for him. Everything was all right now. He and his master were safe.

He didn't know that Tim had had to be put to bed in Mulrooney's own compartment. That Mulrooney had found the letter in his wallet, with an address. That the car had been switched on to the Northern Express which would stop for water in Raleigh at dawn. That a man and a woman would be waiting at the station there for a boy whose last words before he'd fainted from hunger had been, "If it's all right now—I've—I've got to go home . . ."

ABOVE the sleek, domed head of Champion Long Island Laird, Joe Mulrooney's anxious eyes met Nancy Porter's. It was two days before the grueling race which was to decide whether he would be, for the third time, national champion.

Joe shook his head. "It's not his condition, Mrs. Porter. Doc done a good job on that. It's O. K. But it just seems like he don't care any more."

"I know," the woman said. "I've watched him. Laird!"

The dog looked up, polite but bored. His eyes went past her face to the far horizon of hills and pines. Hills like those he had tramped with Tim . . .

"You think it's the same thing I do, don't you, Joe?"

"Don't sound reasonable, Mrs. Porter. But I've known it to happen before, with a one-man dog."

"Well!" Nancy Porter's mind was made up. "Send for him, Joe. Don't take no for an answer. Tell him he's got to help you handle Laird in his race!"

The dog looked up at the mention of his name. Tapped his tail gently on the floor. Dropped his head to his (*Turn to page 56*)

● **AT DOROTHY GRAY'S SALON** at 683 Fifth Avenue, Manhattan evenings begin in the afternoon, with an hour of relaxation under the skillful fingers of facial experts. You, too, can give *yourself* the same refreshing salon facial...in your own home.

**1. NO SKIN IS BEAUTIFUL UNLESS IT IS CLEAN.** Cleanse with Dorothy Gray's Cleansing Cream. It cleans deep and takes away that dingy look.

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**3. NO SKIN IS BEAUTIFUL UNLESS IT HAS LIFE.** Stimulate with Dorothy Gray's lotions. They arouse the circulation, brighten the skin tone. ●

# So simple...to give yourself a Dorothy Gray Salon Facial

● Really, there has been a dreadful amount of nonsense talked about beauty.

The truth is that a few simple, easy things... consistently done, and costing very little money ...are the whole secret of a good skin.

The basic elements of the famous Dorothy Gray Salon Facial are simple: (1) a cleanser, (2) a lubricant, (3) a stimulant.

If you live near a Dorothy Gray Salon, you can have professional operators give you this treatment...just as New York's most celebrated society women do. Or you can get the three products at your favorite store and put them on your own skin.

In a few minutes before the party, you can give yourself this real salon facial. But the best results come from faithful night-and-morning use, like this:

**1. CLEANSING:** Begin with the Dorothy Gray Cleansing Cream. Soap and water don't cleanse a skin enough. If you doubt this, wash your face and neck until you think they are clean. Then rub on and off the cleansing cream ...and just look at your cleansing tissue!

**2. LUBRICATION:** Next, put on your clean skin a lubricating cream, pat it in well, and let it remain overnight. *For oily skins:* use Dorothy Gray Suppling Cream. *For dry skins:* use Dorothy Gray Special Mixture.

**3. STIMULATION:** In the morning, use the cleansing cream again. Then, on your clean skin pat a stimulating lotion. *For oily skins:* use Dorothy Gray Texture Lotion. *For dry skins:* use Dorothy Gray Orange Flower Skin Lotion. Now... your face is ready for its own skin tone of Dorothy Gray make-up.

Simple, isn't it? Ten minutes at night, ten in the morning. Yet that's all there is fundamentally in a good facial...the foundation of any clear, fresh skin. Stop at your favorite shop today, get the three basic Dorothy Gray preparations, and begin your first treatment tonight. You'll start to take off birthdays almost at once.

In the same way, there is a basic, simple, and inexpensive Dorothy Gray treatment for any blemishes or variations from the normal skin.

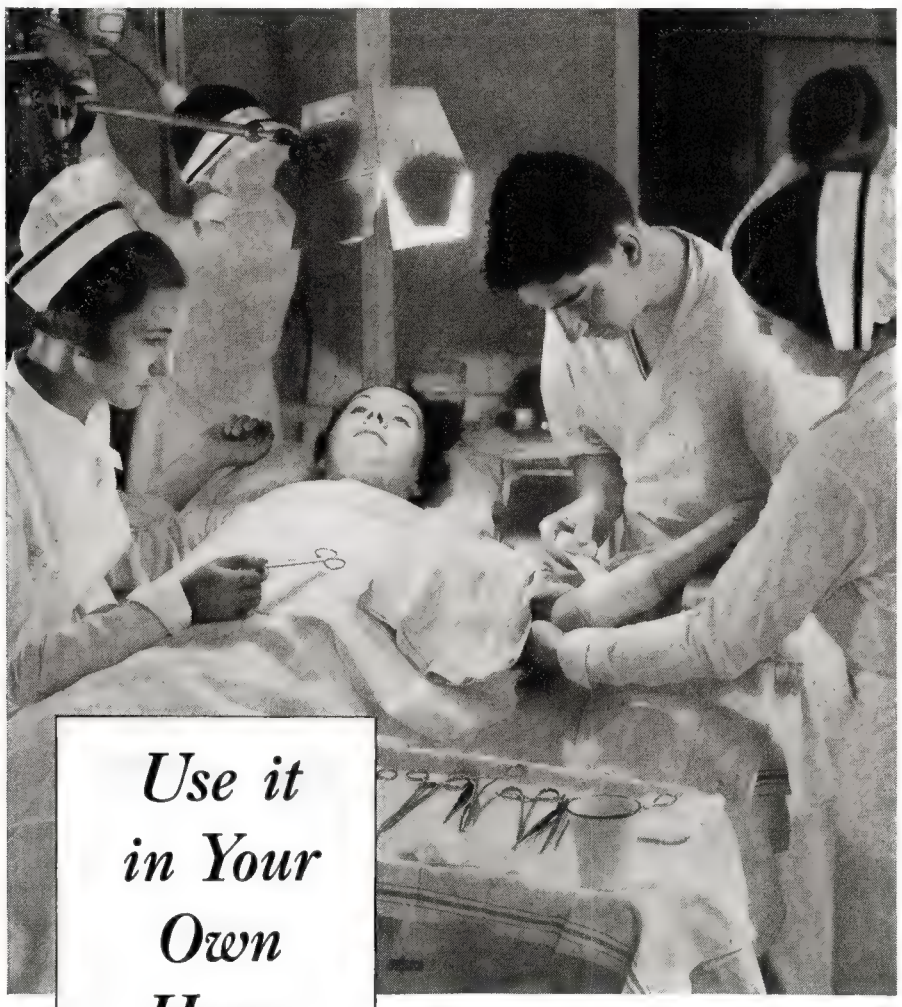
**NEW MAKE-UP FOUNDATION CREAM**

*When you've finished your Dorothy Gray salon facial, begin your make-up with the new Dorothy Gray Make-up Foundation Cream... it comes in three basic skin tones...$1.*

NEW YORK · PARIS · WASHINGTON · CHICAGO · LOS ANGELES

Dorothy Gray

# Used Daily *by leading Specialists at the* GRACE HOSPITAL *New Haven*



*Use it in Your Own Home*

*"Hexylresorcinol Solution S. T. 37 is used regularly for its great germ-destroying power combined with safety."*
—Grace Hospital, New Haven, Conn.

THE Grace Hospital, in New Haven, Conn., justly priding itself on its splendid, modern equipment and unrivaled medical care, is still another of the great hospitals regularly using Hexylresorcinol Solution S. T. 37 (1:1000).

This hospital says, "So powerful is this antiseptic that it is used here daily for the cleansing of wounds and in operations. This efficient antiseptic spreads more rapidly and more deeply than many other antiseptics into the crevices of wound tissue."

Hexylresorcinol Solution S. T. 37 is stronger than carbolic acid in any usable solution—yet so safe, you can use it freely in your own home.

Pour it at once into scratches, cuts, open wounds. In case of serious injury, consult your physician. Hexylresorcinol Solution S. T. 37 does not sting or burn. Teach your children to use it freely. The Seal of the Council on Pharmacy and Chemistry of the American Medical Association should serve as an indication of its trustworthiness.

Hexylresorcinol Solution S. T. 37 is economical. The 50¢ bottle is now a whole ⅔ bigger than before. And you get the large size for only $1.00 instead of $1.25. Prices are now the same in both the United States and Canada. Buy a bottle today!

**HEXYLRESORCINOL SOLUTION S. T. 37**

*Made by* **SHARP & DOHME**

ACCEPTED AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSN Council on Pharmacy and Chemistry


## LAIRD'S LUCK

*Continued from page 54*

paws again. They were not pleased with him. It troubled him, but he couldn't help it. He'd tried for days to drive himself into his old hunting mood. He knew he had failed. He knew he would fail on the day of his race. The form was there, but not the spirit. And it's the spirit that makes champions—or breaks them!

The morning of the second day dawned clear and cold. Laird looked up with unhappy eyes into Mulrooney's troubled face. He had recognized the preliminaries—rest—feeding—grooming. They were getting him ready for his heat. And there would be a new national champion this year!

They were preparing to leave the hotel now, for the course. Laird was straining at his leash. He wanted to get it over with, this business of losing. But he stood suddenly very still. Voices behind him on the porch. Nancy Porter's voice . . . A man's voice . . .

HE WAS up the steps, his leash trailing behind him. He was reared against a tall figure in riding clothes. His heart was pounding against his ribs. His heart was speaking in his eyes. With everything—eyes, body, tail—he was begging Tim to stay with him. He was promising Tim, if he did, to win this race!

"You'd better, old man!" Tim's arm was tight around the dog's neck. "I can't think of anything else I'd have left my brand-new job for!"

Nancy Porter put her hand on Laird's head. "He'll do it. For you!" she said.

And he did. Nancy Porter shook hands with Tim, when it was over, appraising blue eyes on his clean-cut features with their new firmness, their new maturity.

"You're a most difficult young man. You bring back my dog, and refuse the reward that belongs to you. Now I discover that he's no use to me without you." She hesitated a moment. "Will you let me—give him to you?" You know, Tim, that he's your dog."

Laird saw the sudden light that was kindled in his master's eyes, only to be put as quickly out again.

"No!" he said. "I know what Laird's worth! I can't take him as a gift, any more than I could keep him when I knew he wasn't mine—down there in South Carolina."

Nancy Porter smiled.

"You've decided a come-back's a come-back, haven't you! Pride and everything. Well, it's young—but I like it! Only it seems to me it's a little hard on Laird . . ."

The boy swallowed something in his throat before he spoke. "It's hard on me too. But I don't see anything I can do about it."

Laird pressed against Tim's knee. There was something wrong about what was going on now . . . something wrong in Tim's voice . . . Nancy Porter glanced down at him again.

"Tim," she said, "are you wedded to this new job you spoke of, in Raleigh?"

"No, Mrs. Porter. It's not much of a job, really. It just seems wonderful to me because it's a start—somewhere."

"I see!" Her voice was very crisp. "Well, perhaps you'd bend your stiff young neck enough to let me get you a real job with some of my friends in New York. There are enough of them so you can just about choose the line you like best after you get there . . . and I'll stipulate that you're to be free for all the field trials . . ."

Tim was smiling at last. "You win!" he said. "I knew Laird was my luck, as soon as I saw him. But I didn't know he was going to be my career too!"

Laird didn't understand the words. But it was happiness he read in his master's eyes. He knew that he wouldn't lose him again. He'd been afraid to leave him before. Now he submitted patiently while Mulrooney, beaming with pride, bundled the national champion up in his crate for the trip back to training quarters.

He settled down with a long sigh, his head on his paws. He was content!

## FAITHFULLY YOURS

*Continued from page 25*

up. Then sift into your mixing-bowl two cups flour with three teaspoons baking powder and a little salt. Cream one half cup butter with one cup sugar. Add two well-beaten eggs. Then add, alternately, the flour and three fourths cup milk. Add one teaspoon vanilla. Beat well and pour the mixture over the apricots. Set the frying pan into an oven at about 350-375° F., and bake for twenty-five to thirty minutes. Invert the pan on a serving plate and the cake will come out like the one I have pictured. Serve with cream—plain or whipped. I like plain cream best.

When you write me that you are proud to pass on the recipes that you especially like, it always reminds me of my own back-door swapping. In the town where I used to live, it was pretty nearly a social error not to ask for a particularly luscious recipe. As for refusing to give it—that was worse than a social error. It was un-neighborly. That was a serious thing—to be un-neighborly.

"I LOVE to cook and you sound as though you did," is a sentence in one of your letters. It's true that I do sound just as I feel. That's one thing I can always feel enthusiastic about—cooking. Maybe I never told you that one of the pleasures I give myself, almost every evening, is getting my own dinner or having some friend in to share it. I look forward to it as I might to a party. It's not elaborate, that little dinner at home. But does it taste good? You know.

So, when I read that somebody's "baked potatoes and stuffed tomatoes with bacon were made an event because of your nice dessert," I know just what you are talking about. I know, because that's the way it is in my own house. You and I are speaking the same language.

Thus it goes. We work along together. Helping each other. You with your friendship and generous letters, and I doing what I can to "piece out," as they say in Vermont.

I guess that's why I get letters and it's mostly the reason for this one to you. I want to help. And I like it. Some day when I write my book, I'll just tell you all I know. Then go along and learn some more. Give me time. You'll see!

AND now shall I put into this "open letter" one or two favorite ways of making things that, as one of my readers says—"aren't turned out like pills."

There are lamb chops and not so uncommon, either. You meet them everywhere. But have some loin chops cut quite thick, then slit each chop to almost make two chops. Insert a slice of chicken liver or liver sausage in each chop, and tie or skewer the slit together. Brush the chops with melted butter and broil. Serve with cress or parsley. Just makes another thing of a lamb chop and a better one too.

Broiled oysters are designed to delight the epicure. Try them when you feel that oysters are the one thing you long for—but with a new slant on their cooking. Drain the oysters and dry them lightly in a towel. Dip them into beaten egg, then roll in fine crumbs, brush over with melted butter and broil them under the flame, turning over to brown. Serve with cut lemon and a salad. You will like these. You can't help it.

Now, this may not be a regulation open letter. It doesn't deal with one thing. As you see, it takes up several. But it's *my* open letter and it is for the friends whose many letters I do so enjoy and appreciate. Not that my single personal letters to you are not to be written. They have been and are and will be. But this one is just to say that you are always in my mind, close to the life I live. Your interests interest me, and I believe that my interest will never grow less!

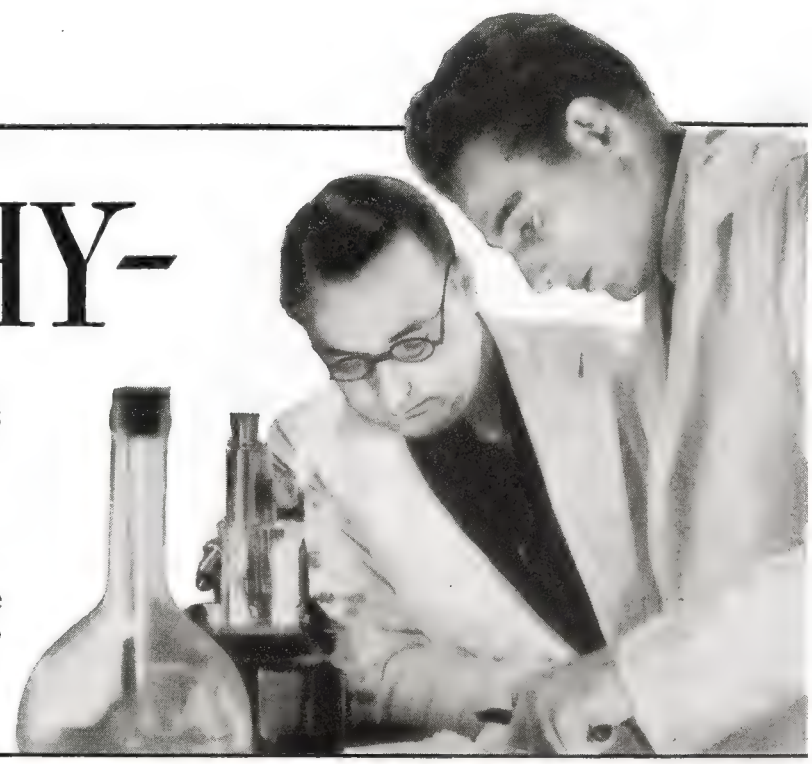
# "This soap brings greater loveliness"

## *says HELEN TWELVETREES*

*Lovely Paramount Star*

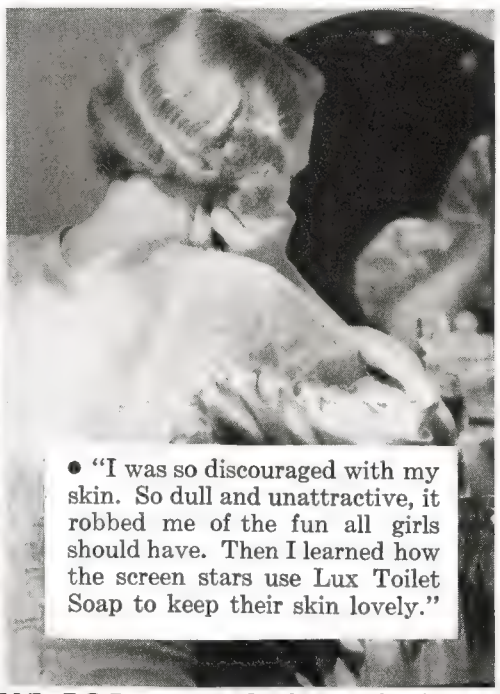
"Every screen star knows that lovely skin is irresistibly alluring! We *must* have skin of flawless beauty—that's why so many of us use Lux Toilet Soap faithfully. It keeps skin soft, smooth, infinitely appealing. Any woman who wants to be more attractive would do well to use this same complexion care—for it truly brings greater loveliness!"

# Scientists tell WHY-



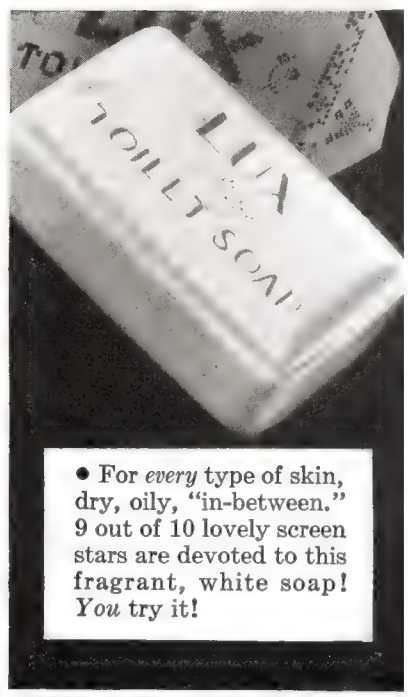
Read WHY this soap is so wonderful. Scientists say: "Tests show Lux Toilet Soap contains precious elements Nature puts in skin to keep it youthful. Skin gradually loses these elements—grows old-looking. This soap *checks the loss* of these elements from the skin. Readily soluble, completely free from harshness, it is a remarkable aid to complexion beauty."

*"I wish every girl could know what this soap did for me," says Marie Stevens of Louisville, Ky.*



• "I was so discouraged with my skin. So dull and unattractive, it robbed me of the fun all girls should have. Then I learned how the screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap to keep their skin lovely."

• "I began using the Beauty Soap of the Stars at once! Gradually my skin took on a new loveliness and clearness and won for me all sorts of nice compliments. Now I'm really proud of it—and so happy."




• For *every* type of skin, dry, oily, "in-between." 9 out of 10 lovely screen stars are devoted to this fragrant, white soap! *You* try it!

**NOW IS THE TIME FOR EVERYONE TO STAND BEHIND THE PRESIDENT** NRA **"WE DO OUR PART"**

# No wonder whole families *adore* this delicious drink!

***Everybody benefits from drinking milk this way***

IN thousands of families, Cocomalt in milk has become the favorite drink—at mealtimes and in-between-times—a treat to children and grown-ups alike. How youngsters love its delicious chocolate flavor! And how mothers love to see their children drink three—four—*five* glasses a day of this nourishing, body-building milk-drink!

For Cocomalt is accepted by the Committee on Foods of The American Medical Association. *Mothers know that here is a milk-drink truly beneficial and honestly advertised.*

Prepared according to the simple label directions, Cocomalt adds 70% more food-energy to milk. Thus every glass your child drinks is equal in food-energy value to almost two glasses of milk alone.

Cocomalt is also rich in Sunshine Vitamin D (under license by Wisconsin University Alumni Research Foundation). A glass of Cocomalt, properly prepared, is equivalent in Vitamin D content to two-thirds of a teaspoonful of good cod-liver oil. This enables the body more efficiently to utilize the food-calcium and food-phosphorus (richly supplied by Cocomalt and milk) in developing strong bones, sound teeth, sturdy bodies.

Cocomalt comes in powder form, easy to mix with milk. At grocery and drug stores in ½-lb., 1-lb., and 5-lb. vacuum-sealed cans.

ACCEPTED AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSN Committee on Foods

Cocomalt is accepted by the Committee on Foods of the American Medical Association. It is a scientific food concentrate of sucrose, skim milk, selected cocoa, barley malt extract, flavoring and added Sunshine Vitamin D.

***Special Trial Offer***

Mail coupon (and 10c to cover the cost of packing and mailing) for a trial can of Cocomalt.

DELICIOUS — HOT OR COLD

R. B. DAVIS CO., DEPT. L-10, HOBOKEN, N. J.
Please send me a trial-size can of Cocomalt. I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing.

*Name*_____

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*City*_____ *State*_____

NRA WE DO OUR PART

# MOSES AND THE WITCH-WOMAN

**by JOSEPH NICHOLS**

Drawings by Inez Hogan

**Children! If you ever run races and want to win them, then read this story. It'll make you laugh!**

ONCE there was a little colored boy named Moses who couldn't run very fast. He could throw a ball farther than most of the other little colored boys. When he wrestled, he could throw any one of them almost every time. And then he was blacker than even the blackest of his playmates. But all this didn't satisfy Moses in the least, for in races he was always last.

"Maybe your ears catch the wind and hold you back," the other boys said. "You might pin them back with a clothes pin when you run races."

Moses did have awfully large ears, but not quite large enough to put together back of his head, for he tried. Then, he tied a ribbon around his head, to hold his ears down flat, but he came in last, just the same as before.

"Moses, your feet are too big," the next-to-the-largest boy said. "It would take two legs to lift up one foot like yours in a hurry."

Moses did have very large feet. But he didn't want to whittle them down smaller.

"Maybe the witch-woman could give you a charm to make you run faster."

Moses didn't care much about visiting the witch-woman. She was very old and very wrinkled, and her eyes looked like burning red coals. But people said she knew everything, and Moses did want to be able to run a little faster.

He took a dime with him, for of course people paid the witch-woman for telling them things, and he asked for a charm that would make him a fast runner. She took the dime and bit it to see if it was good. Then she looked at Moses very carefully, so that her eyes seemed to burn right into him.

"Moses, do you know what a lizard is?"

"Yes'm," Moses answered. "A lizard is something like an alligator, only a lot smaller, and different."

"That's it," she said, and chuckled. "A lizard can run awfully fast. Tie a dried lizard on a string around your neck. Then you will run as fast as a lizard."

But what Moses found wasn't a lizard at all. It was a chameleon.

A chameleon looks something like a lizard, but a lizard is gray, and a chameleon is always the same color as whatever is around it, green on the green grass, and brown on a brown stump. But when it is dead and dry, it is just gray.

So Moses hung the dried chameleon around his neck and went out to play. The fence along the alley had just been whitewashed. When Moses came out and stood by the fence, the biggest boy said:

"Hello, white child. What you want here?"

"Don't make fun and call me 'white child,'" said Moses.

"But you *are*," said the boy. "White as that fence."

And all the other little colored boys cried, "White as that fence!"

Moses thought they were making fun of him, so he turned around and went home. The wallpaper in the sitting room was white, with little pink roses all over it, and when his Mammy looked at Moses, *he* was white with little pink spots all over him.

"Moses, come here," she said, "you must be sick."

"I feel all right," Moses declared.

"Little pinky spots . . . that must be measles," said Mammy, paying no attention to what Moses said. "And all white . . . that must be leprosy. A tablespoonful of castor oil for the measles, and, let me think . . . we'll have to take you clear to Jerusalem and dip you in the river Jordan seven times."

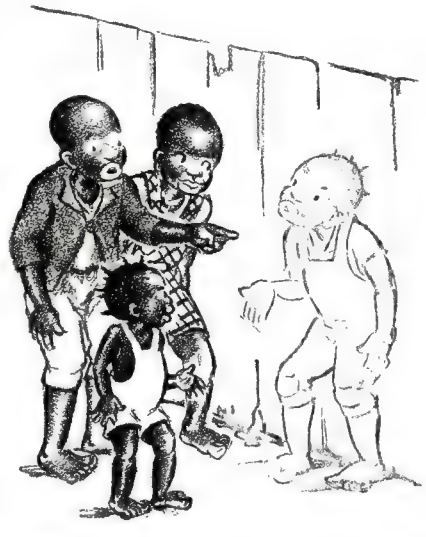
Moses was so frightened that his hair untwisted and stood straight up on his round black head, as straight as pig bristles, and he turned and ran. As soon as she could get up, his Mammy ran after him. She was very fat, and couldn't run very much faster than Moses, but she could run a little faster. Moses tried to climb a tree. The dried chameleon had jolted out and was hanging outside his shirt. The string caught on a twig, and broke. And just then, his Mammy caught him.

"There is something the matter with my eyes," Mammy cried. "You looked all white and pinky-spotted to me, and now you look all right. What *is* the matter?"

"I don't know," said Moses, and he didn't, for of course he couldn't see himself, so he didn't know that he had ever been white, or white with pink spots.

That afternoon he told the witch-woman that the dried lizard didn't make him run a bit faster. She said: "That charm always worked before. I don't see why it didn't this time."

And she gave him back his dime.



They cried, "Moses is as white as that fence!"

# No Mother Would *Knowingly* Take This Chance

## *Only Lack of Knowledge Would Make Her Do It . . . Take the Chance of Giving Her Child Drugs of Which She Knows Nothing*

A CHILD'S HEALTH is too precious for experiment; a child's life beyond the price of pennies.

That's something, of course, that every mother's instinct tells her. The *protective instinct* that makes her value her child's life far beyond her own.

Yet—every day, principally through lack of proper knowledge, thousands of mothers gamble the welfare of their children on unknown drugs.

The road to safety lies along the path of your doctor's orders. And never to go against them.

**Doctors Say PHILLIPS' For Your Child**

Now, when it comes to the very important—*and frequently used*—"milk of magnesia", doctors for over fifty years have said "Phillips' Milk of Magnesia . . . the *safe* remedy for your child."

That is because genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia marks what is known to the medical profession as one of the finest laboratory products the world of science knows.

Made in a laboratory devoted to but ONE, single effort, the making of REAL Milk of Magnesia, it is the type of product your child deserves. The kind that every thinking mother wants her child to have.

**See That Your Child Gets It**

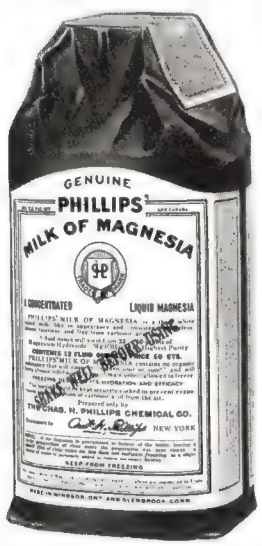
See that your child gets this; the *finest that men know;* genuine *Phillips'* Milk of Magnesia. Get it for your own peace-of-mind. Get it in protection of your child.

If you are offered a "bargain" substitute for the real Phillips' article, *ask your doctor before* you buy it. He will tell you that giving your child unknown drugs is one of the most dangerous, most risky things you can do. You can get genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia at any drug store, in liquid or tablet form—for a small sum.

## SAFETY

**FOR YOU AND YOURS IN THIS BOTTLE**

You can assist others by refusing to accept anything but the genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia. Do this in the interest of yourself and your children—and in the interest of the public in general.




**ALSO IN TABLET FORM:**

*Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tablets are now on sale at drug stores everywhere. Each tiny tablet is the equivalent of a teaspoonful of Genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia.*

# PHILLIPS'

## MILK OF MAGNESIA

GIRL—*You're very rude, toothbrush—telling me my teeth aren't clean.*

TOOTHBRUSH—It's about time somebody told you. Those teeth of yours have lost you enough dates.

GIRL—*Don't be common.*

TOOTHBRUSH—Don't be childish! You *do* want to know why they aren't clean—don't you?

GIRL—*Go ahead—be disagreeable.*

TOOTHBRUSH—You'll thank me some day. Now answer me this—how would you get pie-juice off a pie-plate?

GIRL—*I'd* scour *it off.*

TOOTHBRUSH—Exactly! And how would you get gravy off a gravy-boat?

GIRL—*I'd* wash *it off.*

TOOTHBRUSH—That's TWO different cleansing actions. But the dental cream you're using has only *one.*

GIRL—*What's that got to do with it?*

TOOTHBRUSH—Good heavens, everything! The things you eat and drink put seven DIFFERENT kinds of stains on those lovely teeth of yours.

GIRL—*Why doesn't my dentifrice get them all off?*

TOOTHBRUSH—Because it has only *one* cleansing action—and all stains won't yield to any one action. It takes *two!* So your teeth get duller and duller. It's gradual discoloration.

GIRL—*Can anything be done about it?*

TOOTHBRUSH—Of course it can. Get Colgate's.

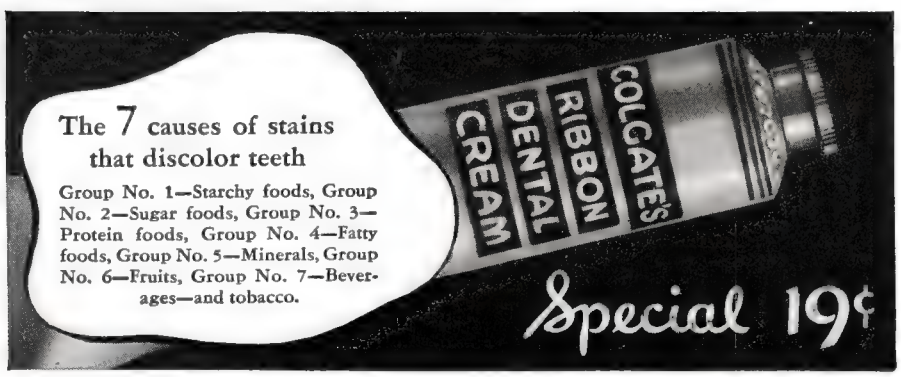
GIRL—*Has Colgate's* two *cleansing actions?*

TOOTHBRUSH—You bet it has. An *emulsive* action that dissolves some stains and washes them away—and a fine *polishing* action that gets rid of the rest of them.

GIRL—*Will I notice any difference if I use Colgate's regularly?*

TOOTHBRUSH—Honestly, I think you'll discover a lustre and beauty you never knew your teeth had.

GIRL—*That settles it! I'll buy a tube of Colgate's today.*





# MR. FORTUNE IS ON THE CASE!

*Continued from page 21*

family?" Bell persisted, looking at Agnes.

Agnes shook her head. "I never heard of no others, except Mr. John. He's nought but a nephew though. Mr. John Osmond, her sister's son. He was always nice to her, but he didn't bother her. So he never counted for much. She liked them as came wanting things."

"And Mr. Denton did?"

"It's not for me to say," she coughed.

"It's for you to say what you know—and all of it," Bell snapped.

"OH, very good, sir." Agnes tossed her head. "I'm not one to keep things back, I'm sure. I don't want to speak any harm of him, but it's the truth, Mr. Hugh always looked to his grandma. And Mrs. Hugh—" there was a pause and a sniff—"well, she knew that. She met him here. Miss Lily Rees, she was, a school teacher. It's like this, sir. Mr. Hugh was brought up a architect, but he never did much at it and mistress was betwixt and between being angry with him and spoiling him. That was her way. She took a interest when people was kind of helpless. Mrs. Hugh, she came to Marnham, teaching. And being all alone in London, poor girl, she was took up by mistress. Well, she met Mr. Hugh here and he was gone on her straight away. Mistress didn't like it at first. But there! Miss Lily was so sweet and loving, mistress come to think it was the very thing for Mr. Hugh. He wanted some one to put him straight and mistress got the idea Miss Lily would be just the right sort o' nice, young wife for to do it."

"What's the matter with Hugh Denton?"

Agnes stared at Bell. "Well, she'd done him no good, I give you my word. He's always been a nice boy. But he's one of them as cares for nothing. And he cares less now. He did drink a bit before. Mrs. Hugh hasn't exactly stopped him. He lived loose and he don't live no better. If you ask me, he cost his grandma a deal more after he was married than ever. And Mrs. Hugh always coming round here plaintive!"

"Did you happen to see them yesterday?" Reggie mumbled.

Agnes turned her gleaming eyes to him. "I didn't see him. But I saw her. I passed her close by when I went out."

"Oh, yes. About four o'clock." Reggie's tone was as careless as his face. "And did she come here?"

Agnes took her time to answer. "Well, I couldn't say," she decided. "I never thought to watch her."

"Well, well. What it comes to is Mrs. Denton knew you had gone out and she knew it was your regular night out and you wouldn't be in till after ten, what?"

Agnes looked puzzled. "Putting it like that—" she said slowly—"yes, I suppose so."

Reggie's eyes were almost closed. "Comin' back to Mrs. Warden's body—" he paused. "When you found it, did you notice anything about it?"

"I don't know what you mean," Agnes said.

"I mean when I found her she wasn't wearing any jewelry but a wedding ring. Did that strike you?"

"I didn't hardly notice," Agnes gulped.

"I should have thought she'd wear a watch. Didn't she?"

"She did usually. A watch with a gold chain round her neck, and the watch in her dress. Didn't she have that on, sir?"

"No. No watch. Is that all you'd expect her to have?"

"Why, a brooch to her neck, sir." Agnes cried. "She always had that, sir. One of them brooches with a carved white head on. Quite big. Was that gone?"

"Yes. I thought so," Reggie murmured. "A big cameo brooch. The brooch also was gone. I wonder." His narrowed eyes contemplated Agnes for a moment of silence. "Well, well." He stood up. "She had a jewel-case, what?"

"Yes, sir. She kep' it in her room. In her wardrobe."

Reggie glanced at Bell. "All right. Let's have a look at it," Bell said briskly.

Agnes led the way upstairs to a demure little room in pale blue with rose-colored curtains.

Bell opened the wardrobe doors on a small array of frocks and a range of shelves. "No jewel-case here," he grunted.

"My God!" Agnes came to his side. "It's gone."

Bell walked to the window and looked at the sill and looked out. There was no trace that anyone had come or gone that way, but the drop to the ground was short. He grunted and turned back to Agnes. "How big was the jewel-case? What was it like?"

"Why, I never noticed particular. Some old dark leather, and a 'W' on it." She made a gesture. "About so big."

"Quite small, eh? She hadn't got much jewelry?"

"Well, I don't exactly know how much. There was a diamond necklace she used to wear on her birthday and such. And she had a rare pretty thing for to wear on the chest, you know—diamonds and pearls. I could swear to that anywhere. But I don't rightly remember what else."

"Well, well," Reggie murmured. "That bein' that, Mr. Denton comes next. Just round the corner, what?"

"That's right, sir. In The Vale; Pond Cottage."

They went back to the drawing-room. The body was gone. Men were busy seeking fingerprints. Inspector Grant sat at the bureau, turning over papers. "Rare old mess here, sir," he said bitterly. "Somebody's had it all inside out. And she seems to have kept everything that didn't matter, for twenty years."

"What matters is probably gone," Reggie murmured and wandered out.

Bell joined him. "Told us a lot, didn't she?" he grunted.

"Yes. Fertile mind, the mind of Agnes. However, I should say some of it was true."

Bell looked at him curiously. "Regular mix up of a case," Bell grunted. "That Agnes meant to put the murder on the Dentons, but by what she let out it might as well have been a burglar and her standing in with him."

"After thirty years' service. Waited a long time. However. It might be. Yes. The maid Agnes is playing her own hand."

In Reggie's car they soon came to the verge of Marnham Common. The roadway which is called The Vale leads into one of its grass hollows and ends there in a pond. There are a few little old stucco houses. The last of them, with a garage filling up its garden, is Pond Cottage.

The woman who opened its door to them was small and slight in a pink cotton frock and an apron. She looked at them like a startled schoolgirl, a charming creature, not too wise. "Mrs. Hugh Denton?" said Bell.

"That's my name," she said.

He introduced himself and her blue eyes grew round. "I'll come in, please. I want to talk to you."

"Oh, yes?" she looked frightened. "It's all untidy."

SHE took them into a little room, which was never meant to be tidy but was furnished with a careless pretty comfort. There were gay and trivial pictures, and all the room was full of odds and ends.

"Do sit down." She perched on the edge of a chair and looked at them with big eyes and parted lips. "What is it?"

Bell sat on the divan, Reggie stood by the hearth.

"Is your husband at home?" said Bell.

"No, I think he's gone fishing."

"When did he go?"

"Well, he—he went quite early. I'm not sure."

"Oh, he was here last night?"

"Yes," she hesitated.

"And you don't know where he is now?"

"No. I don't at all. He goes fishing all sorts of places. Can I do anything?"

"I don't know. I'm sorry, Mrs. Denton. I've got bad news for you. Something's happened to Mrs. Warden."

"Granny!" she cried. "Oh, tell me, what is it?"

"She's been found dead. You can take it there's no doubt she was murdered."

"Murdered!" Mrs. Denton echoed the word faintly, the color went out of her pretty face. "But she can't be—it's too frightful—nobody could—granny was such a darling—how do you know? Where is she?"

Bell described the body in the room in Spring Walk.

Mrs. Denton cried out, hid her face in her hands and sobbed. "Don't! Don't! How

ghastly!" Her eyes dilated. "But when was it?" she cried. "I saw her only yesterday. I was there."

"What time?" said Bell.

"Oh, I don't know. About tea-time."

"I see. And when did you go away?" said Bell.

"I'm not sure. Before six, it must have been. I was going on to Miss Mullins. That's my old headmistress. Oh, dear. I wish I'd stayed with granny. She oughtn't to have lived alone. I told her so."

Reggie was looking at the things on the mantelpiece. He picked up one and another. He moved along to the writing table. Presiding over its litter was a teddy bear, the common brown teddy bear of childhood.

"Ah!" Bell said. "You think it was burglars?"

"Why, of course!" she cried. "Isn't that what you mean?"

"I don't mean anything," said Bell. "I don't know."

"Oh, it's ghastly!" she muttered.

Reggie took up the teddy bear and inspected it critically. It had a ribbon round its neck, clean fresh ribbon of claret color. He turned it over.

"You don't know anybody had a grudge against her?" said Bell.

"What?" She had been watching Reggie, she turned back to Bell with a start. "What do you say? No, I don't. I couldn't believe it. I can't."

"I see. I wish I could get into touch with your husband," said Bell. "He'd know all about her affairs, wouldn't he?"

She looked down. A shaky finger drew lines on her apron. "Hugh isn't like that," she said. "He isn't any good at business. Granny always said so."

"But he is her grandson. I suppose he's her heir?"

"I don't know a bit," she said.

"I'm sorry. I've got to have a talk with him, Mrs. Denton. You say you don't know where he's gone and you don't know when he's coming back."

"Well, I don't," she said. "Hugh's like that."

"What time did he get in last night?"

"I don't know. It must have been quite late. I'd gone to bed. I didn't even see him. I was asleep."

"Like that, eh? Sure he did come in?"

"Oh, yes. I saw him this morning. Just as he was going. He went off quite early, about seven, I think. He said he'd have breakfast at the station or on the train or something."

"Going by train?" Reggie murmured. "Not by car. You have a car, haven't you?" She nodded. "Was he out in the car yesterday?"

Her eyes stared surprise. After a moment —"Yes, he had the car then," she said slowly.

"But you don't know where he'd been?"

"I don't know at all," her voice rose in plaintive protest. "He would have been in the country, of course."

Bell glanced at Reggie. "Well, well," Reggie sighed. "Did he seem all right this morning?"

"All right?" she repeated. "He was hurrying and bothered."

"Did you see whether he'd been hurt at all?"

The fixed stare of her blue eyes was startled. She shook her head.

REGGIE mumbled and turned to Bell. "I wonder if he left any letters?"

Bell took the cue. "I'll have a look if you don't mind, Mrs. Denton."

"I don't mind at all." She started up. "If there is anything, it'll be in his room."

The room to which she took them had a single bed in it, which by all the signs had been slept in. The air was stale with a taint of tobacco and liquor.

Mrs. Denton's nostrils quivered. "I'm sorry. I haven't had time to do the room," she apologized, went to the window and opened it.

There was a whiskey bottle, nearly empty, on the dressing-table. A half smoked cigaret had been put down under the looking-glass, where the wood was scorched by others.

A dirty shirt had been flung down in a corner. Drawers stood half open, giving glimpses of tumbled clothes. The wardrobe also was not shut, but there was little left in it. On the floor lay a jacket of rough brown tweed.

Bell glanced at Reggie. "Your husband seems to have gone off in a hurry, Mrs. Denton," he said.

"I don't know. Hugh does leave things like this." She sat down on the bed. She looked away from Bell at the mess of the room, unhappy and helpless and distraught.

Bell strode across to some crumpled papers by the fireplace. Reggie wandered away round the bed. In the window corner stood some fishing tackle. Between that and the bed were bookshelves, but not many books—two or three French novels of graceless impropriety and a sketch book. Reggie turned the pages of that. The sketches were of no quality—pencil drawings of bits of architecture. Some bits recurred. There were several aspects of a round church tower with uncommon canopied windows.

FROM the papers by the fireplace Bell spoke. "These seem to be all bills. Unpaid bills," he complained.

"Oh, well," Mrs. Denton gave a pathetic giggle. "That doesn't mean anything. Hugh's so careless."

"Well, now, Mrs. Denton—" Bell frowned at her. "I must ask you to come round to the old lady's house with me."

"What can I do?" she cried.

"You can have a look at things and tell me what's missing."

"But I shouldn't know—I don't know about her things—" she looked bewildered—"Agnes could tell you—Agnes knew everything she had."

"Did she? I dare say. We want a check on Agnes though. And you must know a good deal. You were intimate with the old lady, weren't you? And she liked you."

"She was a dear," said Mrs. Denton and gulped. "Oh, very well. I'll come. I'll get ready."

Reggie opened the door for her and, having seen her go into another bedroom, shut it.

"This woman's just scared out of her wits," Bell said.

"You think so? Yes. It could be. Well, well. While you keep her at Spring Walk, some fellow goes through this house, what?"

Bell grinned. "That's the idea, sir. Do you want this?" He pointed to the brown tweed jacket.

Reggie held it up. "No. I think not. No. Stains are fish stains," he mumbled.

"Same stuff as the stuff in the old lady's nails, isn't it?"

"It could be." Reggie looked at it with dislike and put it down again.

Mrs. Denton came back. She had changed into a sober gray and was a little out of breath from the haste of the operation. "I hope I haven't kept you—I'm ready now." But when they had gone downstairs, she had to go up again for a handkerchief.

Reggie drove them back to the house in Spring Walk and left them there and went away to do his work upon the old lady's body.

That night, rather late, he wandered into Lomas's room at Scotland Yard. Lomas, head of the Criminal Investigation Department, was holding a conference with Bell and Inspector Grant.

Reggie chose a large cigar and sank into the easiest chair and sighed weary satisfaction. "You wanted information about the dead. But there's not much. Cause of death, strangulation as stated. About the blood stains—blood not her own. Belonging to another group. Supportin' the theory it was the blood of the murderer."

"And that's all you've got. Well, we've done rather better."

"My dear chap!" Reggie purred. "Splendid. I thought you would. Not a case for science. Human, all too human."

"I don't know about the humanity," said Lomas. "But we have a lot of new facts."

"Oh, my hat!" Reggie moaned. "Too many facts before. Embarrassment of facts."

"I never found that facts embarrass me," said Lomas. "Now we'll begin from the old lady's financial position. Her solicitor, old Harbottle, is a sound fellow. He says she was a good deal better off than you'd think from her way of living. Her estate ought to work out at a hundred thousand or more. There was a will leaving the bulk of it to her grandson, Hugh Denton; a thousand for the nephew, John Osmond; and an annuity of a hundred and fifty to the maid, Agnes Brown. So those three had an interest in her death, if that will should stand. But a week ago the old lady told Harbottle she was thinking of making another will, gave no reason, just asked him to send her the old will. He's heard nothing more from her. Well, we've turned the house out and we can't find that will, so it's pretty clear she or somebody else destroyed it."

"Yes, I thought so," Reggie mumbled.

"See the position. Osmond and the maid lose their legacies. Everything goes to Hugh Denton. But she was going to make a new will. Under that, whatever (*Turn to page 62*)

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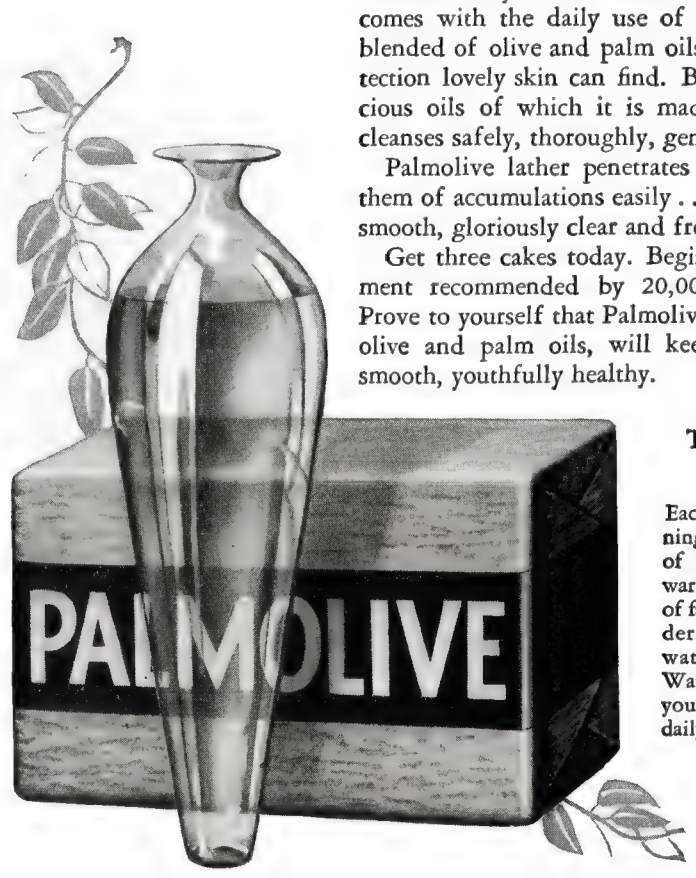


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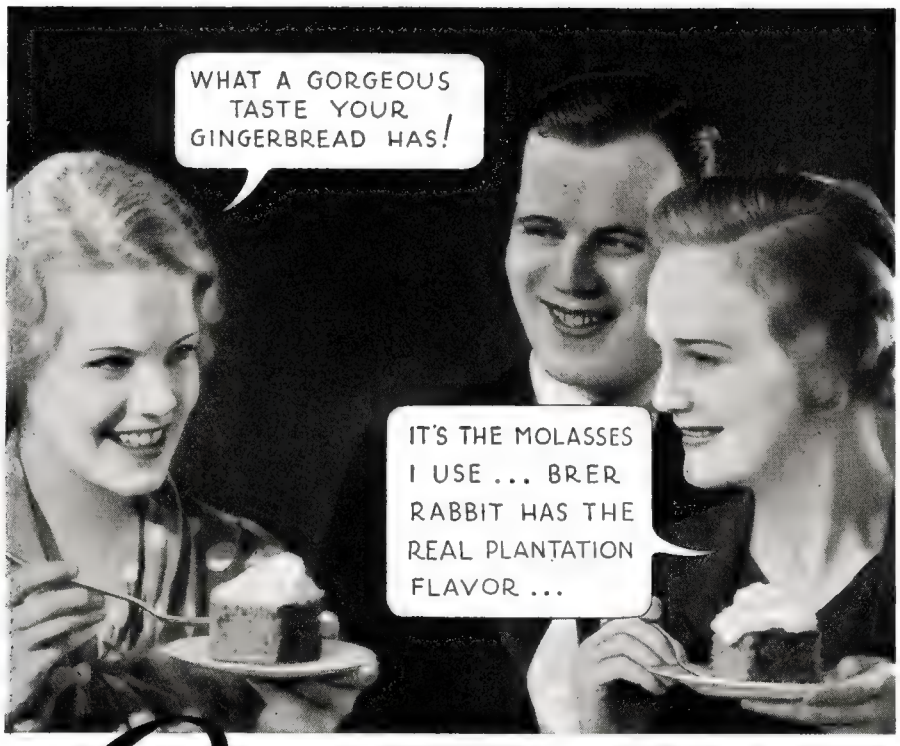


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It was the gingerbread that did the trick. "Invite me again to eat some of this!" demanded one of the men as he helped himself to another piece.

So Ann, delighted, asked them all to come again the next Sunday. Her little Sunday suppers became regular weekly parties. Word went round that you always had a "swell time at the Claytons'." Ann's Sunday supper parties became famous.

The men especially loved Ann's soft, tangy gingerbread. "I'll never marry," one of them exclaimed laughingly one evening, "till I find a wife who can make gingerbread like Ann's."

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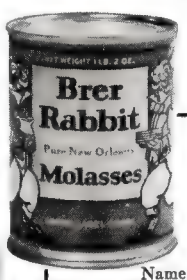
## *Here is the recipe that Ann used!*

½ cup of sugar • ½ cup of butter and lard mixed • 1 egg • 1 cup Brer Rabbit Molasses • 2½ cups sifted flour • 1½ teaspoons soda • 1 teaspoon cinnamon • 1 teaspoon ginger • ½ teaspoon cloves • ½ teaspoon salt • 1 cup hot water. Cream shortening and sugar. Add beaten egg, molasses, then dry ingredients which have been sifted together. Add hot water last and beat until smooth. The batter is soft, but it makes a fine cake. Bake in greased shallow pan 35 minutes in moderate oven (325° to 350° F.). Makes 15 generous portions.

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# MR. FORTUNE IS ON THE CASE!

*Continued from page 61*

she meant to do, he was bound to lose. By the old one he got almost all; without one he takes the lot. She may have been going to cut him right out. Old Harbottle says she'd got very dissatisfied with him, and that tallies with the maid's story—and also with the look of things in Denton's room as Bell found 'em. The fellow's a waster."

"Oh, yes. Yes. That is indicated," Reggie nodded.

"Quite. That is to say, he had a pretty powerful motive to see that she died before making a new will. On the other hand, she may have had a row with the maid. To a middle-aged servant the loss of three pounds a week pension is a nasty blow. So we have rage and revenge suggested as a motive for murder—or the maid may have thought the old will hadn't been destroyed yet. Somebody was very anxious to find out what the old lady had in her bureau."

"OH, yes. One of the relevant facts," Reggie murmured.

"And again, the maid may have made up her mind to get what she could while she could. The old lady's jewels are gone, there's money gone—I'll come back to that. But there's another possibility to consider. Take it there's no will—the old lady's murdered—this fellow Denton is charged with it and found guilty—or he is killed somehow—he's vanished, you know—then the nephew Osmond is the only one of the family left, he gets everything. It's a remote chance—but we can't rule it out. Osmond might have played for that. He may have worked the whole thing. I've nothing against him. Harbottle says he's a steady-going, stolid chap. I'm only stating all the possibilities."

"My dear chap!" Reggie purred admiration. "Splendid. Very lucid. Very fair. Very acute. Leadin' nowhere."

"Quite. I don't want to lead anywhere." Lomas was annoyed. "I don't care for inspirations. I prefer to follow the facts. Now we'll see where they take us."

"Oh, my aunt!" Reggie moaned. "My only aunt!" He gazed at Lomas with pitiful eyes. "Think again. Statement of possibilities very fine and large. But not comprehensive. One starin' possibility omitted—that the source of the whole beastly business was not financial at all, but personal, emotional, spiritual."

"I never had to do with a crime less spiritual."

Reggie sank deeper into his chair. "You mean it's uncommon cruel and mean and vile. Yes. So do I. Nasty passions at work. An evil spirit."

Lomas laughed. "Always so lofty in an obscure case, aren't you, Reginald? Spiritual evidence would be very useful—only you can't bring it to a jury."

"What did you have in mind, Mr. Fortune?" said Bell.

"State of soul," Reggie mumbled. "State of soul of persons concerned."

"How can we get to that?" Bell frowned.

"I haven't the slightest idea." Reggie said.

"I thought not," said Lomas disagreeably. "So we come back to the facts. Now, I told you the old lady had money in the house. On the day of the murder she drew two hundred pounds from the bank; an unusually large sum. That's gone. It was all in tens and fives and we have the numbers. Her jewels are gone too. The obvious conclusion is that the murderer was a burglar or someone who wanted the murder to pass for a burglar's crime or someone in her own circle in urgent need of money."

"You said conclusion," Reggie moaned. "Conclusion singular. This is conclusions plural. Lots of conclusions."

"Rather impatient, aren't you?" Lomas took a cigaret. "You'll find the facts check each other and cancel out."

"I do," Reggie sighed. "That's what I complain of."

"Wait a moment. The jewel-case has been found—empty. It was lying half in the water in the pond on the common. Well, you know the Dentons live close by the pond."

"Yes. Very careless of 'em to leave the jewel-case handy. However. I shouldn't expect Hugh Denton to be careful. That's a point for you and your facts. Go on."

"It isn't the only one," Lomas smiled. "When the Dentons' house was searched, we found in one of Mrs. Denton's drawers——"

"A diamond and pearl pendant," Reggie murmured. "Once the property of the old lady. As stated by Agnes the maid. Yes, I thought Mrs. Denton had that."

"The deuce you did!" Lomas stared at him. "Why?"

"Because our Agnes said she could swear to it anywhere. Only thing she did offer to swear to. Thus indicatin' she was sure Mrs. Denton had it. Probably given to her by the affectionate old lady."

From Inspector Grant came an ejaculation of surprise. Lomas frowned. "You're very ingenious, Reginald. That is exactly Mrs. Denton's story. Grant asked her if she could tell him anything about the old lady's jewels and she said the pendant had been given to her. Quite frank about it."

"And that was when she couldn't know we'd searched her room," said Grant.

"She might have guessed we should," Bell grunted.

"Yes. It could be." Reggie looked at him dreamily. "But then why leave the pendant, if there was anything fishy about it? Why leave the pendant and just the pendant? No answer. No possible answer."

Lomas smiled. "So you don't mind using facts when they suit you?"

"Not using," Reggie mumbled. "Eliminatin'. Cancelin' them out. Pendant is not evidence. The maid Agnes is not evidence."

"That's your line, is it?" Lomas was still complacent. "You suspect Agnes?"

"My dear chap!" Reggie sighed. "No adequate reason to suspect Agnes of the murder. Agnes's alibi sounds good. Operator probably male. But it is quite obvious the maid Agnes has been playing a game of her own. She knows more or less than she pretends. She may know who did the murder. She's worked hard to put it on the Dentons. She may be right, but she's faking your facts. Offers bewilderin' evidence."

"What evidence, sir?" said Grant eagerly.

"Hesitation over question whether the windows were fastened—uneasy hesitation; hesitation about the vanishing of jewelry on the body—very remarkable hesitation. Only noticed the vanishing of the watch when pressed. Only remembered the old lady wore a brooch when I said she did. Natural inference, Agnes wanted us to think she looked at the body so little she didn't notice anything. Which is not credible."

"Yes, I see," Lomas encouraged him smiling. "Tell us more, Reginald."

"My dear chap! Quite obvious. Agnes found the body last night. She then decided to remove the old lady's jewelry and provide evidence against the Dentons. Motives mixed. Sequence of actions clear. She took the jewels from the jewel-case and scurried out with the empty case across the garden—hence the female footmark by the rose bed. She deposited the jewel-case by the Dentons' pond to confirm the nasty tale against the Dentons which she had all ready in her head. Tale may be accurate. But the confirmin' evidence won't do. Assistance of Agnes merely a confusin' complication. Eliminate the Agnes facts. Then we may get on."

Lomas and Bell looked at each other skeptically. Grant spoke: "But the way you take it makes her out a devil."

"YES. Hard, cunning woman," Reggie murmured.

Lomas smiled. "You're very ingenious, Reginald. But the facts are against you. Would it surprise you to hear that the old lady's cameo brooch has been found?"

"Oh, no. No," Reggie sighed. "Nothing you can find would surprise me. Anything can be put anywhere. Where was the brooch put?"

"It was in the pocket of Denton's jacket," said Lomas.

"That jacket we saw in the wardrobe," said Bell.

"Perhaps you'll agree Agnes couldn't have put it there," Lomas smiled. "Which is rather awkward for your theory that all the evidence against the Dentons is being faked by Agnes."

"Not all. No," Reggie moaned. "I never said it was." He squirmed in his chair, he shivered. "Not a nice case," he mumbled. He looked at Lomas with eyes almost closed. "The brooch in his pocket. The unpaid bills.

The signs of drinking. Yes. We've found a lot. But what is it we haven't found?"

"We haven't found him," said Lomas. "That's the main thing. Agnes is in the house. Mrs. Denton is at home. The nephew Osmond is ill in bed at a golfing cottage he's got in Hampshire. Hugh Denton has vanished—and so are the jewels and two hundred pounds."

"Oh, yes. Absence of Denton very marked," Reggie mumbled. "You'll have to find him. Case for police work. As I was saying. Get on with it. Is there anything else you didn't find?"

Lomas frowned. "You're very subtle, Reginald. What is the suggestion?"

"I see what Mr. Fortune's after, sir," Grant broke in. "There was no letters left in the old lady's bureau, nothing to matter. She had an album there, family photographs, and three spaces in it were empty and you can see photos had been taken out."

Reggie's eyes opened to gaze at him benignly. "Well, well. Good work, Grant," Reggie purred. "Yes. I thought there might be something like that. Removal of photographs very interesting."

"I don't know whose photos they were, sir," said Grant.

"Not yet. No," Reggie murmured. "I wonder. However. Removal of photographs another indication that the origin of the whole vile thing is spiritual." He wriggled himself up in his chair. "Any more of your facts, Lomas?"

"No. You have the whole case before you," Lomas lit a cigaret. "What is the brilliant theory?"

"Oh, my Lomas!" Reggie moaned. "No theory yet possible. Embarrassment of confusing facts. One fact only of clear significance. The gypsy moth."

"Good Gad!" Lomas ejaculated. "Where's the wonderful significance of that?"

"My dear chap! Quite obvious. The gypsy moth indicates that the murderer motored from the country."

Grant was watching him keenly. "Denton was down in the country in his car yesterday, by what Mrs. Denton told us," said Bell.

"Oh, yes. You have to find Denton," Reggie rose wearily.

"Thank you. I had got to that without spiritualism," Lomas smiled, and Reggie wandered out.

Lomas and Bell began to discuss ways and means. Grant thought his own silent thoughts. After some time he interrupted: "Beg your pardon, sir. I'd like to put the maid through it again. In spite of what Mr. Fortune said. And Osmond the nephew might be able to tell us who the people were in those missing photos."

"Very well," said Lomas. "Try it."

SO IT was not Grant but another inspector who accompanied Bell next day when a fast car took them out of London. "What was it that Mr. Fortune telephoned?" the inspector asked.

Bell gave him a scrap of paper: "'*Try Lambourn valley, round Welford.*' There you are. And if you want to know how he got to that—search me. We traced the man to Newbury by his buying a ticket with one of the stolen fivers. Mr. Fortune can tell us where to go next. He always sees what the other fellow has in his head."

They came up the valley to a village, the church of which had a round tower with strange, canopied windows. After inquiries, they made their way afoot to the little river.

Where it broadened into a deep, silent pool, a man sat staring at the water. A newspaper lay beside him and a flask. His shoulders were hunched, his back bent as though he had collapsed upon himself.

Until the footsteps were close he did not hear them. "Is your name Hugh Denton?" said Bell.

The man nodded, looking up at him with eyes tired and dreary. "What is it?" he asked in a flat voice.

"I'm a police officer. Superintendent Bell. You've been reading the papers, I see. You know your grandmother was murdered the night before last. You've seen the numbers of the stolen notes. Now, I warn you, you needn't say anything, and if you do, it may be evidence against you. But unless you can explain things to me I shall have to charge you."

Denton took a drink from the flask. "It doesn't matter," he said. "What things?"

"You bought your ticket down here with a note which was one your grandmother had." Denton nodded. "Saying anything about that?" Denton shook his head. "You know best," said Bell with grim satisfaction. "In the pocket of your jacket at home we found the old lady's brooch—the cameo brooch she had on before she was killed."

Denton's face paled. He drank again. "All right," he said thickly. "I did it." He came to his feet and dived into the pool. He did not rise again.

"My oath!" Bell growled. They peered into the bubbling, swirling, turbid water. "He's tangled up in those roots." The inspector threw off his coat and plunged in . . .

SOME hours afterwards, Bell stood smoking in front of a cottage hospital. The inspector, dressed in somebody else's clothes, came out to him.

"Couldn't bring him round, they tell me?"

"No. He's gone."

"I'm sorry. You see, he had his hands fair twisted into those alder roots."

Bell nodded. "I know. Not your fault. You did very well. He'd settled to die, now the game was up. Plucky brute, in his way. I've got to wait for his poor little wife. I telephoned Mr. Lomas and she's been told. She asked to come down, hoping to see him alive."

Bell had smoked another pipe before a police car swung into the courtyard with Mrs. Denton. He took off his hat as he opened the door for her. "Oh, it's you!" she gasped. Her pretty face was white and her eyes big and bright above dark sunken curves. "Is he—is he—?"

Bell helped her out and led her to a waiting room. "I'm sorry you came," he said gruffly. "He's gone."

She cried out and stumbled to a chair and covered her face with her hands and sobbed.

"They've told you about it, haven't they?" Bell asked.

She nodded. "Yes, yes, they said he jumped into the river—they said he—he confessed." Her hands dropped to her knee, she looked at Bell with wild eyes.

"That's how it was."

"Oh, it's horrible!" she muttered. "Oh, my dear! Did he—did he say anything—any message for me?"

"Not a word. Never spoke of you. And after we got him out, we couldn't save him." Bell cleared his throat. "I'd say it's best as it is, Mrs. Denton."

"Ah!" she shuddered. "But I want to see him," she said piteously. "You'll let me see him?"

"Surely," Bell said

He took her to the little bare room in which Denton's body lay covered. She gave a cry, she pulled back the sheet from the livid face, she flung herself down upon the body, grasping at it, moaning.

After a while she struggled to her feet. "Oh, let me go, let me go now," she sobbed.

She had been some time gone, when a larger car swirled to the door and Bell heard Reggie's voice. He went out into the hall. "Here we are, sir," he said. "All over."

"Yes. So I've heard. Just been talking to Mr. Lomas on the telephone. Where is she?"

"Mrs. Denton? Ah, she's gone back. Poor thing, she shouldn't have come."

"Poor soul," Reggie said. "What did she do?"

"Oh, cried and sobbed and asked if he didn't leave a word for her. I had to say no, and then she wanted to see him and hugged his dead body. I'm pretty hard boiled by now, but it got me."

"My dear chap," Reggie smiled. "Now I'll see him."

"Very good, sir," said Bell dismally.

Again the livid face was uncovered. But Reggie did not stop at that. He lifted the bare right arm and looked close at the wrist. "Well, well," he sighed satisfaction. He laid the arm down again. "She hugged the body!" he said and he laughed.

"Fair lay on it, sir," Bell stared. "Quite a while."

"Yes. Dear woman," Reggie murmured. His round face was set in a queer, cold calm. "Look at that. That scratch." He pointed to a tear in the flesh on the inside of the right wrist.

"My oath!" Bell muttered. "You mean he got that strangling the old lady—got it from the brooch—that's where the blood came from."

"Oh, no, it didn't. That scratch was made after death. When his lovin' wife hugged him. To complete the evidence he was the murderer. Her error."

"But he'd confessed," Bell gasped. "He said straight out, 'I did it,' he said."

"Yes. When? When he knew the money he had was some of the stolen money. When you told him his grandmother's brooch had been found in his pocket. (*Turn to page 76*)

# If she had only known about Wallhide One-day painting

WALLHIDE, you know, is the new Vitolized Oil paint that permits you to hang pictures four hours after the last coat is applied. But *only one coat* of this paint is usually ample for walls that have been painted, because it has greater hiding capacity. Costs no more to use Wallhide than ordinary oil paint. It will not crack, peel, chip or blister because the Vitolized Oil stays in the paint film.

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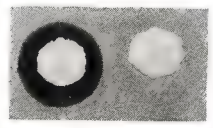

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# It Happens

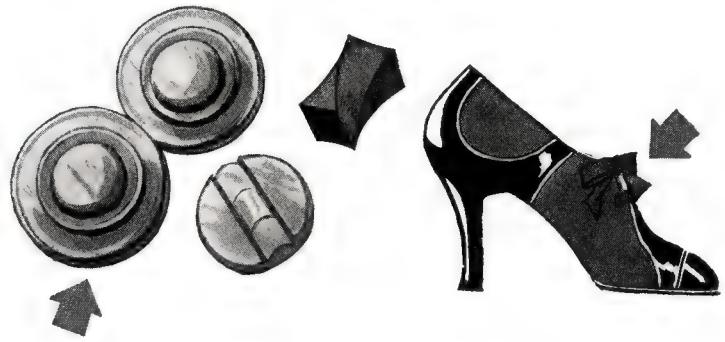
## DESPITE THE ADVICE OF DENTISTS

### Don't be misled

**BY "BARGAINS" OF DOUBTFUL QUALITY**

• Bargains are often tempting—and misleading. Quality is seldom visible at a glance. So don't be too willing to be sold away from tried-and-true products on the promise of "just as good." You may be getting something "bigger" for your money—but when you sacrifice quality, is it worth it? The clerk in your store may be sincere in trying to sell you some special "bargain," but too often he does it for an extra bonus for himself. Trust your own judgment and experience, and don't be overruled. It's your right to demand the brand you know—and to get it.

# Smartest and Newest



## SOME HIGH SPOTS IN THE WINTER MODE

■ THE SMARTEST all-around day-after-day dress is the shirtmaker frock. Yes, that very same dress you probably had several of this past summer. Now you should have it of wool, "necktie" wool, which merely means a thin woolen with a small check, plaid or stripe. The dress below, 4963, is what we mean. Isn't it smart looking with its big buttons and short lapels?

■ THE NEWEST hat is the beret. The Paris openings showed millions of them. Some hardly cover the back of the head at all, and they are pulled way down over one eye in front. The one shown here is Patou's. He named it "Important."

■ THE NEWEST color, taupe with a brownish cast. It's got other names—eel brown, eel grey and mouskin, but by any name it is simply lovely and so becoming. This department has long maintained that what this world needs among other things is new colors, new vegetables and new jokes on the radio, so we are glad to greet this first step in the right direction.

■ THE SMARTEST gloves for evening wear are satin ones and velvet ones. They are way ahead of the usual kid and suede ones. For daytime there are grand wool gloves to match the wool of your coat or to match a wool hat.

■ THE NEWEST idea in jewelry is mirror glass. Mirror color and other colors. The *blackish* mirror is the nuts! At the right is one of Chanel's new mirror clips and the sketch also shows the new way to wear it, clipped through the armhole. There are mirror buttons, too, and speaking of buttons the smart ones are simply huge and so are the buckles.

■ THE NEWEST shoe is the seven-eyelet oxford. You can imagine how high it comes on the instep to get in all those eyelets, but it's smart on a small foot with a small ankle. However, less extreme ones like that sketched above are as good style and easier to wear. The one sketched is made of suede and patent leather, and this two-materials idea is the smart thing. They are making *wool* shoes now, too, with leather trimmings.

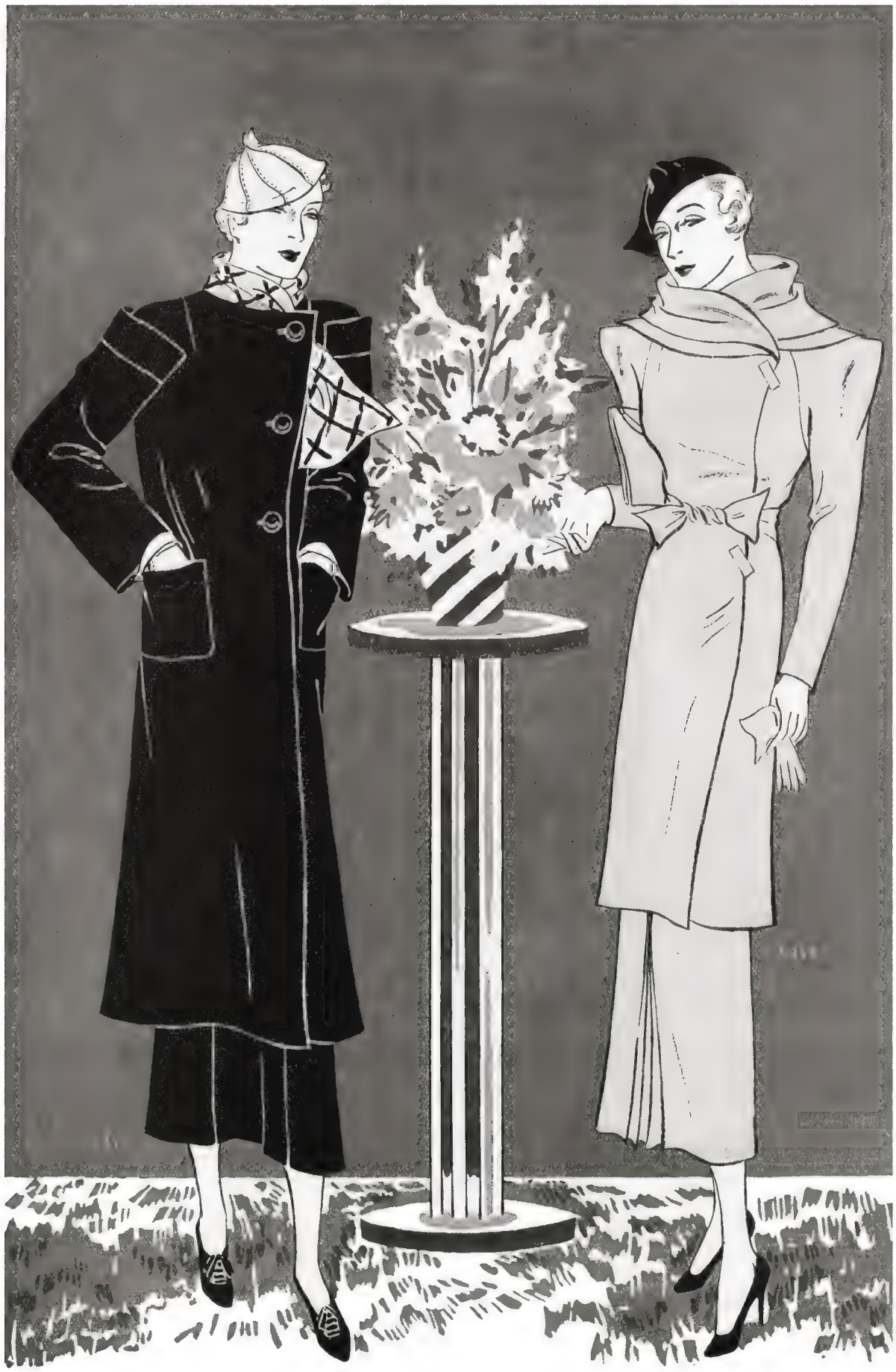
■ THE SMARTEST neckline is the choker cowl, sketched at the right. The high necks all seem a little easier to wear now because they are softer.

■ THE NEWEST white-top frock is bad news for the dry cleaners. The white part comes off easily for laundering. The dress in the corner at the left is the idea, and it is a marvelous way to make over an old frock.

■ THE SMARTEST fabric for coats and winter suits is Schiaparelli's "elephant's hide" wool. If your idea of an elephant's hide is something that looks like an old withered potato you just haven't met the right elephants. This elephant's hide is a lovely thick soft wool with large raised welts all through it. There are various versions, and we don't think a great deal of the extremely thick and bulky ones, but the moderate ones have our complete approval.

■ THE SMARTEST shoulders, well, there are so many of them and all are so smart that it's difficult to choose. We picked the three at the top of the left column as particularly nice ones. The blouse, 5320, has the "stick-up" fins as well as the "stick-out" shoulders. You will notice that, except for these original shoulders, sleeves seem to be getting back to normal.

MARIAN COREY



THE fashion code for winter . . . two silhouettes, the straight one with a narrow skirt and the mermaid silhouette of Augustabernard . . . high and wide shoulders . . . sleeves tight to the elbow and full above it . . . high necklines . . . tunic and peplum treatments . . . necktie woolen shirtwaist dresses . . . two-piece dresses . . . slit skirts . . . coat dresses butttoning far over to one side . . . suits with three-quarter length coats . . . straight, slim coats with fur placed high . . . fabric contrast . . . ribbed and rabbit's hair wools . . . ribbed and mossy silks . . . satins . . . swagger fur coats . . . dark satin blouses . . . more and more black . . . eel browns and olive greens . . . marshmallow pink at night . . . high back berets . . . peaked turbans . . . high cut shoes . . . two-leather shoes . . . fabric gloves in woolens, satins, and velvets.

5326 Swagger suits are still smart, very smart, but you will notice that they have less fulness. This one shows this new straighter cut, also the over-to-one-side fastening, which is the thing. For 36 (size 18), 4⅝ yards 54-inch ribbed wool. It is designed for sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 44.

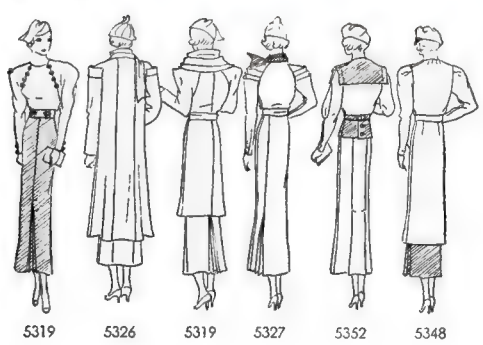
5319 A new bumpy wool, "elephant's hide," was used for this suit, and satin for its high neck blouse. All the new suits have wide shoulders and most of them this length jacket. For 36 (size 18), 5 yards 54-inch wool; 2½ yards 39-inch satin. Designed for sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 40.

5327 There are literally hundreds of new sleeves, all more or less extreme, all doing something or other at the shoulder. Those of this frock are very smart. Note that the dress is wool, the accessories are satin. For 36 (size 18), 3⅛ yards 54-inch wool. Designed for sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 44.

5352 Touches of satin are what make the wool dresses look so different, and so chic. There are two ways of wearing this wool-and-satin frock; with the peplum and without it. For 36 (size 18), 2⅝ yards 54-inch wool; 1¼ yards 35-inch satin. Frock designed for sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 44.

5348 It gives us great pleasure to announce that tunics are with us again, for they give that long string-bean-like line that is usually such a struggle. These big buttons and buckle are important too. For 36 (size 18), 3⅜ yards 54-inch wool. It is designed for sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 40.

# *Wool and Satin*



5319 5326 5319 5327 5352 5348

Wear a satin blouse with your wool suit . . . trim your wool dress with satin touches and scarfs . . . add satin accessories, gloves, hat, and bag, to both of them

# A Wardrobe for the Smart Business Girl

5339 This is her silk dress for the office—a ribbed silk. It's wise to stick to a color scheme, so she chooses rust, which will go with her coat, and brown accessories. The rim shoulder is one of the newest fashions. For 36 (size 18), 4 yards 39-inch ribbed silk. Frock designed for sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 40.

5341 This is her admittedly "best" dress, saved for informal evenings and impressive Sunday afternoons. She wears it in wine in the lovely dull, uncut velvet, with matching satin at the neckline and with white gloves. For 36 (size 18), 4⅛ yards 35-inch velvet. It is designed for sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 40.

5346 This is her "date-at-five" dress, not too formal for the office on that day. It's made of the dull side of satin with the shiny side for the bow. The color—the smartest—brownish taupe. Satin hat, taupe suede pumps. For 36 (size 18), 4⅛ yards 39-inch satin. Designed for sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 40.

5325 This is her evening dress, made of the newest crisp evening fabric, faille silk, and made in the newest silhouette, the "mermaid." It's smart in black, white or scarlet. Her slippers match. For 36 (size 18), flounce cut crosswise, 4⅜ yards 39-inch faille silk. Designed for sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 40.

5337 This is her wool dress—for the office and for sports. In the office she wears it collarless, but for football games and such she has two interchangeable piqué collars. The fabric is a thin "necktie" wool. For 36 (size 18), 3 yards 54-inch novelty wool. Dress designed for sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 42.

5344 This is her coat to go with all her daytime dresses. It is made of the new brownish taupe wool with beaver or brown Persian lamb. Notice the smart sleeves. For 36 (size 18), 4¼ yards 54-inch wool coating and 1⅛ yards 2½-inch fur banding. Coat designed for sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 44.

# A Wardrobe for Young Married Women

5338 This is her evening wrap in the swagger length that is not only smartest but most comfortable for climbing in and out of cars. It's deep red uncut, looped velvet and the fur collar is very nice but not necessary. For 36 (size 18), 5 yards 35-inch velvet. Designed for sizes 12 to 20: 30 to 42.

5321 This is her evening gown for important occasions when her young husband's boss takes them out or there is a grand party at the club. It's in slithery, slinky white satin with a deep, deep décolletage in the back. For 36 (size 18), 3¾ yards 39-inch satin. Designed for sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 44.

5315 This is her woolen dress in bright green, with the new loop shoulder and the buttoned line that is so chic. Most useful for shopping trips to town and for lunching with and impressing her mother-in-law. For 36 (size 18), 3 yards 54-inch ribbed wool. Frock designed for sizes 12 to 20: 30 to 40.

5336 This is her coat and it proves her ability to pick winners for it's the season's smartest. All black with sleeve tops and collar of Persian lamb, it can be worn over both her tailored and afternoon dresses. For 36 (size 18), 3⅞ yards 54-inch wool. Coat designed for sizes 12 to 20: 30 to 44.

5313 This is her afternoon dress for bridge and festive daytime occasions. It's eel gray satin with a dull thread through it and its neckline is the high "choker cowl" that appears in so many of the new dresses. For 36 (size 18), 4½ yards 39-inch satin. Frock designed for sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 40.

5311 This is her dinner dress, a regal affair of dull black velvet. Organ pipe sleeves and a very high neckline accentuate the long slim lines. Absolutely perfect for Sunday nights and small dinners. For 36 (size 18), 5⅞ yards 39-inch velvet. It is designed for sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 40.

## WINTER WARDROBE FOR THE HIGH SCHOOL GIRL

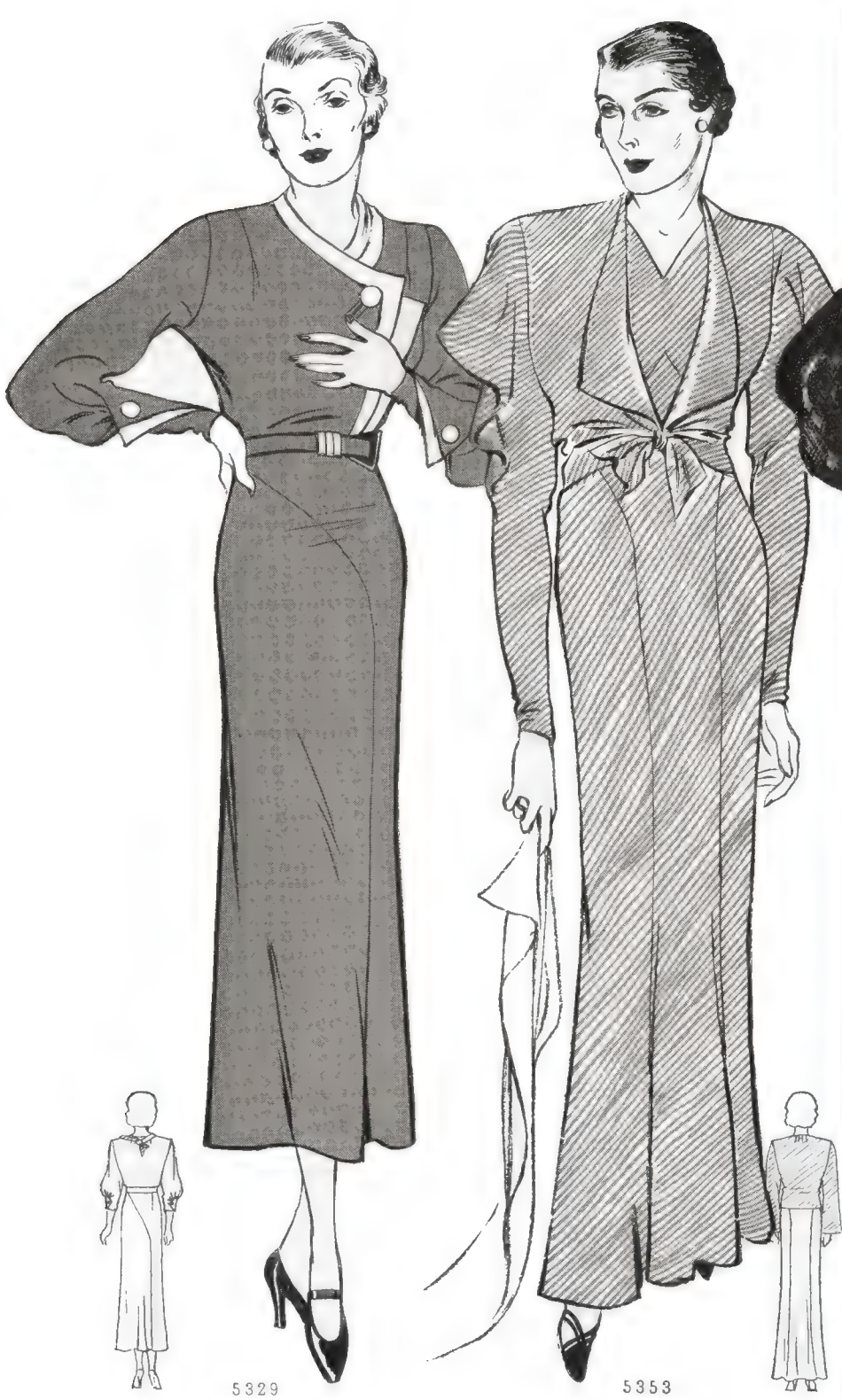
5335 This is her evening gown—and the high neckline is not because of her youthfulness but because high necks are the thing for the *front* of gowns. It's low in back. Flaming red faille taffeta is a very knowing fabric and color for this dress. For 34 (size 16), 5⅛ yards 35-inch taffeta. Designed for sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 38.

5331 This is her school dress—in brown rabbits' hair wool. There is a beret to match and she pulls it right down to her eyebrows and holds her shoulders squarely under the jutting epaulets. The dress is belted across the back. For 34 (size 16), 2⅞ yards 54-inch rabbits' hair wool. Frock designed for sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 38.

5340 This is her coat—and a very neat one too. It's made of rough brown woolen, and round beaver collar, epaulets, and pockets make a little fur look like a lot. Because she is young and slender, it is belted in snugly around the waist. For 34 (size 16), 3¼ yards 54-inch coating. Designed for sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 38.

5333 This is her red velveteen dress for dates—tea dancing with the football captain, for instance. Front and back it has huge clips and there is a beret to match it, one of the new ones with the foreward tilt—and there are clips on it too. For 34 (size 16), 4⅛ yards 35-inch velveteen. Frock designed for sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 38.

*Wardrobe*



# Planning

## WINTER WARDROBE FOR THE SMART CLUBWOMAN

5329 This is her wool dress that is her day by day standby. As you see it specializes in slenderizing lines. It is of sheer wool, with satin touches, which means that there is not an ounce of extra bulk, and that it can be worn under the heaviest coat without discomfort. For 40, 3¼ yards 54-inch wool. It is designed for 34 to 48.

5353 This is her formal ensemble and it's of dull, uncut velvet. It's an evening and dinner dress all in one and perfect as either. She wears it with the jacket for semi-formal evenings, and just the gown alone—a lovely slim one with brief sleeves—for quite formal affairs. For 40, 7⅛ yards 39-inch velvet. It is designed for 34 to 48.

5290 This is her coat, a grand one because there's not a hint of The Matron about it. The slim lines, mushroom collar, and high-placed cuffs are distinctly *this year* points. It's made of a smooth velvety woolen that is the very last word for coats this winter. For 40, 3¾ yards 54-inch wool. Designed for sizes 14 to 20; 32 to 52.

5350 This is the dress she wears to afternoon affairs. It is faille silk and that flattering white gilet is of satin. If she needs slenderizing lines she will find this dress very helpful—the beltless waist and the hip seaming are especially good. For 40, 3¾ yards 39-inch faille silk and ⅞ yard 35-inch satin. Designed for 34 to 52.

STOOPING strains stockings. If silk has lost elasticity by wrong washing, runs often pop needlessly.

MOTHERS strain their stockings scores of times each day. If stocking elasticity has been preserved the Lux way, stockings *give* without breaking—you avoid many a costly run.

# CUT DOWN RUNS FROM *Ordinary* STRAINS!

"Runs . . . *Runs* . . . RUNS! The occasional run from *catching* my stockings I could put up with, but those frequent runs from ordinary, everyday strains are too much . . . and altogether *too expensive!* And then I learned it was *my own fault* and needless . . ."

Usually stockings aren't to blame for those costly runs . . . most stockings are marvelously well made. When new, they have an *elasticity* —a live "spring" that lets them *give* under strain without breaking. Stretch—then spring right back again! But do you know that this precious elasticity may be *destroyed* by wrong washing?

Ordinary soaps (cakes, powders, chips) often contain harmful alkali that weakens elasticity.

Rubbing with cake soap tends to leave threads lifeless, too. Then even common, everyday strains are apt to snap the weakened threads. That's how costly runs often start!

• • • • •

So *avoid* such washing methods! Safe, gentle Lux is especially made to preserve *elasticity* in stockings . . . keep the silk "live"—able to stand those daily strains. There is no harmful alkali in Lux. There's no cake-soap rubbing with those instant rich Lux suds.

Stockings washed in Lux retain their elasticity—they *wear* ever so much longer and keep their fit better, too. It takes only two minutes a day. Saves so much! Anything safe in water is safe in Lux.

## LUX saves stocking Elasticity

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*The Lux Way of washing keeps stockings like new so much longer.*

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And Lux is so pure, a little goes so far! Mrs. C. C. DeKlyn, of Moorestown, N. J., for instance, says: "I put down everything I did with 1 box of Lux and found I washed these 307 pieces: 68 pairs stockings, socks; 79 pieces lingerie; 12 nightgowns, pajamas; 21 silk blouses, dresses, sweater; 20 hankies, scarves, belts, etc.; 21 cotton hats, pairs gloves; 86 doilies, napkins. Besides, I did the dishes 21 times."

## New Coats and Smart Ways to Renew Your Old One

5349 The finger-tip length swagger jacket and the short fitted jacket are both smart so take your pick. The swagger coat is much straighter than last year's. For 36 (size 18), 2¾ yards 50-inch fur fabric for the swagger jacket and 2 yards 50-inch fur fabric for the short one. Designed for sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 44.

5347 This is the coat to choose if you need to look taller and more slender than you really are. Notice that the collar and revers are not exaggerated, the fulness in the sleeves is slight. The coat is unbelted. For 40, 3⅝ yards 54-inch wool, ⅞ yd. 8½-in. fur. Designed for shorter women in sizes 34 to 52.

5351 You can give your last year's coat a new deal by changing the sleeves to one of these new ones, by adding a new high collar with revers, or by wearing with it the scarf collared capelet and muff if the coat is furless. We particularly like the fur epaulet sleeve. Designed for small, medium, large.

Purchase BUTTERICK PATTERNS with DELTOR PICTURE INSTRUCTIONS at the leading stores throughout the world at prices given on page 78

## A Coat and Two Frocks To Make Two Ensembles

5323 The every-day daytime dress in this miniature wardrobe is ribbed silk in the same olive green as the coat. The yoke-and-ascot are white bengaline, though all green would be just as smart. For 36 (size 18), 3½ yards 39-inch ribbed silk. It is designed for sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 40.

5317 Brown velvet—that dull looped uncut variety—is our choice for the dress-up dress of this ensemble. And you can wear the same brown accessories with it that you intend to wear with the green dress. For 36 (size 18), 4¼ yards 35-inch velvet. It is designed for sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 44.

5336 This coat, that goes with both dresses, is olive green ribbed wool. The fur on it is mink or—if the budget is prohibitive—one of those clever fur fabrics that look like the real thing. For 36 (size 18), 3⅞ yards 54-inch wool coating. It is designed for sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 44.

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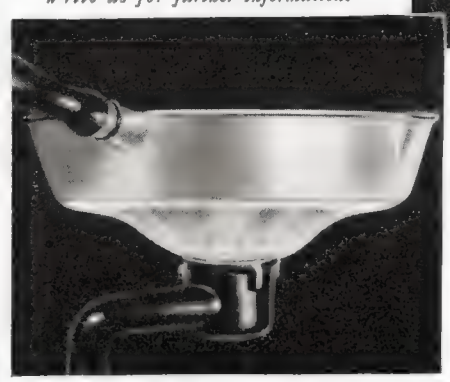

Pat'd

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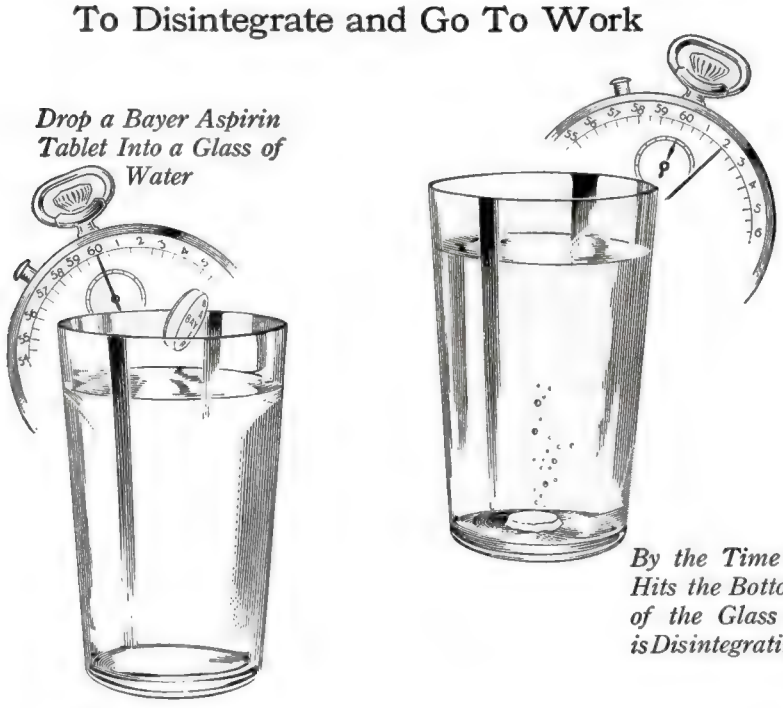

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*What Happens in These Glasses Happens in Your Stomach*

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There is now a quicker way to ease pain. A way that often brings relief from even a severe headache or neuritis in a few minutes. Millions are now employing it—the *fastest safe relief, it is said, ever known for pain.*

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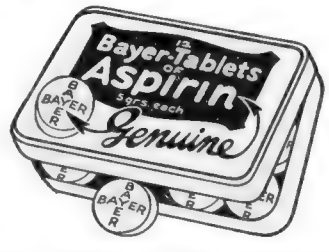
When you buy, though, see that you get the GENUINE BAYER ASPIRIN. The best way is never ask for aspirin by the name "aspirin" alone. But if you want Bayer Aspirin's quick relief always say "BAYER ASPIRIN."




**DOES NOT HARM THE HEART**

5318

5343 5345 5312

5318 It's this kind of dress, cut very simply but made of fine fabrics, that the smartest little girls are wearing for "best" now. It is nice in flowered taffeta with black velvet at the square neckline. For 23 (size 4), 2 yards 35-inch taffeta. This frock is designed for 21 to 25 (sizes 2 to 7).

5343 Here is a really grand dress for parties. We suggest that you make it in aquamarine blue sheer crêpe with a navy velvet ribbon sash, which goes all the way around the high Empire waistline that little girls like. For 25 (size 7), 2⅛ yards 39-inch sheer silk. Designed for 23 to 28 (sizes 4 to 10).

5345 Smallest new coats are still broadening their shoulders and one of the smartest ways is by shaped, fitted capelets edged with fur. This coat, with a matching hat, may be worn for every day and "best." For 23 (size 4), 1½ yards 54-inch wool (including hat). Designed for 20 to 25 (sizes 1 to 7).

5312 Two wide wing ruffles for sleeves make a party or dancing school dress irresistibly pretty. We would choose raspberry pink taffeta for the frock with satin, in a matching shade for the sash and its bow. For 25 (size 7), 3½ yards 35-inch taffeta. It is designed for 24 to 28 (sizes 6 to 10).

5330 The necktie woolen shirtwaist frock is a big smash hit grown-up fashion that's just as suitable for a school girl so big. This one has all the right features including the patent leather belt and pockets. For 30 (size 12), 2⅛ yards 54-inch checked wool. It is designed for 26 to 33 (sizes 8 to 15).

5334 You can be sure your coat is the smart thing if it has a sailor collar. This one has, though you might not think so at first glance. Square sailor in back, running into epaulets in front. For 30 (size 12), 2⅝ yards 54-inch wool (including hat). It is designed for 26 to 33 (sizes 8 to 15).

5324 It's the blouse that sports a sailor collar here. And being crêpe de chine, it's a blouse that dresses up this jumper frock. Change off with gingham and dotted swiss ones for everyday. For 30 (size 12), 1½ yards 54-inch wool; 1¾ yards 39-inch crêpe. Dress designed for 24 to 33 (sizes 6 to 15).

443 Here is a complete wardrobe for the Christmas doll—a coat, a party frock, a jumper dress and guimpe, an apron, pajamas, and even underwear! Note the newest fashion points too—a sailor collar on the coat and little double flounce sleeves on dress! Designed for 10 to 24 inches length.

Purchase Butterick Patterns with Deltor Picture Instructions at the leading stores throughout the world at prices given on page 78

You Can Pick Two Wardrobes Here — for You and Your Doll

Purchase BUTTERICK PATTERNS with DELTOR PICTURE INSTRUCTIONS at the leading stores throughout the world at prices given on page 78


# SELBY SHOE MIRACLE AMAZES CLUB WOMEN STYLISTS, FOOT EXPERTS

## Invisible, featherweight "Arch Bridge"... Selby patent . . . makes possible ideal combination of smarter fashions, luxurious comfort, longer wear

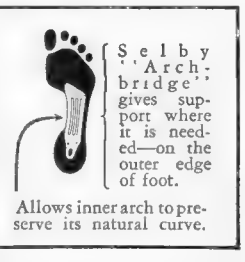
A miracle in women's shoes! That is the story of the Selby "Arch Bridge." It has completely changed the nation's ideas of comfort shoes.

Fashion leaders and foot specialists proclaim Selby Arch Preservers the long-sought ideal—the perfect blending of exquisite shoe fashions, form-retaining quality and natural foot comfort.

The secret of this miracle shoe is a tiny, *invisible* "arch bridge"—an exclusive, patented feature of the new Selby Arch Preserver models now being shown.

*Feather-light,* it adds no perceptible weight. Inconspicuous, it interferes in no way with the stylists' smart designs. Yet, so bridge-like is its strength that it provides the firm, unyielding support, *for the vital outer arch,* that nature intended . . . and which no other shoe in the world provides for the female foot.

In these new, beautifully styled Selby Arch Preserver models, the foot is smartly dressed. Yet you tread naturally. The causes of tired, aching feet—of cramped, pulsating nerves—and painfully strained muscles—*are ended.* The whole shoe fits you. It scientifically makes up for the unnatural strains caused by wearing shoes with heels.




Forget any impressions you may have about so-called "comfort" shoes. Start anew by seeing this miracle of shoe-making demonstrated—by feasting your eyes upon the fashionable new Selby models, called "ideal" by experts.

***October Fashion Event***

Leading shoe and department stores are holding a special Selby October Fashion Event to which you are invited. Try on a pair of Selby Shoes. Sense the restful, cradle-like support. Note what a slim, trim contour they give your feet. Then decide. And, remember, only Selby makes the *genuine* Arch Preserver Shoes.

***A famous personality answers your question — "Why should I wear Arch Preserver Shoes?" Write for this interesting Free Booklet.***

THE SELBY SHOE CO.
1003—7th Avenue, Portsmouth, Ohio, U. S. A.

SELBY FEATURES—*Patented Arch Bridge. Metatarsal retainer. Flat, crosswise inner tread. Exclusive last modeling.*

*The "LULU"—cleverly combines suede with kid. Other models for every occasion.*

# SELBY
## ARCH PRESERVER SHOES
PRICES $8.50 TO $12.50....SLIGHTLY HIGHER WEST OF ROCKIES

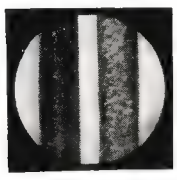
Sari Maritza, Paramount player, says: "What a treat to feel your hair thoroughly cleansed!"

SEE WHY

**Lemon Rinse**

Gives Hair

**New Beauty**



IN the microscope you can *see* why your hair sometimes lacks its full natural beauty.

Microphotograph from test under actual conditions by W. F. Herzberg, Ph. D.

This photomicrograph of two hairs from the same head shows why shampoos often *hide* the beauty you want them to bring out.

Soapings and plain-water rinsings *did not clean* the hair at the left. Soap curds like you see on this hair, form every time you shampoo. If they remain to cloud the lustre your hair looks dull and lifeless.

The other hair is *clean.* The mild acid-action of a lemon rinse has harmlessly removed the dulling film—revealing the natural charm and beauty of the hair.

**What To Do**

To know the joy of really clean and soap-free hair, shampoo as usual and rinse twice with plain, warm water. Then add the strained, fresh juice of two Sunkist Lemons to a washbowl of water. Rinse with this solution, rubbing well into the scalp. If you wish, rinse finally with cool water.

Try it. Blonde, brunette and auburn hair *all* gain new charm by this method. New depths of color and new brilliance in the highlights are disclosed. Waves stay in longer.

**FREE — Beauty Booklet**

Send for *free* booklet, "Lemon, the Natural Cosmetic," telling how lemon helps to control dandruff. How to make a delightful hand lotion of lemon juice and glycerine. How lemons beautify skin, nails and teeth. Mail coupon.

California's juiciest lemons are wrapped in tissue trademarked "Sunkist."

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## MR. FORTUNE IS ON THE CASE!

*Continued from page 63*

Then he knew his wife was putting the murder on him. Then he knew everything he cared about had gone. And he had nothing left but to make her safe. So he confessed. God help him. Not a bad end. The best end there was for him. But there's others, my friend. Now I want some of his blood for a serological test. If we're lucky, his blood isn't group two, like the blood on the sofa." His hands were busy on the dead body. "We mustn't miss a chance with these people."

"But look here, sir," said Bell slowly. "Mrs. Denton knew he'd confessed. I told her myself. That was good enough to let her out. Why should she——"

"Oh, no. No. She knew it didn't let her out. She knew somebody else had a scratched wrist. She knew I'd guessed that. Don't you remember? I asked her if her husband had been hurt. I thought that would put the wind up. It did. She'd taken the brooch so we shouldn't think of scratching. When she went back upstairs to get her handkerchief, she put the brooch in her husband's pocket. And today she came down to satisfy me by providin' the scratch on him. Dear woman."

"What do you mean to do, sir?"

"Find the real scratch," said Reggie.

"All right, sir. Where are you taking us?"

"To look for Mrs. Denton where she may be found."

The big car purred away down the valley and crossed the London road and led on eastward. Bell's inspector made an exclamation. "Yes, it beats me," Bell grunted. "He's going into Hampshire. The nephew, Osmond, had a place down there. I suppose Mr. Fortune's on to him. But what makes him think the woman's going there now?"

They drove across miles of heath country, until a village was in sight, when Reggie's hand waved and his chauffeur turned the car off the road into a track under a birch copse.

He jumped out, he beckoned and led the way along the cart track over the heath. Bell caught up with him. "So you're after Osmond, sir?"

"Yes. That's our Mr. Osmond's country cottage." He pointed through the twilight to a little place of raw red brick and roughcast. "Neat and hideous. Mind your step."

They had come to a shallow sand pit. Sitting in it with his head only high enough to look over the heather was Grant. He grinned at Bell, he shook his head at Reggie. "Not yet, sir."

Reggie looked at his watch. "No. She couldn't. That's all right." He waved to the others. "Lie down, lie down." He sat by Grant's side and watched the cottage and the road to it with a still, tireless stare.

Twilight darkened. Along the road, driven fast, came a small car. It stopped at the cottage door and a woman jumped out. She was kept there a moment in talk with the servant who opened the door. She was let in. By that time Grant and Reggie were afoot, swift and silent. They came sideways to the cottage so that they could not be seen from its windows.

In the room on the ground floor, through the open casement, they saw Mrs. Denton standing alone. They stopped. A man came to her, a big man in a dressing-gown. She ran to him. "Oh, Teddy!" she cried.

"What the devil have you come for?"

"But you wired me!" she gasped. She fumbled in her bosom. "I found the wire when I got home. Hugh's killed himself, the fool, the blessed fool. He——"

THE man snatched the telegram from her fingers. "'*Come for God's sake. Teddy,*'" he read. "You fool, what are you up to now?" He clutched at her arm; she gave a cry.

Reggie ran to the cottage and swung a leg over the casement and after him came Grant and Bell. The woman and the man shrank away into a corner of the room. "Mr. John Osmond, I believe?" Reggie said. "Long expected pleasure."

"What the devil do you want?" the man growled.

"You," said Reggie. "I want to see your right wrist."

Grant and Bell put their heavy strength into the struggle. They had the big man down on the floor and his arms spread out.

Reggie came and knelt down by the pinioned wrist. "Oh, yes. You'd covered it with cold cream. But the scratch is bleeding again now. I want some of that blood."

Lily Denton stood watching him with eyes ablaze. "But Hugh confessed," she cried. "He confessed it!"

Reggie turned and laughed at her.

"Let him get up," Reggie rose. "Charge 'em. Take 'em away. Search her."

Osmond was jerked to his feet. Lily Denton threw herself upon him. "Teddy! Oh, Teddy!" she sobbed. "It was worth it. Wasn't it worth it?" He swore at her . . .

IN THE afternoon of the next day, Reggie wandered into Lomas's room and dropped into the biggest chair. His face was dreamy, benign. "It's all right," he murmured. "Blood of our Mr. Osmond, group two. Same as the blood on sofa and old lady's neck. Denton, group four. Evidence conclusive."

"Thank God!" said Lomas. "I do like a fact. We might have been in the soup without that. You've been very imaginative."

"Me?" Reggie gazed at him with large round eyes. "Oh, my dear chap! Not me, no. Work of pure reason."

Lomas laughed. "Bell's still wondering how you knew where poor Denton was."

"Oh, that," Reggie sighed. "Quite easy. Denton had that church tower in his sketch book again and again. Uncommon tower. Soon identified. As it was in a fishin' district, it was obviously his usual resort. I didn't think Bell would have pushed him to suicide. Am I sorry? No. Nothing better for Denton."

"Quite," Lomas nodded. "You know they found Mrs. Denton had a bunch of scorching love letters from Osmond on her."

"Oh, yes. In the bosom of her dress. I thought she had. She put 'em there when she changed, with Bell and me waiting. Couldn't bear to destroy 'em. Very feminine. One kind of feminine. Quite a plain case—when you get the spiritual motives: her passion for Osmond—the old lady's horror—Denton's weakness. Quite simple. The old lady found out the intrigue. Denton wouldn't do anything—couldn't do anything—not man enough. The old lady made up her mind to cut both Denton and Osmond out of her will. I take it the money was to be her last donation to Denton. However. Mrs. Lily and Osmond aren't the kind of people to let an old lady's morals cramp their style. They arranged to murder her and put the murder on Denton. Quite a neat plan. But we should have got 'em without the blood tests. Grant was working up a good case. Swift man Grant—for a policeman. Those three photographs the old lady destroyed were Denton and Mrs. Lily and Osmond. He frightened that out of the maid Agnes. She liked Osmond. She would. Then our Mr. Grant dug up some men who saw a car at the back door. Cambridge sports car. Denton's is a baby Vernon. So Grant buzzed off to Osmond's cottage and he found me down there. I told you the gypsy moth was the crucial fact. The murderer brought up a gypsy moth from the country. Fatal error."

"Very ingenious, Reginald. But Mrs. Denton said Denton had been in the country before the murder."

"Yes. That was ingenious. But she isn't going to prove it. I should say Denton was lying drunk at home. She'd have to arrange that. Well. Our Mr. Grant and me, we found that though lying ill, Osmond hadn't sent for his doctor—but he had the barber in to shave him and made the barber cut his hair—and the barber says his front hair was all singed. Compare burnt hair on the bureau. Good case, without blood tests."

"But what about the telegram that brought Mrs. Denton down to Osmond? He's swearing he never sent it."

"And he won't prove that," Reggie smiled. "Signature fetched her quick. Signature Teddy suggested by the teddy bear Mrs. Lily kept so spruce."

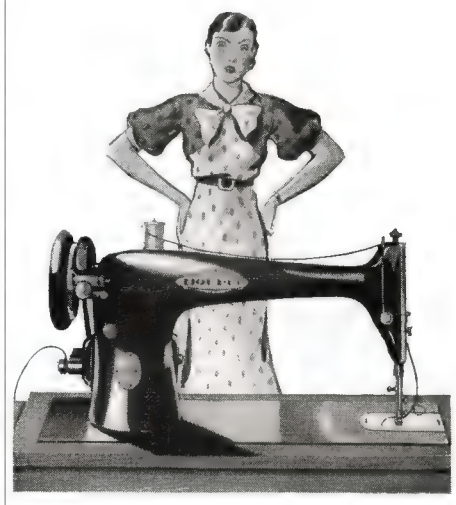
"Quite. The love letters are signed Teddy. But who sent the telegram?"

Over Reggie's face came a slow, benign smile. "That's what these two darlings have to answer," he murmured. "They never will. They can't. Don't worry. Telegram's done its work. Providin' spiritual evidence required. State of soul of persons concerned."

"Good Gad!" Lomas stared at him. "You're ruthless, Reginald."

"Yes. Sometimes," Reggie purred. "That's what I'm for."


# MACHINES *that need* COAXING



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# PENNY HA'PENNY RIDE

*Continued from page 19*

one. Now could I have the three ha'pence, because down the line is where the trolley comes off the wires one day out of every three, and I have to give Mick up ahead a hand putting it back."

"Thank you," she said.

"It'll be real thanks if you'll read it and like it," he said, and went away.

She read the book after her lecture, sitting by the fire at Number 5, T.C.D., where the ladies of the university come to read and smoke between lectures. She read it while Ethne and Muriel chattered about the dance Lady Blanchard was giving for Una at the Royal Dublin Golf Club, while Doreen O'Connor talked about the *viva* in Philosophy with Sheila O'Byrne. Their voices, which were near and lively while she read the first page, faded and paled and blurred as she read on. The sound of the great Irish names, Deirdre and Naise Cuchulain and Conachur Mac Nessa took their places.

He followed her up the stairs next day as soon as she boarded the tram.

"You didn't like it!" he said. "I couldn't tell, you know, just from seeing you on the tram. Yet I thought you'd like it. Will you give it back to me now, and if you thought it was queer and tiresome, I'm sorry."

"But I didn't," she said. "I thought it was beautiful."

"Yes," he said. "The days of the giants. Sometimes you think they're gone altogether, and the world is full of only little people and artificial silk and taxis. But that's not the truth, really. If you know where to find it, there's grandeur in the place yet."

That was a strange thing to say: grandeur in the place. Dublin was gay still, with the tennis parties and really topping shows like the dance Lady Blanchard was giving for Una, but where would anyone look for grandeur? Where particularly would a tram conductor look for grandeur?

For another week, this small secret which Maureen kept to herself, which she never breathed to Ethne and Kathleen and Muriel and Eileen, or her parents, continued to please her and add a touch of the strange and adventurous to her days.

But suddenly it burst its small, neat shell and emerged large, real, and alarming. The tram conductor asked her to meet him in St. Stephen's Green on Sunday morning. He suggested it as if it were natural and to be expected.

"I have a half day Sundays," he said. "I'd like it if I could see you and talk to you more than on the tram. When you read 'Deirdre' and liked it, that was the test, you see."

"Test?" she said.

"Yes. How was I to know what you liked or whether you were just a young lady with no thoughts of anything but tennis parties and Hunt Balls?"

"So I've passed your test?" she said.

"Yes, you have," he said complacently.

"Thank you!" she said.

"Ah, now you're cross," he said. "Meet me Sunday. I have one suit that's not too bad, if you're afraid of that."

"Afraid?" she said. "I'm not afraid. I'm simply not interested."

"Oh," he said. "It's queer though you never took any tram but this, even when we'd begun to talk."

"That's just chance," she said.

"Well, chance a talk with me Sunday," he said. "There's the Shelburne close by, you can fly to, if I frighten you with my wild talk and my Sunday suit."

SHE met him in St. Stephen's Green after Mass on Sunday. She told a small lie to her mother in order to meet him.

His Sunday suit was, as he himself had said, not too bad. It hadn't the nonchalance of Ernest O'Sullivan More's plus fours, tailored in London. It was a little bit clerkly. It was high tea and not late dinner. But his magnificent figure gave him a kind of—well, a kind of grandeur, which Ernest in a blue serge reach-me-down and a bowler would never have possessed.

He was sitting on a penny chair by the lake when she came up.

He took off the bowler hat, and she noticed for the first time the way his hair waved crisply and thickly.

"I'll tell you my name," he said. "It's Patrick Keogh." He waited for her then.

"And mine is Riordan," she said to him.

"What else?"

"Maureen."

"Were you here in the Troubles?" he said.

"No," she said. "I was at school. I was at Saint Brenda's in Sussex."

"Well," he said, "you were well out of it. There's cruelty and bloodshed in all war that no child should see. Still and all, a child can forget what a grown man remembers, because a child sees only the thing, and the man looks behind it, and sees what's going to come from it. A child can read horrible things, that a big strapping fellow like me couldn't bear."

"You were in the fighting?" she asked. Her family had been loyal, and regarded the rebellion as ill-bred.

"I WAS," he said. "I was despatch-runner for Mick Collins, through it all, till he was killed. Am I telling you this, do you think, so you can feel happier knowing I've been side by side with great men and not always on a tram?"

"I don't know," she said.

"I wonder," he said. "Am I, or amn't I? Because that's a small thing to do. You're glad, though."

"Yes," she said. "I——"

He frightened her by saying things right out like that. He wasn't like anyone she'd ever met. Talking to him on a tram and on a Sunday morning in St. Stephen's Green, she felt afraid and strange because he was so different from Charles and Ernest and Desmond and her family. She felt that he differed from them more sharply than just any tram conductor would differ from a dinner-at-eight young man.

"That's over," he said. "Mick is dead, and it's our country to run now, and I'm on the trams. It's only now that matters . . . Do you know Ireland?"

"I was born here," she said.

"Yes," he said. "But you don't get to know a place from being born there. Do you read any Irish?"

No one she knew could read Irish. Her father had had his say about the attempt to revive the Irish language. He thought it was poppycock.

"Well," he said, "you can get on without it. My mother now, she can't read any language, but she can tell you the tales of the great days so your heart would beat to bursting with the beauty of it."

They went on talking, but it was that one phrase which Maureen remembered. "Your heart would beat to bursting with the beauty of it." In all the years she'd known Ernest and Charles, Joseph and Desmond, none of them had ever used words like that. "It was a topping show. Oh, absolutely topping." "That band is not too bad." Suppose suddenly in the midst of a dance, she should say, "That music makes my heart beat to bursting with the beauty of it." They'd think she was balmy, and they'd be right, too, because a dance band would never burst a heart with its beauty. The old tales could do that. The story of Deirdre. The legends of the kings of Tara. Maybe even stories of Mick Collins who was dead.

There were more morning talks on the tram. There was another Sunday meeting in St. Stephen's Green. That was when he mentioned the sign. The sign said, "Ladies' Cloakroom." It stood right in the middle of the park, which made it obvious, of course, that the little underground room to which it pointed was not exactly a cloakroom. Still, Maureen had never thought about whether or not the sign was absurd. Thinking about such a sign would have seemed to her something less than nice; mentioning it was, of course, unthinkable. But Patrick mentioned it.

"Look at that," he said. "Ladies' Cloakroom! In the middle of a park! There's a nasty niceness in this country that would stifle a man. There's a kind of dirty prudery and prissiness that's laid hold of holy Ireland. This you must do, and that you may do, if on the sly, and the greatest commandment of them all is 'Thou Shalt Not Be Found Out.' You think I'm out of my head, don't you?"

"No," she said. She didn't know what she thought. She was still prickling with embarrassment about the sign.

"I want you to come (*Turn to page 78*)


# It's safer and *more economical* to put dollar bills under rugs than to buy a "*cheap*" rug cushion!

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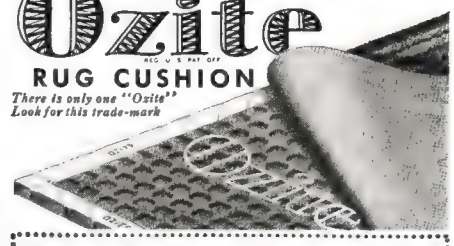

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| 5243 | 25 | 5262 | 45 | 5279 | 50 | 5297 | 50 | 5314 | 25 | 5331 | 45 | 5349 | 40 |
| 5244 | 50 | 5263 | 50 | 5280 | 25 | 5298 | 35 | 5315 | 45 | 5332 | 25 | 5350 | 45 |
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| 5248 | 25 | 5266 | 25 | 5284 | 25 | 5301 | 45 | 5318 | 25 | 5335 | 50 | 5353 | 50 |
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| 5253 | 45 | 5271 | 50 | 5289 | 50 | 5306 | 25 | 5323 | 45 | 5340 | 50 | | |
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| 5255 | 35 | 5273 | 50 | 5291 | 35 | 5308 | 25 | 5325 | 50 | 5343 | 25 | | |
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## PENNY HA'PENNY RIDE

*Continued from page 77*

down to Navin with me," he said, "and see my mother. She's one of the real Irish. Her manners would put your Lady Whatshername to shame because they're natural. There's none of this niceness about her, none of this town mincingness that's ugly as a street in Manchester. There's pride and beauty that's real."

Then she was really afraid, because if he were to take her to meet his mother, then surely she should bring him home with her. He'd lent her, right off, the book that he loved; now he wanted to take her to his home. What did she like best in the world? The little group of men and girls who went to race meetings and dances and tennis parties. And her parents, of course. The house on Wellington Road where the brass always shone and tea was served daintily by the waitress in a starched print uniform. If she couldn't face the thought of her father and mother's meeting him, the thought of what Charles and Ernest, Kathleen and Ethne would say about him, then she ought to stop seeing him and talking to him.

She couldn't stop. It was as if she had begun to drink in secret and now that secret intoxication were necessary to her. No, that wasn't it. It was as if for a little while every day she had wandered away to a place where the air was gloriously fresh and bracing, and now she would feel smothered without that little while.

She was really afraid. The absolutely topping show, the dance Lady Blanchard gave for Una at the Royal Dublin Golf Club had been, and was over. Maureen for the first time in her life had found a really nice dance deadly dull. All through it, to tear the blanket of dullness from her, she'd very nearly said some wild things. She'd very nearly asked Charles Shaw-Gordon whether he knew the tales of Deirdre and Naise.

Surely the dance, Lady Blanchard, smart clothes and the Ward Union Stag Hounds, and Wellington Road, were the real, the important, the comely and durable things. These meetings with a tram conductor whose mother was illiterate and lived in a dirt-floored cabin in the County Meath, these wild conversations about beauty and natural goodness and the nastiness of niceness, were sheer madness.

In May there was a bank holiday. Charles Shaw-Gordon invited Maureen to drive to the Vale of Avoca for tea. Charles Shaw-Gordon had a topping two-seater. Maureen took a bus to a small town called Enniskerry in the County Wicklow, and met Patrick Keogh, the tram conductor.

They walked together in Lord Powerscourt's demesne, which is large and wild and very beautiful. They lunched sitting on a grassy slope like bank holiday trippers, which they were, lunched from a packet of sandwiches Patrick had brought from the public house in the village.

After lunch they lay back on the grass and looked at the sky. Maureen was thinking. Wellington Road and Lady Blanchard and nice people, Patrick Keogh and Deirdre of the Sorrows. All at once he rolled over so he was beside her, close beside her. He kissed her. That was why she couldn't give him up, because she wanted so much to have him kiss her. She clung to him, holding him tight around the neck as if she were afraid she would be deprived too soon of his nearness, of his kisses. She needn't have been afraid, because his arms were holding her just as tightly as hers held him.

"Maureen," he said. "Darling. Mavourneen. There should be Irish words for you—soft, lovely words. You're troubled. You're worried to your soul because of you and me. There's everything you've known, there's your mother's drawing-room with the bright brass fender, there are your friends and the tennis parties, and there's me. It's just which you want more. It can't be both, you know that, my dear."

She looked at him and nodded. She couldn't speak. She was so afraid, so troubled.

"You think I despise your way. You think I'm a snob. I'm not, oh, lovely dear, acushla, I'm not. I don't think the cap I wear on the tram is better than the grand shining top hat the men you know wear to the dances. I just think that hats don't matter. A slippery polished floor, or the turf floor in my mother's cabin, what does it matter about hats and floors? Nothing like that, nothing that a wind could sweep away, could set the two of us trembling like we are now.

"Those friends of yours set store by hats. You'd have to go away entirely from their world that's all fenced in with hats and ladies' cloakrooms and the nice things, if you went with me. It's not very strong, the hold it has on you, that nasty niceness, because you loved Deirdre. You gave yourself to kissing me with your whole sweet heart, with grandeur."

"I'd have to leave father and mother," she said. It was half a question.

"Yes," he said. "You would. It will be hard whichever way you choose. There'll be a tearing and a wrenching of the roots you have put down into your kind of life if you leave it. But the other way, there'd be a painful tearing and wrenching, too, because in this little time even we've grown together through the joy of talk and the healthy strong want we have for each other."

"WHY—why shouldn't you know my family, my friends?" she said. "They're like me."

"No," he said. "They're not. You're trying to say to yourself, 'I could have the two of them,' but it's not true, and there's no good soothering away your fear of this choice, by saying there's no need for you to choose. That's not facing what's real. You might say to me, 'You're not facing what's real, when you ask me to marry you and be poor with you.' You could say there'd be no happiness for us, for we would be poor, dear one, we'd be poor. But we'd have what they are dying for the lack of, what their inside hearts are weazening for the want of, what they will never know. We'd have love, and that's real."

"Yes," she said. "But maybe I'm cowardly. Suppose it weren't enough? Suppose something happened to us, to our love, because I wasn't brave enough to face so much change?"

"We'd have something else," he said. "There's a nation coming out of all this small squabbling, conferences and boundary commissions and elections. It's a grand thing to be in on the beginning of a nation. It's a time when a man like me that once was a soldier and now is on the trams, can have a part in making a country. That's real. There's the yeast of Irish nationalism working, and it's a great shame to be shut off entirely from the working of that leaven, instead of living in the real world, your own place, your own nation. You'd like to see the quickening of Irish life, to hear the high talk and the heartfelt theorizing. That you'd have if you were to go with me. That, and love besides."

"Let me—may I just walk with you a little way and think," she said, "and then tell you?"

They walked down the winding road holding hands. They didn't speak.

The car, the Fiat, in which Ernest O'Sullivan More and Ethne Maguire were riding came upon them suddenly. There was a scream of brakes.

Maureen dropped Patrick's hand. Nice people make no show of affection.

"Darling!" said Ethne. "Isn't it a topping day?"

Maureen reached for Patrick's hand again, and held it as she walked over to the car with him beside her.

"Ethne," she said, "this is Patrick Keogh. Patrick and I are going to be married."

**LETTERS!** Don't forget that we are eager to hear from our readers. If there is some feature of Delineator that you particularly like—or even some feature that you violently dislike—write to the Editor. It is our ambition to have you consider Delineator a really friendly magazine

# FOR and AGAINST

**Our readers write us in praise or blame but we welcome them all, for both kinds sure have kick in them**

### DELINEATOR BEGAN IN 1868

DEAR MR. GRAEVE: With a bouquet in one hand and a bunch of dried grass in the other, I address you. The bouquet is for Elizabeth Cook. Does any one write you how utterly delightful she is? If not, an ordinance should be passed forthwith requiring readers to forward at once, to the editor, cut flowers and fresh vegetables for the writers that they enjoy, especially for those who are comparatively new. She is an oasis in the desert.

The dried grass!—When did DELINEATOR become DELINEATOR, if not born that way? I have made the statement that my mother read it about 1870 and then the doubt arose—Was it in existence then? We had some Butterick publication about that time. I remember that the cover was brown and the paper on which it was printed was not white. It did not contain any fiction then and I am sure it was smaller than the magazine of today.

Will you tell me, please, how near right I am.—MRS. C. B. O., *New York City.*

### PRAISE FOR MRS. KEYES

DEAR EDITOR: Having chanced to procure the July DELINEATOR, I very pleasantly and with much interest read Frances Parkinson Keyes' article, "Washington Looks at the Roosevelts." This was a treat. Frances Parkinson Keyes always writes interestingly, but this article rather impresses me with a fine unusual spirit of honesty, since in it so much praise is given Democratic leaders by a dyed in the wool Republican. In order that I may keep up with Frances Parkinson Keyes' articles more certainly, please enter my subscription to your magazine for a year. I shall not only read it, but my patients may have the same pleasure.—C. D. C., *Washington, District of Columbia.*

### VIA DOG TEAM

DEAR OSCAR GRAEVE: Just perusing my last copy of dear old DELINEATOR, which arrives via dog team.

I say "Long live Elizabeth Cook"—and like Abou-ben-Adhem, "may her tribe increase."

I love all the stories, especially the short ones by Olga Moore and Anna Brand. I pass all my magazines on to my neighbors and they do likewise and eventually they reach the end of the trail in some old prospector's cabin or roadhouse.

Miss Batchelder's cooking and philosophy are marvelous, and in fact so is every last editor on your staff. Of all the magazines I get (about fifteen, all told) I feel DELINEATOR is the only one which has improved in every way. The styles are grand and so are the patterns.—MRS. L. O. G., *Nome, Alaska.*

### SHE LIKES THE PATTERNS

DEAR EDITOR: Must show my appreciation of your pattern service for stout women. I am beyond the "stylish stout" stage, and need a really big pattern. No magazine except DELINEATOR shows such patterns in *every* issue. And such patterns! It means a lot to have a smart, well-fitting outfit planned for us *as we are*, and not as we ought to be.

Next, I can say that never once have I read a DELINEATOR story or article that caused me to wish I'd spent the time in a more profitable way.

And last comes Ann (she should have come first)—life would be duller without her pages, certainly. I think she'd be a grand neighbor for a busy farm woman, or for any other woman. I can almost say, "All that I am, or ever expect to be (culinarily speaking) I owe to Ann Batchelder." More success to her, and to you and to DELINEATOR. From a staunch admirer.—MRS. C. F., *Gaza, Iowa.*

### A BRAVO FOR VERA

DEAR DELINEATOR: Please accept my appreciation of and my gratitude for "American Water Gypsies" by Vera Connolly in the August DELINEATOR. How many memories it brought to me of my own young life and the times I spent along the old Chesapeake and Ohio canal, where my chum's grandmother was caretaker at the second lock. How vividly it brought the thrills and experiences back to me and carried me from Arizona, and its over-a-hundred degrees of heat, to the scary-like, mossy depths of the old lock's coolness, as I remembered the hundreds of times I'd ride through on a barge or a pleasure boat in my quest for adventure. I want to tell you how much I enjoyed "gypsying" between the covers of DELINEATOR. Let's go some more places!—E. R., *Roosevelt, Arizona.*

### ENTERTAIN AND INSPIRE

MY DEAR MR. GRAEVE: My check, paying for DELINEATOR for the next three years, is enclosed and it means a small investment with large returns in relaxation, information and enjoyment.

I cannot just "renew" without taking again a moment of your busy day to thank you for what you are doing in maintaining the high tone of this magazine.

There are so few papers in the fiction realm which can be left on the table for the whole family—children included. DELINEATOR is one and never fails to amuse, entertain and inspire.—MRS. N. M., *Fontana, California.*

### A BOUQUET FOR CELIA

DEAR MR. GRAEVE: There is one complaint I must make in regard to your magazine. That is, the absolutely disgraceful way it has of making a woman neglect her household tasks on the day it arrives.

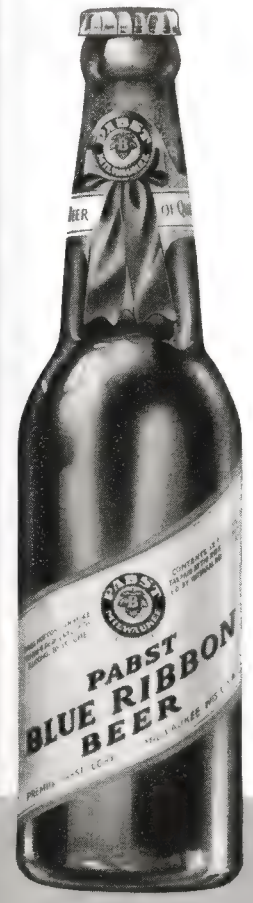
I think you are to be greatly admired for the way in which you give new authors a chance. Often their work is more original and entertaining than that which is praised (I am sure) mainly because a well-known name is attached.

I could not close without mentioning Celia Caroline Cole. She is in a class by herself. Methinks at the witching hour when all others sleep; softly, gowned in diaphanous white, she steals from the house, crosses the dew-soaked grass, slips through the white wicket gate, down the lane, to—perhaps the beach! where, with head thrown back and eyes closed, she *listens.* Listens so intensely that the dulcet whispers of the fairies are not lost to her ears; and perchance the stars drop hints. Next day, the thoughts that she gleaned in the moon-drenched night are conveyed by her pen to her DELINEATOR sisters.—D. A., *Detroit, Michigan.*

### BUT WHAT A BOOSTER!

DEAR EDITOR: There are things I like (particularly Dixie Willson's things, and of course Mr. H. C. Bailey's) and dislike (Wm. Lyon Phelps, your own over-enthusiastic ballyhoo, and the illustrations by whoever illustrated "Whatever Love Is") but perhaps by concentrating my enthusiasm on the artistic side, you will give us more drawings as fine as those by Erté. My delight in the good drawings and stories so far outweighs the displeasure at the rotten and sentimental stories and bad drawings (that I don't read and look at anyhow) that I am grateful to DELINEATOR in spite of them, and am even an enthusiastic booster of your magazine.—MRS. S. T., *Atlanta, Georgia.*

WHO shall decide which is the best of the better beers? Is the answer to be found in public preference? Perhaps. Is it to be found in the opinions of experts? Perhaps. But when both the public and the experts agree, the answer is clear and unquestioned. That's why we say without fear of contradiction, Pabst Blue Ribbon is the best of the better beers.

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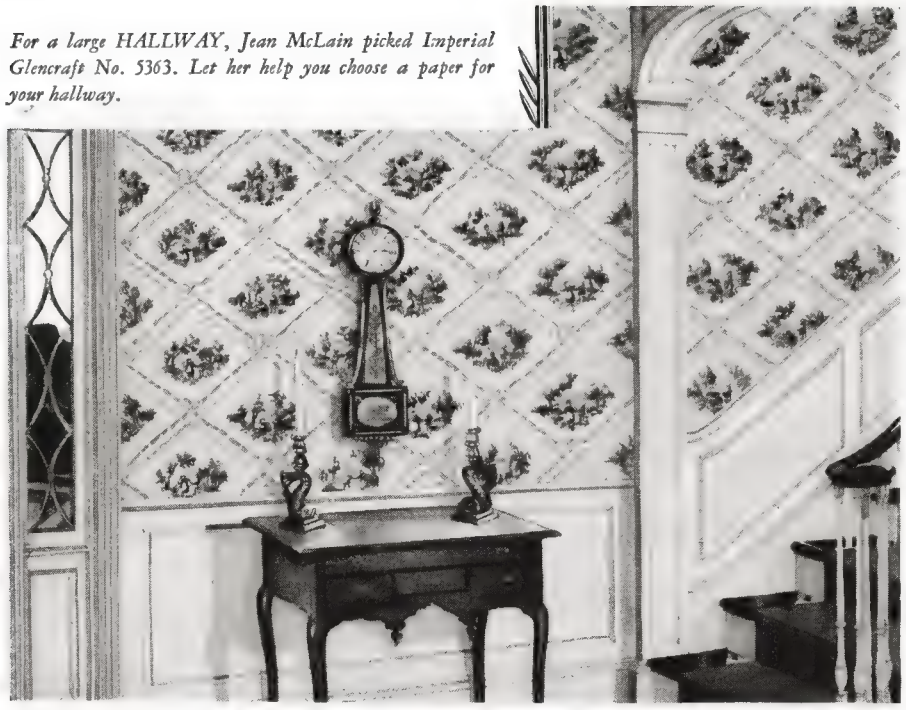

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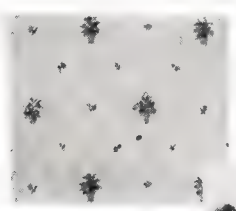
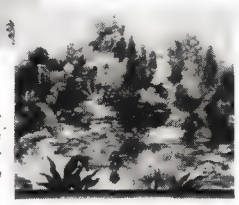
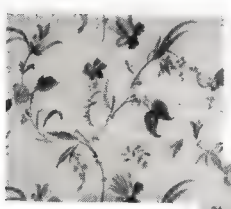


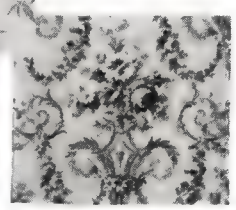
*FOR A BED ROOM—with plenty of sun, Jean McLain would use Imperial Glenfast No. 3453. Her advice is free. Let her help you in your decorating problems.*



*FOR A BATH ROOM—that gets no sunlight, Jean McLain would use Imperial Glenfast No. 5453. Her free advice would be helpful to you.*



*FOR A DINING ROOM—without much sun, Jean McLain's choice would be Imperial Glenfast No. 5343. But since her advice is free, why not ask her for additional suggestions.*



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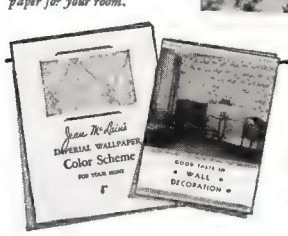


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# EYES TO THE BLIND

*Continued from page 15*

with his treasured savings, a cross-bow to send home to one of his younger brothers for a birthday present; and, as he was proudly showing this off to the George children, the arrow flew out, and lodged in his left eye.

In the horrible days that followed came the sickening and searing foreknowledge of blindness—a foreknowledge the bitterness and desperation of which no one who has never experienced it can guess or gage. For a little while, Thomas saw "as through a glass darkly" with the first eye that had been injured. Then the flickering light went out altogether. All the rest was darkness.

That is, outside. But mind and spirit were nevertheless so illumined that the blind boy went steadily forward along the road to renown. And after he reached Corsicana, Judge Harrold, recovering rapidly from the first shock of surprised discovery, not only encouraged Thomas Gore to carry out his plans, but invited him to live in the house which the Judge shared with his widowed sister.

It was not long before the young lawyer began to prove his mettle. His sparkling eloquence was as moving as his legal knowledge was sound. It became the accepted custom of the countryside to attend any gathering which he was addressing; and so it eventually happened, very naturally, that Nina Kay, who lived in the same vicinity, went to hear Thomas Gore make a political speech. When the meeting was over, the orator of the day was presented to her; and it was shortly after this that she commenced the correspondence which began "as a means of improvement," and which in the end brought something far more splendid.

Just when the letters began to thrill Nina more than they taught her is not a matter of record. But the fact remains that at Christmas time three years later, she married Thomas Gore.

The quiet Christmas wedding put an end to Nina's tentative plan to go to the university as soon as she had saved up money enough from her teaching. And it raised, inevitably, the question of how she and Thomas might both plan together for their united future. He was still in moderate circumstances—to put it mildly—in spite of his established reputation as an orator and as a lawyer; and the moment had come when he again wished to make a definite move and effect a definite change in his life. Nina did the wisest—and the hardest—thing for a woman to do under such circumstances. She gave her husband time and left him free to make his own decision and follow his own destiny.

His mind, thus untrammeled, turned in a wholly unexpected direction. He decided to strike out for Oklahoma Territory—for the Comanche Land of Kiawa. A site called Lawton, near old Fort Sill, was to be opened up for settlement as a town in June, 1901; and at the designated time, Thomas went there, accompanied by his father, and together they opened a registry office.

NINA, who was ill, could not go with them. But she finally arrived, limp with exhaustion, on a "little jerk-water train from Chickasha," at the height of a frightful sandstorm which enveloped countryside and settlement alike in its swirling clouds of dust and lashed them with its seething fury. Her bridegroom, who met her at the station, was so begrimed and disheveled that she scarcely recognized him, and they literally forged their way together to the house of a friendly couple where Thomas had secured a room for their occupancy. A hauntingly horrible winter followed. The weather was bitterly cold. Nina was frightfully ill; and as a culmination of her sufferings, she lost her first baby at the time of its birth.

Eventually, however, the cruel winter ended, as such winters always do. The Gores built a little cottage of their own. A second baby, little Nina, came safely into the world, to be followed some years later by a small brother, Thomas the third. There were, to be sure, intermittent troubles, intermittent tempests.

The little corner cottage which the Gores had built was a center of harmony and happiness. The husband and wife whom it sheltered found, when their crowded days of activity were over, that the long quiet evenings which they spent within its sturdy walls, were periods of mutual helpfulness and close communion and a sense of common causes.

Thomas Gore had always been a great student of government; now Nina studied it with him. She read aloud to him—history, economics, law—absorbing herself much of the material which his photographic memory retained with such vividness; she hunted up the citations for his cases. But all the Gores' evenings were not spent alone or at home, by any means. Of the twenty thousand persons who had encamped in Lawton to "draw the lands," nearly all were young and full of the zest of life; and every degree of culture was represented there.

WITH their manifold inner resources on which to draw, none of the Lawtonites gave much thought to the dearth of outside amusements; and they felt a swelling pride in the form of development which their city took. Since it was all new, since it was built from nothing up, it was built well. Before it was ten years old, it could boast of "improvements" which many an older town could never have had and never would possess.

At first they sufficed—Lawton with its vigorous assurance of future prosperity and the little cottage that was such a haven of learning and quietude—to satisfy Thomas Gore; but that inner urge for activity which always drove him further and further forward, impelled him to become, in 1903, a member of the "Territorial Council," and his term of service there was marked with such distinction, that four years later, when Oklahoma was admitted to the Union as a state, he was its logical and immediate choice for senator. He had followed the light, as he saw it, through thirty years of darkness, and it had led him to the gleaming white building which is the nation's Capitol. The light and Nina. Nina, who for so long had been "eyes to the blind."

That was more than a quarter of a century ago. And in the years that have followed there has been no interruption of that mutual helpfulness, that close communion, that sense of common causes which transfigured the little bridal cottage in Lawton. The setting has been different, of course. There have been city houses and city apartments. There was indeed one house which Nina planned and built herself and which was so outstandingly attractive that within a short time after she had settled her family in it, she received an offer for it that was too tempting to resist. This wholly unpremeditated flight into real estate whetted a natural and unsatisfied taste for going further in a profession for which so many women are beginning to show their aptitude. But such ventures as this and such participation in society as she permits herself—even playing bridge, at which she is an adept—are incidental rather than occupational. The occupation and the preoccupation of her life have been her husband's career: not only one phase of it alone, but every phase of it; and not only his victories, but his defeats.

One day early in 1920 she was passing quickly through the paved resounding corridors of the Capitol when she heard someone calling her, and turning, saw the Vice-President, Mr. Marshall, approaching.

"Look here," he said anxiously, "we want to see your husband re-elected next fall, but he won't be if he persists in opposing our participation in the League of Nations. I've exhausted *my* eloquence trying to argue with him. Isn't there something *you* can say?"

"No, Mr. Vice-President, there isn't a thing," said Nina promptly and cheerfully.. "Tom's following his convictions, just as he did when he opposed our entrance into the war. He recognizes that his convictions aren't shared by his party as a whole, nor by most of his constituents. But he's doing and saying what he believes is right. And I wouldn't try to keep him from doing that, even if I knew it meant the end of his political career!"

She did not change her viewpoint even when election day brought with it the reversal of fortune for Thomas Gore which not only the sagacious Vice-President, but the equally discerning lady, had so clearly foreseen. Nina stayed by the telephone most of election night, taking the returns as long as

they came in; and when, early in the "cold gray dawn of the morning after," she knew that the tide had turned irrevocably against her husband, she went to bed and slept soundly for the brief remainder of the night. The next day she faced him blithely across the breakfast table at which she was consuming a hearty meal.

At last the evident buoyancy of her spirits moved her husband to remonstrance.

"You don't seem to be much discouraged," he said despondently. "Don't you realize what's happened?"

"I'm not," she replied, "and I do. But what of it? It's too bad, in a way, that we've sold our house, but I'm going to start straight back to Washington and find an apartment for us. We've got this winter, anyway. And after that—well, you're a lawyer still, aren't you? You can resume active practise again, can't you, in Oklahoma and Washington both? Why, I take it for granted that you'll do better than you ever have before!"

ACTING on this assumption, Nina returned to Washington, rented an apartment directly opposite the British Embassy, replenished her wardrobe and invested in a new car. She was determined that if she and her husband were to pass out of the political picture, the final "close-up" should show them with heads held high and flags flying.

Not that she cared herself about the fashionable residence, and the fashionable clothes, and the fashionable car; as a matter of fact, she spent a good many secretly anxious hours wondering "how it would come out." But she knew the effect that these possessions would have upon Thomas Gore. He needed stimulation, not condolences; he needed to be made to feel that he could meet expenditures, not that he would be forced to retrench. And in facing these exigencies, Nina did something for him that was even more important than what she had done in spending those endless hours reading aloud to him. For someone else, perhaps, could have been found—at a price—who could and would have done that. But no one else could have interpreted with such unfailing clarity of vision his mental and spiritual needs.

When, in 1921, Thomas Gore left the Senate, it was to the infinite regret of his colleagues; and for a time his participation in politics was intermittent and subordinate to his practise of law, which as Nina had predicted, flourished as it never had before. It was not until the first rumblings of the 1929 campaign were faintly heard in the distance, that his latent yearning to enter the arena again stirred and swelled. With a sense of hesitancy he recognized the increasing force of this yearning. There were many reasons—or so it seemed to him—why he should seek to stifle it. And yet, there it was. At last he dealt with his problem as he had dealt with so many others.

He had lain awake all night considering it. Impending dawn began to permeate the room with its faint translucence and still his perplexity persisted. He spoke, very softly.

"Nina," he said, "are you awake?"

She had always been awake when he needed her. She was awake now. He told her all that was in his thoughts. He was still talking to her when the full radiance of morning, annihilating the last shadows, poured through the windows.

"I am going to leave it to you," he said at last, "whether I shall run for the Senate again or not."

A few hours later, reassured, exhilarated, armed, with the response and the counsel she had given him, he left Washington for Oklahoma—the announced candidate in a campaign which ended in triumph.

Once again, Nina Kay Gore had proved herself "eyes to the blind."

## THAT WOMAN

*Continued from page 39*

"Hush, now Jimmetts," she said. "You'll be fed in an hour, little sweet lamb."

But he kept on crying out his hearty grief.

The visiting nurse said it was good for him to cry. But suppose there were something wrong, something the nurse wasn't expecting? Suppose he were in pain? What more could he do but cry like this, whatever was wrong with him? And what if he were just sad and lonely, left here by himself?

With a guilty glance over her shoulder, she caught him up; he gave a few last sobs, his downy head bumped against her shoulder. He was looking about him now, interested, perfectly content; she could feel the beating of his heart, hear his light, quick breathing. This was all in the world he wanted; just to be in her arms.

She put on his blue and white knitted jacket and wrapped a blanket about him, and started down the stairs with him, slowly. Halfway down she heard voices in the kitchen. Mrs. Donahue must have run in from next door. That was a good thing; Mrs. Donahue admired Jimmetts. Perhaps she was talking about him now . . .

"It's a sin and shame!" Mrs. Donahue was saying.

Agnes stood still, to hear what was a sin and a shame.

"You wouldn't believe it," Mrs. Donahue went on. "But my boy was driving the car himself, taking me over to see Annie—and there they were! On the boulyvard, it was, and the car drawn up at the side of the road. And there was herself, sitting up in front, alongside of your fine Frank, and the two of them eating and drinking things out of a basket she had there. And her fluttering her eyes at him, and smiling, and paint on her mouth."

"Frank had his job to think of," said Mrs. Kevin, austerely.

"It was no job he was thinking of, when *I* saw him," said Mrs. Donahue. "The way he was looking at her! Them rich women! You can read in the papers the way they carry on. He's a good-looking boy, too, that fine Frank of yours."

"That's no crime," said Mrs. Kevin.

"It's a crime the way he don't come home at all to Agnes and the baby."

"You've no call to say that," said Mrs. Kevin. "It's hard enough to find a good job these days, and he'd be the fool of the world to give up the one he's got, and him a married man with a child. Let you take another cup of tea now."

"I've got my man's dinner to get ready," said Mrs. Donahue. "How's the baby?"

"He's fine," said Mrs. Kevin. "And why wouldn't he be? Agnes has got all the new ways with him. Well, good night to you, Mrs. Donahue."

The back door closed after the guest, and Agnes came on down the stairs and into the kitchen.

"Ah! There he is!" said Mrs. Kevin, and pulled forward the old rocking-chair.

Not by word or inflection did she show any sign of triumph at seeing the nurse's orders so flouted. "Don't take him up when he cries," that nurse was always saying. "You'll have him spoiled in a week, if you do." "Is it spoiled you call it for a child to be in his mother's arms?" Mrs. Kevin would retort.

Every day, almost every hour Agnes had found her mother's obstinate clinging to the old ways an irritation and an obstacle. But not now. Now she saw that gaunt and tight-lipped woman as a friend, immeasurably loyal.

WITH the baby in the kitchen, Mrs. Kevin moved about quietly, not rattling the pots and pans as was usual with her. But she had to be angry with someone, because of the pain it gave her to see Agnes so pale and quiet, sitting there with the baby in her arms.

"The landlord has a right to put in a new boiler!" she cried. "I'll have to put on the kettle, to have enough water for his bath."

"Mrs. Donahue'd better stay home . . . and mind her own business," said Agnes, with a sob in her throat. "Why *shouldn't* Frank be sitting beside her? And why shouldn't they—be eating together? If he'd ever had a chance in his life, he'd be—something better than he is now. If he didn't have a wife and child to look after, he wouldn't have to be—a chauffeur."

"Hush, now!" said her mother, gently.

"Mrs. Donahue—makes me so angry——"

"She's a good woman," said Mrs. Kevin. "It's only jealousy is troubling her. No child of hers was ever so smart (*Turn to page 82*)


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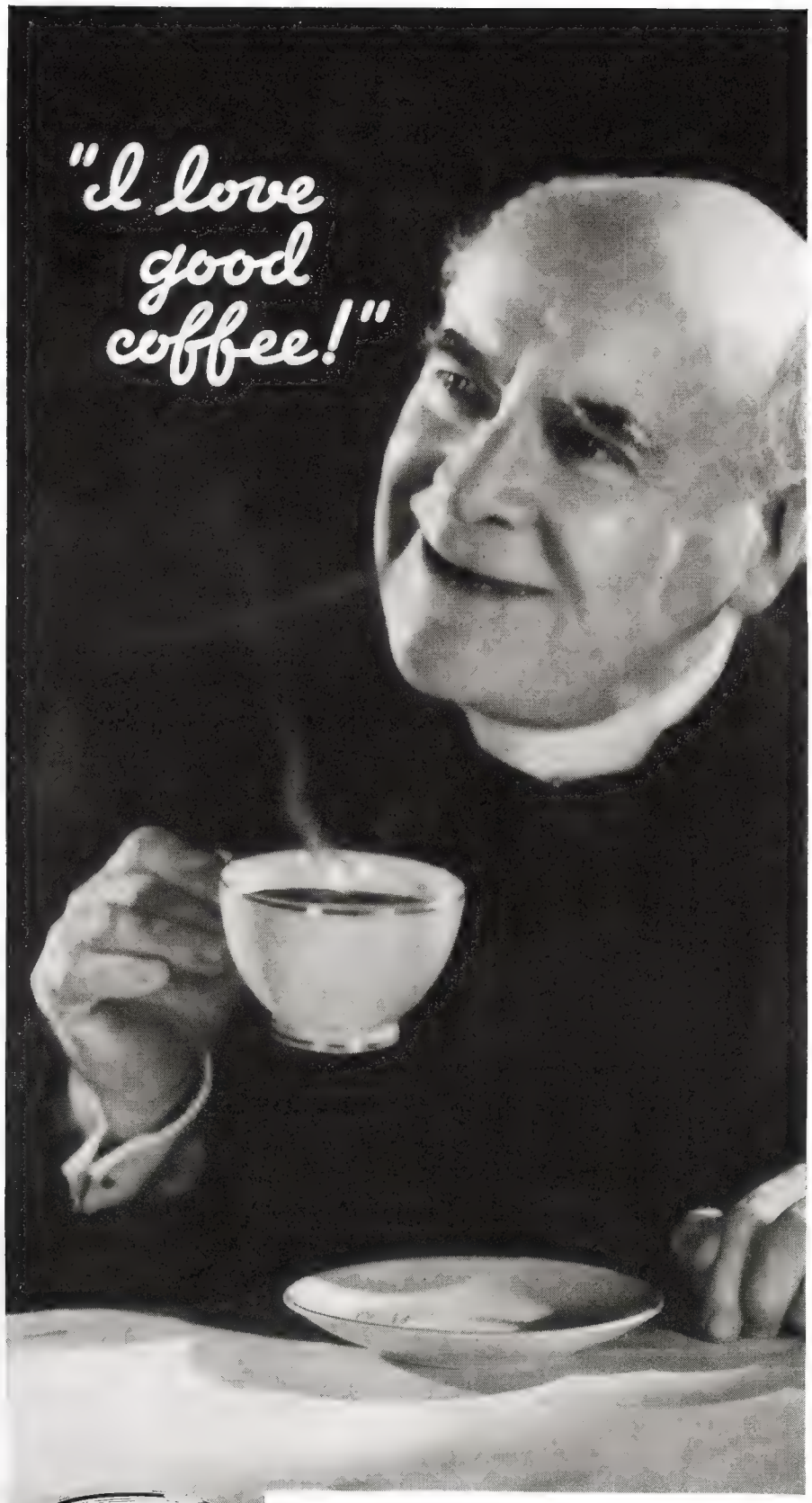

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# THAT WOMAN

*Continued from page 81*

as you, and you going through the high school and getting a fine job in an office."

"I suppose you think—I was a fool—to marry Frank."

"There's no pleasing you at all," said Mrs. Kevin, with a sigh, and they both fell silent.

And both were remembering those days, only a little more than a year ago, but so remote now, when Agnes had her job.

"In that little black suit, with her white gloves and all . . ." thought Mrs. Kevin. "And pink on her nails, and her getting her hair waved . . ."

IT WASN'T the baby that had so changed her. It was Frank. As soon as he'd begun coming to the house, Agnes had been different.

"Him, with his high and mighty airs," thought Mrs. Kevin. "There she'd sit, and leave him do all the talking, and her just looking at him. Well, what is it about him?"

What was it about him, that from the very beginning he could come into this house with his conqueror's air?

"Calling me mother, right at the start," she thought, scornfully.

But her scorn had a heart-ache in it. Oh, he had a way with him! If he was bold as brass, he could be tender too. The night the baby was born . . .

"It's time Frank was here," she observed.

"And if he's half an hour late, you'll be saying all sorts of things!" cried Agnes.

The telephone rang, and she sprang up.

"Take the baby!" she said, and ran out into the hall.

"Is it you, Agnes?"

"It's me, Frank."

"I can't come home tonight, sweetheart. They're going to a show——"

"Frank! You promised!"

"Be reasonable!" he said, laughing. "I thought they weren't going out. But they've changed their minds."

"It's—not fair! It's four days——"

"Don't I know it, darling? I've been longing for the sight of you. But tomorrow I'll be coming, sure."

"You said it was sure today."

"I thought it was. But tomorrow——"

"I've just *got* to see you tomorrow, Frank!" she cried.

"You will, darling!" he assured her. "Now tell me, how's the boy?"

"He's fine, Frank."

"And yourself? Are you smiling now, darling?"

"Yes," she said, and curved her lips in a faint little smile. But all the time she was thinking: "He's only three miles away . . . and I can't see him . . ."

In the beginning, when he had first got that job, he had got home often. If he were sent to the station to meet a train, or on an errand, he would leave early, so that he could stop for a few moments and see her. And all the days were filled with that expectancy; he might come in at any time.

And how had it come about, this change, which she could scarcely define, yet which altered all her life? She lay awake that night, thinking of it.

"Doesn't he love me any more?" she thought.

No! He did love her! When he came, he was so tender, so ardent, so happy with her and the baby. She would have known, soon enough, if he had changed toward her.

"It's not that," she thought. "It's—that woman."

She had steadfastly refused to admit this, ever before, when he had talked about Mrs. Callender, and how pretty she was, how good-natured. Even when he had ceased to talk about her at all, Agnes had denied in her heart that Mrs. Callender could matter. But now she did not deny it. Now she remembered Mrs. Donahue's words, and a picture rose before her, of Frank, with his bold, handsome face, laughing into that woman's eyes.

"She's wicked! She's cruel! She's horrible! She's got everything. She can buy lovely clothes, and keep her hair waved and her hands nice. And Frank—notices things like that. Maybe he wouldn't have cared for me, when we first met each other, if *I* hadn't looked nice. And now . . ."

Now she was almost always tired, with the baby to look after; her hair was a soft, unruly cloud about her face. Jimmetts took her time, her thought, her energy; Jimmetts was making her into this pale, tired creature . . .

"That woman," she thought. "She's taking Frank away from Jimmetts and me."

Maybe Frank didn't even know that. That woman, with her beautiful clothes, and her carefully nurtured charm could cast her spell upon him, and he wouldn't realize it. He would only know that his home was a poor, shabby little place, that his wife was pale and tired . . .

"I won't be!" she thought. "We won't lose him, Jimmetts . . ."

She had not the time or the money for a wave, but she could put in those combs. She could work over her nails.

"Whatever are you doing at all?" whispered Mrs. Kevin from the doorway.

"Putting up my hair. Is that a crime?"

"It's one o'clock in the morning!"

"What do I care what time it is?"

Why did they have to speak so—like enemies? Her mother, this was, this gaunt woman with her deep blue eyes and hair gray at the temples, her mother, who loved her as she herself loved Jimmetts.

"Mother!"

"There, there, my baby! Let me brush your hair for you. Come into my room, the way we won't wake himself."

The little house was so still, so lonely, with just the two women and the little sleeping baby; all the life was gone out of it, when Frank was not here.

"Make him come back! Make him *want* to come back!"

She could be pretty, too . . . and perhaps the old times would come back. Perhaps this very morning Frank would come in, as he had used to do. She got up early, to make the house neat, to dress herself and Jimmetts. He might come, the door might open, and she would hear his voice.

"Hel-*lo*, Agnes!"

She was sure he would come; she went about her work, filled with a nervous gaiety and hope. She just *felt* that he would come. And then, suddenly, while she was dusting the sitting room, that hope fell dead.

She flung down the duster, and ran to the telephone, her heart racing. Because she had begun to think things she could not endure . . .

"Is that Mrs. Callender's residence?" she asked, in her soft little voice. "May I speak to the chauffeur, please?"

"He's out," answered a voice with a singsong Norse drawl.

"Then would you please ask him to ring up Agnes the moment he comes in?"

"Ring up Agnes," repeated the voice, and the receiver was hung up with a click.

"He may be out all morning," she told herself. "It's not fair to feel—angry at him—because he doesn't ring up."

ONLY perhaps it wasn't anger that so shook her. Perhaps it was fear. The little house was too neat, too quiet; there was a *feeling* in it that he wasn't going to fling open the door and come in laughing . . .

At ten o'clock, she took Jimmetts upstairs for his nap; she held him tight in her arms, and his little downy head bumped against her.

Such a good baby! She laid him in his crib, and he looked up at her, calmly; he was bathed and fed, and warmed by the sun; he felt so safe and comfortable, and didn't know how tiny and how helpless he was.

The telephone rang, and Agnes raced down the stairs.

"Frank . . . Hello, Frank, darling . . ."

"Listen, Agnes!" he said, and at the first word, her heart grew cold. Because his voice wasn't tender and gay; it was impatient. "I asked you before not to ring me up at the house——"

She had always been gentle with Frank; too gentle, perhaps. Something new rose in her heart now.

"Well, why shouldn't I?" she cried. "Can't I ever speak to my own husband, when I don't see him for days?"

"I was going to ring you up. You know I always come when I can. But——"

"Why shouldn't I telephone to you?" she demanded, in a voice he had never heard before. And his quick temper responded instantly to that tone.

"They're all asking me now who Agnes is," he began. "All making a joke of it——"

"A joke!" she cried. "For your own wife—"

"If you'd waited a while, I'd have called you," he said. "I asked you not to ring me."

"And they don't know who Agnes is?" she demanded.

"No, they don't," he answered, as curtly as she. "If you'd waited——"

"Are you coming home today?"

"Now, see here! You know I come any time I can. But this evening there's——"

"All right!" she said, unsteadily. "All right!" And hung up the receiver.

She had never known that she could feel such anger as this; it was a sort of ecstasy, a flame burning in her; her eyes were brilliant, a rich color in her cheeks.

"So that's the way it is!" she thought. "That woman doesn't know he's married. He doesn't want her to know."

Mrs. Kevin was putting their lunch on the kitchen table. She said nothing when her child entered, did not look up.

"She heard," thought Agnes. "All right!"

Let her hear. She had seen, long ago, that Frank didn't want to come home. She knew. Everyone in the neighborhood must know.

"Sit down, Agnes!" said her mother.

The food had no flavor to her. She did not need food or drink to sustain her; that anger was enough; it warmed and nourished her. Let him stay away! She had Jimmetts, and she had her mother.

"But I'd just like to see that woman," she thought. "Just see what she looks like."

The wish grew with monstrous speed. She wanted just to set eyes on that woman who could keep Frank away—just see her, in her fine clothes, with those airs, those graces, that had captivated him.

"I think I'll take Jimmetts out—for a bus ride."

She spoke gaily. Her mother smiled, too, but in their eyes was a mute and immeasurable understanding. Sometimes their words to each other were sharp, but beneath and beyond all words lay that understanding.

Jimmetts awoke with an unconvincing fit of crying. He wasn't hungry, nothing ailed; he wanted nothing but the attention of one of his two servitors. Even after Mrs. Kevin had taken him in her arms, he sobbed a bit.

"He's getting spoiled," said Agnes, severely. "He wants to be taken up all the time."

"It's a small thing to be wanting," said Mrs. Kevin.

It was a small thing to want, just to be held to a heart that loved him.

Agnes put on his blue and white cap, and his best white dress, and his socks.

As she carried him down the stairs, he clung to her, and somehow that melted her anger; she had to fan the flame, had to remind herself that Frank had betrayed this little creature as cruelly as he had betrayed her. She walked to the bus in a hurry.

"I JUST want to see her," she told herself. It was a nice ride in the bus. They passed houses with wide lawns where a baby could play. . . . Jimmetts didn't have a wide lawn, and a big, airy room; Jimmetts had so little.

The conductor helped her out of the bus, and patted Jimmetts' cheek.

"What'll you sell him for?" he asked.

Everyone noticed Jimmetts; everyone could see how wonderful he was—except Frank.

She knew where the house was. She knew what she meant to do—but she would not admit that knowledge until she stood outside the iron gates.

Then she acknowledged it. She had not come "just to see." She meant to be seen.

"I'll go up to the front door," she thought. "I'll just say that Frank's wife wants to speak to him."

And she wanted the housemaid to convey that knowledge to Mrs. Callender. She wanted Mrs. Callender to see Jimmetts.

It was a big house, more imposing than she had expected; there was a stone terrace before it, covered by a striped awning, and set out with comfortable chairs, and little tables. Frank lived here . . . and she was walking in the dust, carrying their baby, hot, weary, neglected . . .

A bend in the drive gave her a clear view of the end of the terrace, and she saw her. It must be she, that slender, blond woman lying back in a wicker chair, reading, and smoking a cigaret. Agnes stopped short, to take in every detail. A beautiful woman, in a sleeveless white frock that showed the golden tan of arms and neck, a woman who could spend what time she pleased in the sun, who played tennis, who lay on the sand in an audacious bathing-suit . . . a woman who had everything . . .

THE sound of a car's wheels on gravel made her step hastily aside, behind a clump of shrubbery. Just in time too; the car was coming round the end of the house, from the garage. Now she would see them together.

But she had not known it would be like this, had not imagined that the sight of Frank would hurt so. He had got out of the car, and ran up the steps of the terrace; in his smart uniform he looked, she thought, like a young soldier, an officer; he looked as if he belonged there . . .

"Well?" said Mrs. Callender, glancing up.

It was such a glance as Agnes had expected, slow, provocative, half smiling. And Frank stood looking down at her, smiling himself.

He smiled at Mrs. Callender exactly as he smiled at any of Agnes's friends, with exactly that bold, gay assurance. She was a beautiful woman, a wealthy woman, she belonged to a different world. But what did *he* care? It was as if his laughing eyes saw into her heart, and found it no different from another woman's heart.

"Will you want to go to the country club?"

No "madam," no formality; only that air of ready obligingness he had for any woman.

"No," she answered. "I'm sick of the place . . . I think I'll——"

She looked up, startled at the sound of Jimmetts' cry; Frank turned his head.

In despair Agnes tried to quiet the child, still standing concealed by the shrubbery. She had only one thought in her mind now, to get away unseen. Her bitterness, her grief, had vanished, lost in an immense pride, arrogant and exultant.

It wasn't Mrs. Callender who was enticing Frank, keeping him captive. He didn't care for Mrs. Callender any more than for another. He was no victim; he was a conquerer, bold, free, careless.

"Jimmetts," she whispered. "Oh, hush! *Don't!*"

It would be horrible if Mrs. Callender should see them now and guess who they were. A flushed, tired, dusty girl and a crying baby—Frank's wife and child. He wouldn't be a conqueror any more, wouldn't be free and careless. Mrs. Callender would not admire him as she did now.

But Jimmetts cared nothing at all for Mrs. Callender or for anyone. He cried passionately, with all his heart, his little feet kicking against her arm, as if he wished to get down and run away from her. She could not stand there, like a beggar, like someone ashamed; she stepped out into the drive.

"Frank! See what the woman wants!" said Mrs. Callender with a quick frown.

"I want to speak to the—cook," said Agnes, clearly.

"Then go to the back——"

She had taken care not to look at Frank. She was startled to find him beside her.

"Let *me* take him!"

That high and mighty air didn't work with Jimmetts. He cried and kicked more than ever.

"Whose is it?" asked Mrs. Callender, laughing.

"He's mine," said Frank, proudly. "And it's my wife has brought him."

He wasn't denying her and Jimmetts. He was proud of them. He was looking down at Agnes with that smile; Mrs. Callender was saying something, but he did not hear. He did not care what she said or thought. And neither did Jimmetts; he shut his eyes tight and screamed.

"You'd better drive your family home," said Mrs. Callender, with an air of cool amusement. But she wasn't amused. Her face, seen at close range, wasn't really young; her smile was bitter. She didn't have everything. It was Agnes who had everything.

Agnes got into that grand car, in the front seat, beside Frank, and Jimmetts liked that, and stopped crying. Mrs. Donahue would see them coming home like this . . .

"Agnes," said Frank, "if you knew how I'd been missing you. Only, what could I do at all? She saying she didn't like a married chauffeur, the way they were always wanting to run home. It's the truth too."

She knew it was the truth. He had always wanted to come home to her, only he didn't know how to get away. He was broad-shouldered and stalwart and confident, yet he was so easily deflected.

He had needed her to come and get him.


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# EACH IN HER OWN DAY

*Continued from page 11*

Leon. The top sheet was marked simply Johann Strauss. She repeated the name vacantly to herself. And then, reaching up, she turned the cover, and started to play.

Suddenly, as the waltz floated in a slow, beautiful voice around her, it seemed to her that she saw and heard all that was luminous, all that was different. Strange hands laid hold of her. With sweet violence she was torn, carried, claimed. "What is this music?" she felt, as everything in her answered to the tripping, swaying sounds in the air. Then, in a flash, she knew. For the first time Miss Minerva, her mother, Millbrook—the town where she had lived all her life—were outdistanced. This music belonged to another world, her grandmother's secret world, and it was this world that she wanted.

Vaguely she heard a commotion on the stairs. Aunt Viney had reappeared magically at the sound of her mistress's footsteps, and was protesting vehemently, "Ain't de doctor done wahn you 'gainst climbin' down dese staihs? Do, Lawd! You gwine be low-sick dis time sho'!"

Victoria stopped playing, and stared through the open door into the hall. She began to pray that a thunderbolt would strike her before her grandmother reached her, or that the ground would crack wide and swallow her up.

"Hush, Viney," she heard her grandmother say evenly, admirably, "I can die now. I haven't heard Strauss played like that since I was in Vienna."

Victoria put one hand over the other, to keep them from trembling. Then she stood stone-still, beside the piano, as her grandmother entered the room. She walked steadily to her lady's chair, and sat with her back to the waning light.

"Don't let me interrupt you, Victoria," she continued. "Leave us now, Viney. I came to hear Victoria play."

But now it came to Victoria that her fingers were numb, that such was the power of old Mrs. De Leon's presence she could not play.

"I don't know why I played your music—" she clenched her fingers tightly—"only I played mine and the notes stayed on the paper, they didn't dance at all. I wanted, oh, I wanted to make them dance for you!"

Old Mrs. De Leon shifted her llama-wool shawl so the lace fell across her hands like a shadow. "You have played only trash until the Strauss— But now you know, and Jefferson Avenue can never hold you!"

"They were terrible," Victoria declared; "such baby pieces." She felt an obscure happiness. Her grandmother, she was sure, understood the strange way the broken fan in the curio cabinet, and the lady and man dancing, had influenced her playing, had made her want to play, and yet, had made her want to escape them forever. "I am going to Vienna to study, when I am a little older," she announced calmly, as if Vienna were across the street.

Old Mrs. De Leon nodded sharply, almost in command, and Victoria had an impression of the bitter and the sweet in her, hopelessly confused. She saw something else too: it was that the bitterness, and not the sweetness, had kept her alive. Now, unexpectedly, when her granddaughter talked of going to Vienna, her bitterness had gone, and left her smiling, sweetly, happily.

They were silent for a minute, and Victoria was certain that when her grandmother spoke again she would discard all pretense, she would speak, at last, of her own secret ambition to become a musician, of the secret music she had made here in her golden room, and of the secrets she had learned in her spiritual isolation that had caused even her daughters to look with suspicion upon her, but that would cast all doubt from her granddaughter's mind. In the warmth of her confidence, the years between them would melt like frost, and Victoria, in turn, would talk of her secret ambition to be like her—to be as beautiful, and as talented, and as mysterious.

"I'm glad you spoke of Vienna," old Mrs. De Leon said presently. "I have willed you what money I have, enough to take care of that. This house, and the rest, go to Evelina and Judith and May."

"Oh, but you can't die, you mustn't die!" Victoria protested, yet she was aware that while she denied it, something in her, some indecently selfish part of her had not only apprehended but accepted her grandmother's death as a natural catastrophe. What she felt but could not put into words was that there was something decadent about this old woman playing Strauss waltzes in the candlelight.

"Oh, yes," old Mrs. De Leon laughed, and for a moment her radiance infused a glow into the room, "it is your day now. I have nothing more to live for. You wouldn't have me linger unloved, past my day, would you, my dear?"

"You wouldn't be living past your day," Victoria cried, and in her hard young heart for the moment, she really believed it. "I'd rather keep you, and your golden room, than have all the music in the world!"

Old Mrs. De Leon wrapped her llama-wool lace shawl closer about her shoulders, as if a chill had already penetrated to her bones. "No," she repeated despairingly, "I sha'n't live past my day."

Victoria went up to her, and knelt beside her on the floor. "I am going to Vienna and learn to play," she murmured caressingly, "because you went there, and I'd rather be like you than anybody in the world. I'll be just Victoria Beaumont, and I'll never play under any other name!"

A flush of pleasure dyed the delicate texture of old Mrs. De Leon's cheeks, and she looked suddenly young and loved. "Nobody knows—" her voice dropped to a whisper "nobody knows what that will mean to me!"

Victoria waited tensely for her next words. Wasn't there something out of her long, secret experience she could pass on to her? Something that would guide her, help her in her own struggle for the same end?

Old Mrs. De Leon lifted her hands, and a wave of energy seemed to flow through her finger-tips as she clasped her granddaughter's shoulders. "I only hope, my dear," she said in her admirable voice, "that you will be as happy with your music as I was with your grandfather!"

Then, as swiftly as it had arisen, the ardor in her gesture vanished. She sat up, very erect, in her lady's chair, her lace falling across her bosom like a shadow. She was more than ever enigmatic, a figure of mystery.

VICTORIA struggled to her feet but still she lingered. Was this all? Had her grandmother's life in Millbrook, with her husband, been all sufficient, as she now implied? Then, what of her secret music, what of the times she had stolen down the stairs in the dead of night to her piano? What of the whispered scandals of Millbrook, that even her daughters shared; that she would have stayed in Vienna if it hadn't been for the War; that she hadn't loved General De Leon as she had loved her music . . . or perhaps someone, far away in Vienna, who was associated with the music she loved so madly?

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# "I COULDN'T TELL MY DOCTOR the Torture I Suffered!"

*. . . An affliction I had to bear in silence, it was so embarrassing!*

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As the questions throbbed in her mind, Victoria saw the room, with all its familiar objects, fading away. She had loved it, but it had never belonged to her; it belonged to her grandmother, who was dying, and who was telling her that she hoped her music would make her as happy as she had been with her grandfather, when everybody doubted that she had loved her grandfather at all! It belonged with the past, with the Millbrook she was leaving, with the part of her that might have remained in Millbrook.

"Take the Strauss with you," her grandmother was saying in an unnaturally light voice, "and all the others, Beethoven and Brahms—whatever is there. You are not quite up to them, but you will love them as well. Now tell me goodbye. No, don't kiss me—" she flinched as Victoria fell back—"old ladies were never meant to kiss. Take one of my japonicas instead."

Victoria glanced quickly round the room, and a quiver ran through her heart as she felt that this was really goodbye, she was seeing her grandmother sitting erect in her lady's chair with the golden light haloing her for the last time. The golden walls and the familiar objects would never seem the same when she was dead. Whatever secret they held, or power they had over her, would be gone forever.

She selected a japonica from the bowl, and turned away. Outside, there was a faint movement of air through the waning sunshine, which showed that autumn was beginning to come with evening. She did not run straight home, as she had come, but walked back of her grandmother's house through a strange little blind footpath to the vacant lot where the crêpe myrtles grew in towering bushes. At the far end of the lot there was one taller than the rest, and here she paused, sniffing the perfume of the lush, heavy blooms greedily, until she could no longer smell the acrid rose leaves of the drawing-room that still clung to her.

After a while she stuck the japonica in the damp earth close to the big root of the crêpe myrtle and stretched herself on the ground. She had rested under the crêpe myrtle dozens of times before, but today she lay perfectly still, listening to the beating of her heart and thinking about her grandmother.

At first she experienced delight that she was not dying; then the thrill of her music and her determination to go to Vienna returned, powerful, possessing, and at last excluding even the thought of old Mrs. De Leon. Her hard young heart breathed it, felt happiness, and said:

"I'm going. I knew all the time I was going. Nothing in the whole world could stop me from going to Vienna some day . . ."

A long breath shuddered through her; she closed her eyes tightly, and opened them quickly, and was assured, by the golden splendor that flickered over everything which had not seemed so bright before, that the world was more beautiful because of her own joy. Her eyes fell at last upon the japonica, standing so alabaster pale and proud in its shady spot, like a lovely fragile lady—like her grandmother in her darkened drawing-room.

For a moment her mind wheeled back to the golden room, withdrawn, secretive, with its locked treasures and its air of dried rose leaves, and to her grandmother, dying, with her secret, the secret of her generation she now knew, locked in her breast, but it was for the fleetest moment. She had only to close her eyes tightly to feel that joy welling up in her again, to know that she was free, free, free, from the golden room, and Millbrook.

Lying there, with the warm earth beneath her and the lush crêpe myrtles swaying between her and the summer sky, she told herself that secrets were made only for the dead and the despairing old. Even if her grandmother had told her her secret it couldn't possibly have affected her! She had her own secret, anyway, as different from her grandmother's as night is from day; she had played a Strauss waltz, and she was going to Vienna, and she would in her own day astound the world.

Yes, autumn was coming, she could feel it and taste it in the air, and although she remembered that more old people died in the fall, that her own grandmother would die this fall—she could not feel a more tangible sorrow than for the leaves that dropped, dead and useless, from the trees.

She continued to stare at the sky with an abandon that blinded her to the world about her, and then, quick as a flash, it came to her that her grandmother's dying had not only set her free from the things she loved most, that would have held her in Millbrook in spite of herself, but that even in this first rush of freedom she had seen, with the wide, cruel eyes of youth, that she didn't want to be like her grandmother—she wanted to be like herself! She *was* herself!

After a while she got to her feet and ran down the path with the music clutched tightly to her bosom. She felt saturated with light, not the stale golden light of the drawing-room but these long free pulsations of light direct from the sun. Was it light or was it song? she asked herself, but her eyes, more golden than blue against the burnished glow of her skin, were unabashed and exultant beneath their glaze of innocence.

## A NEW APPROACH TO SEX EDUCATION

*Continued from page 12*

for the sound sex education of our children is to free ourselves from the harmful inhibitions and compulsive drives which bind us. A parent whose own life has been unsatisfactory sexually will probably have the greatest difficulty of all.

Two avenues of adjustment are usually resorted to in such situations. "Since my own sex life has been unsatisfactory, I shall deny the importance of sex in the life of the individual and make the spiritual values of life the only ones to be sought." This denial of sex, because such a denial is a violation of the physical constitution, often makes for neurotic manifestations in parents as well as in their children.

Or: "Since my own sexual life has been one of deprivation, I will do everything in my power to give my child a feeling of the importance of sex in the life of the individual, so that she or he may not suffer as I have." This attitude is the same as that of the father and mother whose early life has been one of hard work and deprivation and who seek to spare their children these sometimes blighting experiences. Often, because of that almost compulsive drive to do so, they actually pamper their children and make them unfit for any kind of effort and deprive them of the resultant satisfaction of achievement.

So, too, any overemphasis of sex in early child life and adolescence is likely to affect seriously the wholesome development of the child. The parent who can think clearly and somewhat objectively about his own sexual life will not have to resort to either of these extremes, and will not have either to force information and advice on the child or to withhold it because he is afraid or ashamed to discuss it.

Parenthood is an art as well as a responsibility and joy. The art of being a parent consists in keeping the parental relationship plastic, so that the form most suitable for parenthood may take shape. This plasticity, fortunately, we may achieve if we are desirous of it. If we wish to become adequate, helpful and beloved parents, we must knead this material of our past experience into shape. How may we do that in the sex adjustment process?

Let us make an attempt to look into our attitudes and feelings about the sex life. How did we get that way? Let us face our childhood experience squarely. What were our earliest interests, our earliest curiosities, our earliest thoughts and feelings and experiences? How did we get our information? How did knowledge of facts affect us? How were we affected by not being taught, by getting information from the outside because mother said we "must not talk about such things"? How did we approach our marital sex life? What adjustments did we have to make? Were they satisfactory? If not, what did we do about it? What are we going to do about it even now? What do we actually know about the sex life of children, adolescents? How have we met sex manifestations in our children—sex play, masturbation? What is our understanding and our feeling about the menstrual process? (*Turn to page 86*)


# Why Brush Teeth

## In a Way That Doesn't Save Them?

## The Surest Way

### To Save Teeth Is to Keep Them Free From Film

You brush your teeth, but does that brushing save them?

Don't your teeth discolor? Doesn't tartar form and decay sometimes get started?

Despite your brushing, aren't you often disappointed with your teeth's appearance?

---

You remove the debris, but not the film—that slimy film. Even after brushing you can feel it with your tongue.

That film is what discolors. It holds acid-forming bacteria in contact with the teeth. Acid is believed to be the cause of tooth decay.

Tooth troubles find their source in that film. So do stains and tartar.

---

There is now a way to keep free from that film. It is embodied in a tooth paste called Pepsodent.

This is to urge that you prove it. See for yourself how it removes the film which causes stain and tartar and leads to tooth decay. See how this germ-containing film disappears under its dainty touch.

Then you will know how to keep teeth whiter. How to help keep them tartar-free. How better to keep them sound.

## Prove That Pepsodent Ends That Film

Pepsodent is called the special film-removing tooth paste. When you see it, you will know the reason.

The basis is a special cleansing and polishing material. Its object is to remove film—safely, thoroughly.

Some cleansing materials remove film but scratch enamel. Others are safe but too soft to be effective. That fact made the development of the ideal material seem impossible.

But, after 13 years, the ideal material was developed. It is accepted as one of the truly great discoveries of the day. This new material is unique in film-removing power. It is twice as soft as those commonly used in tooth pastes. Thus it is **absolutely** safe. That applies to adults and to children. It is this discovery that makes Pepsodent entirely different in both formula and result.

Let us send you a 10-Day Tube. Use it and watch the results. Note how the teeth whiten. Mark how the film disappears. Note how clean your teeth feel.

Even 10-days' results will amaze you. And we do not believe that you will ever again neglect to use Pepsodent on your teeth. We are receiving thousands of letters daily thanking us for Pepsodent results.

The 10-Day Tube is free. Cut out this coupon—now before you forget. Fill it out and mail it. That is all.

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*The New-Day Dentifrice*

# 9 Out of 10 Women Suffer Pain Needlessly

***Medical authorities discover new scientific facts about cause and relief of pain—new formula stops pain by relaxation—quickly—safely—scientifically***

### What Pain Is

MODERN doctors have discovered important new facts concerning the cause of pain. They now know that pain is caused by pressure on the hypersensitive ends of your nerves. As you become tired, your muscles tighten up and retard the flow of blood. These muscles—many of them no larger than a pin point—contract like a clenched fist on your blood vessels and capillaries (small blood vessels). Your blood congests, causing pressure on the nerve ends, which results in headache, neuralgia and other severe pain*.

### New Method of Relief

HEXIN—an amazing new formula—stops pain simply, quickly, and properly by this new scientific method of relaxation. As HEXIN relaxes your tense muscles, they release a supply of blood to your nerve ends. Presto! With lightning speed, HEXIN gently removes pressure from your sensitive nerve ends—the direct cause of your pain.

Don't confuse HEXIN with old-fashioned tablets which drug your nerves into insensibility and foster acid stomach. HEXIN relieves pain the only safe way—by relaxation. It will not injure the heart nor upset the stomach. Its alkaline formula combats stomach acidity.

Don't take a chance with old-fashioned tablets. Modern science has long since discarded them in favor of HEXIN.

### To Sleep Soundly

The next time you have trouble getting to sleep try 2 HEXIN tablets with water. Too many cigarettes—that extra cup of coffee—nervousness—worry—any one of these things can rob you of your rest and steal your energy.

Let HEXIN relax tired nerves and gently soothe you to sleep. HEXIN is not a hypnotic causing artificial drowsiness. It contains no dangerous ingredients. Why ruin your health and lower your efficiency needlessly by lying awake? Let HEXIN help you to sleep naturally and soundly.

### To Break Up a Cold

HEXIN breaks up colds by striking directly at the usual causes—acidity and congestion. Be careful not to add old-fashioned acid** tablets to an already acid stomach.

Most people find that 1 HEXIN tablet with water every hour until a total of 6 or 7 have been taken keeps a cold from starting or greatly relieves one that has started.

### How to Test HEXIN

The only test of any pain-reliever that means anything is how it acts with you. Make this test yourself. Take 2 HEXIN tablets with a glass of water. At once tense nerves start to relax. At once HEXIN starts to set up an alkaline reaction in your stomach. You'll never know what quick relief is till you try HEXIN. Insist on HEXIN today at any modern drug store. Nothing else is "just as good". Or make your personal test FREE by mailing the coupon NOW.

*HEXIN is remarkably effective in relieving the muscular pain or cramps from which many women suffer periodically.

**HEXIN IS *ALKALINE* (non-acid).

### Originally Developed for Children

Give us a formula—mothers asked—that our children can take with safety. Give us a relief for pain and fever that is milder and better adapted to the delicate systems of children than ordinary tablets so strong and so acid.

HEXIN—an alkaline formula—was, therefore, developed for children originally. Its action had to be gentle and safe. What's mild enough for your child is better for you. But don't be misled about the effectiveness of HEXIN for adult use. The action of HEXIN is immediate for children or adults.

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# A NEW APPROACH TO SEX EDUCATION

*Continued from page 85*

What do we think of contraceptives and why? What do we think about petting and why? What do we think of premarital sex experience and why? And last but not least, why are we so concerned about the sex education of our children and what do we expect their education along these lines to do for them?

WHILE we are thus putting ourselves through this cross-examination of evaluating our ideas and feelings, we will have ample time to inform ourselves from the many well-written books at our command of what is known about the sex life of early childhood, of the latency period between seven and twelve, and of the adolescent period. There has been an assumption that the little child is sexless. Any observant parent must have realized that every child shows an interest and is concerned about sex differences. It is only when the child feels that we consider this interest improper that it either represses it or hides it from us. Also, our manner of treating the processes of elimination make a deep impression on them. The small child is tremendously interested in his bodily functions—he enjoys urinating, and will not infrequently want to see and touch his feces. Our disgust and our displeasure inhibit this manifestation, but unfortunately, since the sex organs are so closely associated with the organs of elimination, many children come to believe that everything connected with sex is unclean.

The interest in sex play, too, must be sensibly managed, if the child is to come out of this, unharmed in its attitudes toward the sex life.

In the pre-adolescent period, when vulgar language is attractive to the small boy especially, and when it may be considered smart to scribble indecencies on the walls, the child must never be made to feel that he is indecent. It is an excellent opportunity to give him sounder knowledge than that which he gets from his playmates, and to explain to him the naturalness of these functionings and their wider non-physical implications. The need is for understanding and redirection—and a sense of humor!

We must learn to distinguish between sex information and sex education. We can be fairly definite about the biological information the child needs at various stages, for the literature on the subject is ample. The attitudes toward the sex life which we may hope to develop, while they must run parallel with our information, are much more the result of our own standards and values which we have evolved for ourselves and which we express in our daily living.

Our attitude toward the human body as such is important. The child must sense the importance we place on good health. If we think of the healthy body as a foundation for the development of a healthy mind, we will not run into the danger of health fads or neurotic concern. This respect for the human body must be coupled with the respect we have for the human being as a whole, body and soul. If our children come to think of the human being as having worth, certainly potential worth, it will very markedly affect their human relationships and indirectly have an effect on their sexual behavior.

A SINCERE respect for other human beings will prevent one person from using another just for his own personal gratification. Since our modern environment is highly stimulating to sex feelings, it becomes increasingly important to help our children to see and feel straight in regard to their responsibilities toward one another. There are and always will be genuine love episodes in the life of young people. Whatever turn they may take under given circumstances, they are not to be classified with the deliberate adventure in search of sexual thrills which is expressive only of selfishness and a lack of real valuation of others. The adolescent, who is informed in regard to the unwholesome sexual stimulation of promiscuous petting, will be further deterred by his appreciation of the worth of another individual, provided we have in our relationship with him and others stressed or rather lived in that way. If we have in our own married life preserved a mutual respect, he will have a goal for his own married life which will naturally make him avoid any premarital experience of a sordid and selfish kind.

The crucial importance of our own behavior and our own attitudes toward sex in the lives of our children stands out at every point.

Restlessness and dissatisfaction in a mother who has not succeeded in establishing a harmonious sex relationship with her husband may express itself in an exaggerated affection for the child and warp the child's own sexual life in this way. Thus, for example, a son, becoming over-attached to the mother under these circumstances, may later find difficulty in transferring his interest to another woman at all, or, if he does succeed in transferring it to a wife, he may tend to expect of her all the maternal care and solicitude he has received from his mother, and feel that his wife has failed him when it is really he who has failed in masculine forcefulness and sense of comradeship and equality.

It is of such stuff that parental disharmonies are made. And, as can be seen, they affect not only the sex life, but the personality as a whole and hence the complete daily living of all the individuals involved, and especially of the children of such parents.

Parental disharmonies such as these are extremely serious handicaps in the development of normal adult sexual adjustments in the children, for they are very likely to be perpetuated "even unto the third and fourth generation." Mere instruction in sex matters is likely to carry all too little weight when daily living is overcharged with such sources of conflict. The child is very likely to feel, though probably quite unconsciously, that "What you are speaks so loudly that I cannot hear what you say."

IN SHORT, the facts of sex—procreation and conception and pregnancy and birth—form only a small part of the knowledge and insight which our children will need to fit them for full and adult normal sex life. It is more important to the child's security and development that he should feel that he has, in his parents, two human beings who love each other as equals and are truly partners in their marriage enterprise than to have the most detailed information as to where babies come from and how they are born.

Of course it is not to be expected that such harmonious and truly adult relationships between parents shall be created to order, for the benefit of the child. Some fortunate couples—probably rather rare—grow into it quite naturally and almost unconsciously. In other cases, it is the work of many years together, and in all too many others it never develops at all. What *is* possible, however, is the striving toward such a relationship.

What the parents have themselves honestly learned in the course of their life together they can somehow convey to their children, and this knowledge will carry conviction, as the truth always does. What they have overcome in the way of childish fears and inhibitions and shocks and over-attachments, what they have gained in the way of insight into, and respect for, human beings, will be the real foundation for what they "tell their children about sex."

Into this foundation the actual facts of sex will fit easily and naturally as parts of the total structure of life.

**Further Reading**

"Parents and Sex Education," Benjamin C. Gruenberg. American Social Hygiene Association.

"Sex Education of Children," Mary Ware Dennett. Vanguard Press.

"Our Children," edited by Dorothy Canfield Fisher and Sidonie M. Gruenberg. Viking Press.

"Sex in Marriage," Ernest R. and Gladys H. Groves. Macaulay.

"The Sex Life of Youth," Elliott and Bone. Association Press.

**Marion M. Miller, editor of our Child Training Department, will answer all questions that parents or children wish to ask. But be sure to send her a self-addressed, stamped envelop**

"Come on back, Georgie —I heard her say we'd have a new kind of hot cereal tomorrow"

*When he threatens to leave home —Pettijohn's, that different hot cereal, will wangle him back. Golden flakes of real whole wheat. Cooks in 3 to 5 minutes!*

WE don't blame you a bit, Georgie. Probably the grown ups kept preaching "hot cereals" at you. But *never* did they give you one little chance at a *different* hot cereal!

But now, all is changed. Mother's going to get Pettijohn's today. Tomorrow morning you and father (he's probably been suffering for a change too) will sit down to the most luscious, delectable golden flakes, your tongue ever tasted!

There just *isn't* another hot cereal like Pettijohn's

1. It's genuine, old-fashioned wheat.
2. It cooks done in 3 to 5 minutes.
3. It has a rich, racy flavor—a meaty, firm texture, (no mushiness in *this* cereal).
4. It gives you the pep, vigor, health of real whole wheat.
5. Plus bran that isn't dry—won't scratch—tastes delicious—but regulates even the most *stubborn* cases.

So Georgie, there *is* some justice in this world. Come back and have your Pettijohn's tomorrow morning.

Pettijohn's

Rolled Wheat with All the Bran

Product of The Quaker Oats Company


## THE YOUNG MAN'S GIRL

*Continued from page 17*

concluded that decency permitted him to telephone Chiyu, he had telephoned. Only to find she had left the city, leaving no address.

Now, according to Quinton, she was basking in Bermuda.

"Perhaps," Wyndward said carelessly, "you have her address."

"Whose?" inquired Quinton in a maddeningly bland manner.

"Chiyu's," snapped Wyndward.

"Yes," said Quinton affably, "I have her address."

And that's all he said; and Wyndward was entirely too provoked with him to pursue the matter.

More than a month later he ventured to mention the matter to Quinton again, requesting Chiyu's address.

"What do you want her address for?" inquired the latter.

"Well, why shouldn't I want it? We're good friends. And I thought I'd write her a friendly letter——"

"Did you so!"—Quinton loved to relapse into a brogue—"Well, then, I'll read you a letter I have from the same pretty lady in yesterday's mail; and that should save you the trouble of writing her."

He pulled out an envelop with Bermuda stamps and postmarks on it, and covered with a superscription in long, slanting handwriting. And it occurred to Wyndward that he never before had seen Chiyu's penmanship; and he thought, with odd surprise, that it looked fluently fashionable.

"Listen, you!" said Quinton:

DEAR DR. QUINTON: Your letters are all so kind and so cheerful that I am always pestering the postman for another.

I was so surprised to see Mr. Barrak, Mr. Bullup, and Captain Jauncy. The Barrak yacht is a beauty I lunched on board, Thursday. I met such a nice boy on board—Lord Kilcarrick.

I thought him shy; but after we came ashore and I had taken a long walk with him he begged me to call him Linley. His name—one of them—is Linley. Linley Quinton, Earl of Kilcarrick. He's attached to some sort of military mission to the British West Indies. I was so surprised when he told me he is a relative of yours and that you had written to him and told him to be polite to me.

Captain Jauncy is quite amusing in his funny, sprightly way. His conversation always reminds me of a nervous little boy jumping up and down. He is usually with a lot of fashionable people whom I don't know and am not likely to.

David Barrak is his usual, languid, handsome self-satisfied self. He said a funny thing to me today. He said: "You ought to make friends with your late husband's family. They're terrible, but they might be useful to you."

I explained to him that they had made no advances.

"What of it?" he replied. "If you wish to take the trouble, and put up with their fishy manners, and swallow their bigotry, you can sit with them in a desirable box at the Metropolitan Opera, meet the musically minded musickers at Carnegie Hall, and go to a deadly party, now and then, among fashionable mummies of a forgotten era."

I said I'd consider it.

"Anyway," he said, "you've one useful friend at court."

"Who?" I asked.

Then he laughed and said: "Captain Jauncy. He's taking you seriously, Chiyu."

"He's very polite," I said.

"Polite enough to dog your heels all day," he said. "I've never seen the old gentleman so perpetually busy."

The few women I have met through him and through David Barrak do not seem inclined to be friendly, although they nod to me politely when we meet and pass.

I had a curious letter from Warren's family. His maiden sister Charlotte wrote to say that the diamond earrings left to me by Warren were family heirlooms, and the family would like to buy them of me. So I sent them with a little note saying that I could not sell them to anybody but was happy to restore them to my late husband's family. I haven't heard from them since.

There is an excursion steamer which touches here Monday—the big liner *Bessarabia*—on her way around the world. One of the cabins was turned in before she left New York. I find that, with economy, I can live as cheaply on the *Bessarabia* as I can here.

The United States Consul has fixed up the passport which you so kindly assisted me to procure in New York; and I have decided to sail on the *Bessarabia* on Tuesday, to be away three months.

It will be exciting. The Barrak yacht is sailing too, and Captain Jauncy says that our two ships are certain to meet somewhere in some port or other.

Lord Kilcarrick, also, is leaving on the English cruiser. He says he means to chuck the army and come back to New York to learn the banking business. He said to tell you that you are a good egg. He seems quite fond of you. Now I must close because I am to take a walk with Captain Jauncy. I will write to you from every port. And believe me, dear Dr. Quinton, I shall always remain gratefully and devotedly your friend,

CHIYU.

Quinton folded up the letter briskly and shoved it into his pocket.

Wyndward, lying deep in a leather armchair, was looking out of the window. "So," remarked Quinton, "if you wish to write to her, she'll be aboard the *Bessarabia*."

ONE day in April Wyndward opened his studio to his friends and acquaintances.

He did this once a year, from policy. And it paid. And now, particularly, with the dark shadow of depression spreading through the newspapers and even invading safe-deposit vaults, his instinct for business warned him to show his samples while the sun was still shining.

It was a cocktail party—tea if you wanted it. Youth and beauty, fashion and age thronged studio, office, workmen's shop, and study; and even invaded bedroom and dressing room, goaded by that insatiable public curiosity which envelops all artists and artists' dens with a sort of unmoral mystery.

All of what Quinton called his bag of tricks were on exhibition—models of fountains, garden figures, tombs, Thinkers, symbolic figures, portrait busts.

Flowers and food and drink were plentiful; there was even a radio and a waxed floor in the carpenter shop where the too-heavily laden brain, sagging with a plethora of undigested art, might be revived with a little jazz.

All that warm, sunny April afternoon his visitors came and went or lingered to dance and recover their mindless and healthy normality.

Miss Charlotte Trenholme came to speak to Wyndward, stiffly, timidly: frost in her voice and joints.

"I understand," she said in a hollow voice, "that my late brother's wife was once your model. We never met her, you know. Perhaps you could tell us something about her, Mr. Wyndward."

"I can," he replied carefully. "She is a very beautiful, attractive, modest girl."

"And a model? I mean an artist's model?"

"She posed for me when she was a child, Miss Trenholme."

"Oh. We understand she also has been an actress, or chorus girl, or something. Really, Mr. Wynward, we know nothing at all about her——"

"You know that she can be generous, I believe," said Wyndward pleasantly, and saw the dull color flood the unattractive face.

When the last girl had gone and the last limousine had sped glittering away, and when the caterer folk had cleared the place of the last crumb and last empty bottle, and had retired with their food and liquid perquisites, Wyndward went into the empty office and sat down in the swivel chair all alone.

There was some mail on the desk at his elbow, but he shoved it aside with that same elbow and took his face between both hands.

It had been a night like this, and about this time of year, and in this same place that Chiyu had appeared to him as a girl of sixteen after years of absence. During which, when he thought of her at all, he remembered her pleasantly as a lovely child of ten.

Now she was twenty-one.

There was, now, a strained expression in Wyndward's eyes and a badgered one, too, that made his mouth sullen. The reason was that he couldn't put this girl out of his thoughts. When he managed to do so, for a little while, she returned unbidden to occupy his mind, and bother it. And it concerned him, because the lapse of time neither obscured her image nor diminished the frequency of her visits. And this thing had been going on since the morning that she had been summoned to the hospital.

Probably, had she remained in New York, he would have fallen in love with her. Rather passionately, in a way. But not recklessly. One doesn't become reckless to the point of legal commitment with even the loveliest of Chiyu Clydes.

He leaned his head wearily on one hand. He was tired. Not that the day's festivities had fatigued him. He was tired in his mind. The mind which once (*Turn to page 88*)


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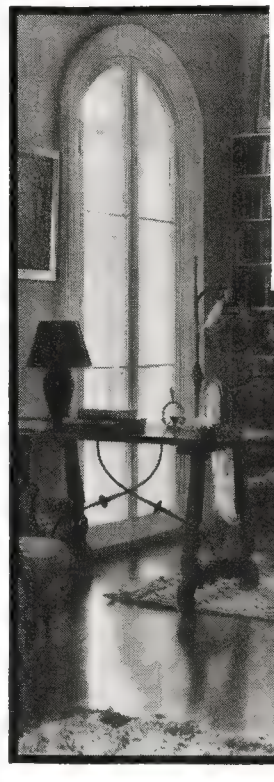

Mrs. Ernest Hemingway, charming wife of the famous novelist, is a successful writer in her own name.

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BELL SYSTEM
AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH COMPANY AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES


# THE YOUNG MAN'S GIRL

*Continued from page 87*

had been his to order; and into which the ghost of this girl was always drifting, now.

Recently he had written to her, addressing her on board the *S. S. Bessarabia*, now cruising in far Eastern waters. His letter hadn't had time to reach her . . . Well, he had been careful of what he said . . . Not that Chiyu was that sort . . . However he wished now that he had written less cautiously. A girl who had returned those earrings to the Trenholmes was not likely to misuse confidence.

And what was that dapper little ass, Captain Jauncy, doing out there in the Orient—skipping perpetually around Chiyu, dancing at her heels!

Quinton had read him a letter from David Barrak—a cynical and rather merciless account of the doings aboard the Barrak yacht, *Niobrara*:

> Skippy's gone ga-ga. (Captain Jauncy's Christian name was Skipton). The *Bessarabia* came barging into port crammed with tourists and your pretty friend Chiyu. Very fetching youngster, no doubt, but is acting fatally on Skippy. I'll tell you what he's done. You remember the Sedley-Biltongs—you know?—busted for years but clinging on, and the Missus guaranteeing an entrée in New York social sanctums, to a limited number of beauties at $10,000 per beaut?
>
> Well, Ma and Pa and daughter Sedley-Biltong were aboard the *Bessarabia*. And what does Skippy do? He engages the said Sedleys, and Chiyu, to quit the excursion steamer cold, and come aboard the *Niobrara*, promising to shoot them back into the *Bessarabia* again at Singapore!
>
> And did I stand for it? I did. Skippy could be nasty to me if he chose.
>
> I believe the girl has had a sort of scared affair with that young lad Kilcarrick, for he keeps on the radio rather frantically, and his cruiser went through the canal behind us.
>
> Anyway, there's mischief in her—I mean in Chiyu—though she's a disarming kid. But it's very evident she isn't marking herself down or decorating any fire-sale. And I honestly believe she'll land something financially plump and legal.
>
> Well, bye-bye. DAVID.

That was the letter which Quinton read to him.

"Why the devil did you bother to read it?" Wyndward had inquired.

"I thought," Quinton had replied, "that you were interested in Chiyu. I won't read you any more."

"Oh, it's all right to read them," Wyndward had muttered.

And it was following that—the same evening—that he had written to Chiyu aboard the *Bessarabia*, which she should have rejoined by the time the ship spoke Aden.

He leaned more heavily on his hand. He was curiously tired, restless, depressed. Sullen when he thought of the *Niobrara*, the tub-shaped Mrs. Sedley-Biltong; of her old reprobate husband leering at Chiyu; of George Bullup, professional good-fellow, blond, wiry hair on end, badgering the girl; of David Barrak, disillusioned, graceful, appraising her through oriental-lidded eyes.

As for Captain Jauncy, he couldn't make that out at all. Jauncy was the kind of silvery-headed, jaunty dancing master who never skipped about for anybody who was not born of the elect. What the devil was he skipping for now? Wyndward wondered.

Well, he'd buck up and go home. No, he wouldn't . . .

He scowled at the stack of letters, tipped them over with a slight movement of his elbow, glanced at them.

The writing on one was long, slanting, and fashionable; and the envelop bore Philippine stamps and was engraved in the corner with crossed flags and the name of a ship—the *Bessarabia*.

He was aware that the blood had settled hotly in his face, and that his fingers trembled a little as he opened the envelop:

> DEAR MR. WYNDWARD, Need I explain why? Two words will do: *Safety first!* I fled.
>
> It cost me something. You'd know what. And after all I am not very far away; only as far as Java. That isn't far enough. But I'll never get far enough from what I want, and am afraid of. Not much afraid. Not enough.
>
> I'll never entirely escape what I ran from. You know that, so I might as well admit it.
>
> I've been thinking of you today. It's not unusual for me. I hope you'll go up to Riverside and look at our Memorial. Go often; it's beautiful. Please go.
>
> Everything I decline to say in this letter you already are aware of. So——
>
> Goodbye,
>
> CHIYU.

He sat for sometime looking at the letter.

JOHN WYNDWARD'S efficient secretary, Betty Kenner, was now thirty. She always had been good looking; she was even more attractive now. Her brother, a year or so older, shared the family's good looks.

Their social position was good; the estate of the late Maitland Kenner provided them sufficient income. But they belonged to an increasing number of well-bred, well-to-do young people who had been fed up on a generation of idlers and wasters; and who preferred to work.

For ten years, now, Betty Kenner had been secretary to John Wyndward. Her brother Kenelm edited *The Red Republic* which had always lost money and was kept alive, witty, and mildly virulent, by its editor whose private income took care of a yearly deficit and afforded him the time of his young life.

One afternoon he dropped into Wyndward's studio for a cocktail with his sister and Wyndward, and after a bit of gossip about this and that, Kenelm remarked:

"By the way, the *Niabrara* anchored off 110th Street this morning. I saw George Bullup, at the club."

"The Buccaneers?"

"The same. They had a swell cruise. And here's some Paris gossip; you remember that pretty Chiyu? George says she's going to marry a French count! A genuine but rather nasty one."

After a silence: "What French count?" asked Wyndward. Betty, who had been looking at him, looked away. Her brother said:

"John, don't you remember that fellow with whom Mrs. Grandcourt became infatuated?"

"No."

"Yes, you do. She lifted him out of Renard-Schwartz—the fancy fur importers—and fell for him all there was? And left him her money? Charles d'Oran—Crazy Charlie—that mean-faced bird one saw hopping about town taking care of the Grandcourt when they were going places."

"Yes, I recollect," said Wyndward stonily.

"He's got an awful cousin, too; the Prince de la Roquettaire, perpetually bankrupt. And Crazy Charlie and Roquettaire are both quarrelling over Chiyu. Ugly about it. Threatening duels and things!"

Wyndward made no comment.

"The racy part of it," continued Kenelm, "is that old Jauncy appears to be broken-hearted. George says he wanted to marry her. Skippy! And Chiyu! Can you see it? He's gone ga-ga all right."

Betty had risen and was pulling on her hat. "Are you two gabbling gossips coming?" she inquired.

Her brother picked up his hat and stick and joined her at the street door. Wyndward said carelessly: "I'll stop here a bit longer," and muttered something about looking through his mail.

When the Kenners had disappeared he leaned forward, resting his head on his hands, and covered both eyes with rigid fingers.

What Kenelm Kenner had said about Jauncy seemed incredible enough. That old dancing beau! Inspector of debutantes. Arbiter, in the solemn 80's, of who was and who wasn't. Wanting to marry Chiyu?

Wyndward poured out a watery dividend from the cocktail shaker; threw it, untasted, into the fireplace; lighted a cigaret; flung it aside.

Well, why shouldn't Jauncy marry a girl like Chiyu? But Captain Jauncy was one thing and Charles d'Oran was another. Crazy Charlie!

After Magnelius Grandcourt had died of overeating, his large, voluptuous, yellow-haired young wife used to drink too much in their beautiful limestone palace and fall down the grand staircase. Once she broke one of her legs doing it; and Crazy Charlie took her to the Nazarene Hospital in a taxi.

And one day, before that, being sober and bored, she drifted into Renard-Schwartz and handed herself a thirty thousand dollar sable coat and another fifty thousand dollar one of chinchilla. And there, for the first time, beheld Charles d'Oran who waited on her.

It didn't take long. The lady took to him. Took him; cursed, quarrelled, fought with him all over that lovely palace of grey limastone. And eventually died and left d'Oran eighteen millions.

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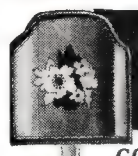

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Reduces wrinkles and other age-signs. Simply dissolve one ounce Saxolite in half-pint witch hazel and use daily as face lotion.

Wyndward began to remember him, photographically, now; a tall, swarthy fellow with Van Dyck beard, shoe-brush eyebrows, mean lips, a meaner mouth; and the hang-dog presence of a sullen and furtive lackey. Yet he was, nevertheless, a real Count.

It was rather ghastly to learn that this man had been quarreling over Chiyu with his dingy, indigent cousin, the notorious Prince de la Roquettaire.

To think that Chiyu . . .

But thinking was upsetting Wyndward. He lifted a strained and colorless face from between clenched fists and stared about him as though expecting to see a ghost.

There were ghosts enough haunting his mind and threatening to destroy its complacent equilibrium—charming and changing phantoms of this same young girl in all her lovely phases and in every colorful incarnation. First as a blond child throwing roses at him; or airily seated at table. Then the next phase—a shy, slender aspirant for the Follies. And then that enchanting young thing who had sought him on her wedding night . . .

Wasn't there anybody anywhere to tell her that, though even the Yankee world might salute her as Comtesse d'Oran, it would salute ironically with its tongue in its cheek!

He wandered into the Buccaneers Club late that evening and discovered George Bullup and David Barrak.

"Is Skippy back?" Wyndward asked carelessly.

"No," replied Bullup, "he remained in Paris. Poor old Skippy."

"Poor old cuckoo," added Barrak.

Bullup said: "I suppose you heard that he asked Chiyu to marry him?"

"When?" demanded Wyndward.

"Oh, about a month ago. When the *Niabrara* docked at Dieppe, and we all ran up to shake hands with Paris. And there was the tourist bunch from the *Bessarabia;* and the Sedley-Biltongs, with poor little Chiyu in tow."

"Haven't you heard," yawned Barrak, "that they introduced d'Oran to that child? Business is business with the Biltongs."

Wyndward reddened.

"Rather raw," remarked George Bullup. "'S'all right to be a female social introducer at ten thousand dollars per introduce; but only some one vicious would take d'Oran's money."

"You mean he paid Mrs. Sedley-Biltong to introduce him to Chiyu?" demanded Wyndward.

"Sure. It's done in England, too; Lady This-and-That has Miss Pit-a-pat for sale with twenty thousand pounds a year and no questions asked."

Barrak said: "Warrie Trenholme didn't leave Chiyu much. Mrs. Sedley-Biltong probably took a flyer and d'Oran fell for it. She wouldn't touch d'Oran for less than fifty thousand dollars down, and fifty thousand dollars contingency. She's done a clever business. Old Jauncy nearly fainted when he heard of it."

Bullup laughed: "Believe it or not, John, but Skippy had concluded to marry Chiyu and put her over in New York. Poor old Skippy! When he told us so, his voice cracked. He said he could put over any Trenholme. He said she was not only young and lovely, but both clever and kind. He said he had arrived at an age where he needed kindness. That he could give her a position, and money to maintain it when he stepped out. Poor old egg!

"David and I fixed him all up the evening he proposed to Chiyu," continued Bullup, grinning his blond grin. "I tied his tie. David shook him together and dusted him off. Every little while David and I had to step into the next room and laugh——"

"She was with the Biltong outfit at the Hôtel d'Athis," explained Barrak. "Skippy cantered over there like a rickety old selling-plater all het up——"

"And she turned him down!" added George Bullup; and lay back in his stuffed chair, roaring with laughter.

"Skippy," continued Barrak, "came rocking and tottering into our sitting room about two hours later—a forlorn, chalky-faced, collapsed old manikin——"

"And do you know what that girl said to him when she let him down?" cried Bullup hilariously. "He was crying when he told us. She said: 'Thank you, Captain Jauncy, but I couldn't do that to you.'

"'My God,' says he, 'I'm asking for it!'

"'No,' says Chiyu, 'I'm in love with a man I can't marry, so I'm going to marry to get on in the world. But I won't make a convenience of you.' Or (*Turn to page 90*)

## THIS OF ALL YEARS IS THE YEAR TO MAKE YOUR CLOTHES

Thousands of smart women the country over feel that every year is the year to make their own clothes. But many thousands more are joining their ranks this year. Why?

*Because* the new fabrics are so lovely that any woman with a spark of creative instinct yearns to get her hands on them—to turn them into exquisite fashions.

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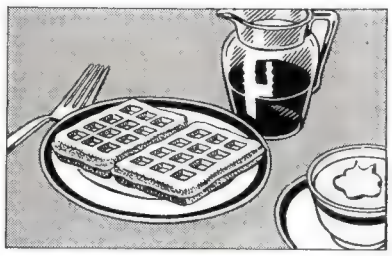

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# THE YOUNG MAN'S GIRL

*Continued from page 89*

words similar and full of sobs. They sure spilled it pretty, acting up noble and magnanimous—anyway, that's what we gather from poor old Skippy."

"You mean she actually is engaged to marry d'Oran?" demanded Wyndward harshly.

"Don't you ever read the evening papers?" inquired Barrak. "Chiyu married Crazy Charlie this morning. It's in tonight's papers."

Wyndward's eyes were murderous. He seemed to realize it and looked away. Bullup winked at Barrak. The latter looked curiously at the man by the window.

AFTER a while Wyndward got up in silence and started for the reading room where the evening newspapers were laid out. Here, slumped deep in a cane armchair, he read the brief notice of the marrage in Paris of an American widow, Mrs. Trenholme, to the Comte d'Cran, wealthy scion of an ancient royalist family of the Côte d'Or. The Count—the notice went on—was devoted to racing, and was well known in New York society. He and the Countess were planning to acquire a residence in New York, assemble a racing stable, and show their colors at Belmont and Saratoga.

All the other morning and evening papers carried the same despatch.

When he had read carefully, painfully, every paper, and had found that they all printed precisely the same news, he sagged deeper in his chair, trying to adjust himself to what had happened

It was no good pretending that it didn't matter. It was saddening him immeasurably. Or disgusting him; or angering him. He didn't know which. But he felt the repercussion of the shock in depths unsuspected, unexplored.

He had been so entirely unprepared. He had written her four letters; had three from her. And a fourth about due . . .

In his last three letters he had made it plain that he was passionately attached to her.

Her replies excited him with their shy yet unguarded awareness.

It had rested perilously that way between them until this damnable interruption—his avowal of passion, her diffident yet clear response admitting all, leaving all in delicate suspense—and whither it all had been leading he had not asked himself. Nor had this young girl asked him. Already the enchanting phantom of this girl was growing like a vine, enveloping him with virile and caressing tendrils. Holding him to her memory more exquisitely and fragrantly every day.

It was, perhaps, the artist in him, clothing thought magnificently, and transfiguring the reasonable and real into the impossible and ideal. It is the way the creative mind falls in love.

But it was when Wyndward went home that the whole thing surged up, overwhelmed, engulfed him.

For there was a European mail on his table and a letter from Chiyu:

MY DEAR, I am going to marry. It is a matter of insurance. A policy I take out to protect myself against myself. Against what threatens me. Against what I might so easily become.

But I know in my soul that though my heart would welcome and endure so happy a fate, my mind and spirit could not tolerate it.

Because I have, from childhood, been acquainted with such a situation and have had every opportunity to see and watch it in its every form and phase.

It is neither fear, nor an unwillingness to face what would lower me, that has decided me; it is my sheer inability to endure what eventually would come: our certain parting.

From the brief experience I have had with you in that regard I have learned, vaguely, what so intimate a final separation might be like. You see I know you, a little; and I know myself most terribly.

This letter will hurt you. I don't really know how much. But afterward you will be more than contented to have escaped. Because I am one of those luckless girls who remain unchangeable all their life. And that exasperates most men, married or unmarried.

So this is what I have to say to you. You already know all that I have left unsaid. And I never shall forget one single word that you have said to me. Goodbye. CHIYU.

P. S. I forgot to say that I am to be married to a friend of Mrs. Sedley-Biltong: a Count d'Oran.

John Wyndward sat looking at the letter.

WYNDWARD slept poorly. When he awoke, and had shaved, bathed, and dressed, Hanley brought coffee and the morning paper.

There it was!—not in the dignified columns devoted to fashionable weddings, engagements and other social gyrations of the elect, but splashed all over the front page in flamboyant type:

DUEL FOLLOWS WEDDING OF MRS. TRENHOLME AND COUNT D'ORAN!

COUNT TERRIBLY WOUNDED BY HIS COUSIN, PRINCE DE LA ROQUETTAIRE.

SLAPPED IN THE FACE AFTER THE CEREMONY.

FIERCE DUEL FOLLOWS THE SAME AFTERNOON.

Followed the locality and date, and the Associated Press despatch:

A duel was fought yesterday afternoon in a carréfour of the Chasse surrounding the Château d'Oran, between Count Charles d'Oran and his cousin, Prince Amadeo de la Roquettaire, immediately following the marriage of the Count to Mrs. Trenholme of New York.

There seems to have been bad blood between the two cousins who, it is said, have quarreled frequently over financial matters. They were also, it appears, rivals for the hand of Mrs. Trenholme, a young widow who was travelling in France with Mr. and Mrs. Sedley-Biltong, well known to New York society.

Following the civil ceremony on Wednesday last, there was a violent scene between Count Charles and Prince Amadeo in which the latter publicly reproached his cousin with misappropriating money and also with supplanting him as a suitor for the hand of Mrs. Trenholme by scandalous misrepresentations of his character.

This painful scene took place publicly in the office of the local mayor, but was, apparently, adjusted before blows followed insult.

The religious ceremony was performed in the chapel of the Hôtel d'Oran. The Count and Countess had planned to motor to Paris, catch the boat-train there and sail for New York on the *Saturnia*.

What then happened was swift and tragic. The young Countess had retired to change to a travelling gown; the Count, on his way to his own quarters, encountered his cousin who struck him a terrific blow in the face.

Witnesses report that the two then clinched and rolled all over the ancestral hall, fighting, biting, cursing until pulled apart and overpowered by friends.

A challenge, of course, became inevitable. There was scarcely time for a duel before the proposed motor trip to Paris, but both men were now beside themselves with rage, demanding instant satisfaction; and there were plenty of seconds to be had among the wedding guests;and doctors, too, to regularize the affair.

Half an hour later they were at each other with tigerish ferocity, fighting with rapiers in a grassy glade surrounded by the forested game preserve of the Count d'Oran.

Witnesses say that their swordsmanship left much to be desired, but that the fury of the onset amply compensated for what otherwise had been a tiresome spectacle.

Wounded repeatedly, Prince Amadeo finally hurled himself upon the infuriated Count, delivering a terrible thrust. Foul or fair, the business ended then. The Prince left hastily with his seconds: the Count was carried to the Château d'Oran where his young Countess sat waiting for him in an automobile laden with steamer baggage.

An emergency operation was immediately performed, and specialists have been summoned from Paris. The nature of the injury provokes gravest doubts concerning the recovery of Count d'Oran.

Prince Amadeo de la Roquettaire has disappeared.

Wyndward went to the studio, arriving late. His workmen thought he was ill, and whispered about his ghastly appearance.

He went mechanically about the work in hand; Rocco and Angelo consulted him; Miss Kenner gave him his mail, not looking at him, pretending to be busy with the payroll.

HE was sitting in his study about five o'clock in the afternoon, doing nothing, when Angelo brought him an evening paper. The good little Italian was greatly excited over the magnificent fortunes and misfortunes of their pretty little Chiyu of so long ago.

Wyndward thanked him and forced himself to read what was printed there—all about who Chiyu was—a beautiful actress who had married the late Warren Trenholme, and who, as a fascinating widow, had been received into the most brilliant and aristocratic society of European capitals, sponsored by the social leadership of Mr. and Mrs. Sedley-Biltong of New York . . .

Married at three o'clock to the wealthy Count Charles d'Oran, and on the verge of widowhood again within the selfsame hour, she was too completely crushed to see reporters, and remained in grief-stricken seclusion with Mrs. Sedley-Biltong, awaiting the verdict of physicians from Paris who now had the


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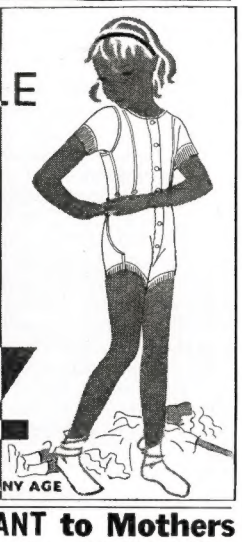

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increasingly desperate situation on their hands.

The Prince de la Roquettaire had disappeared completely, and was, no doubt, already beyond French frontiers. Whether or not extradition would be possible under the circumstances is disputed.

If the Count d'Oran dies, his young widow will inherit a fortune.

Mrs. Trenholme's father, the French newspapers report, was an American officer. His rank coincided with the rank in the French army of '*Chef de Bataillon*.' The Countess d'Oran was a Miss Clyde. She was born in New York and educated in the convents of the Carthusian Sisters in New York and Baltimore. Beautiful, spirited, cultivated, and talented, she chose the drama as her vocation in life, appearing with success under the management of her late husband, Warren Trenholme.

After a brief but brilliant professional career she married Mr. Trenholme, whose unfortunate death is an irreparable loss to American drama.

A reporter from the *Evening Observer* called upon Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Charlotte Trenholme of the exclusive Washington Square area, but was refused admittance to that Knickerbocker sanctum.

Late reports through the Associated Press promise little or no hope that Count d'Oran may recover, although an operation has been performed and the Count is still alive.

DR. TERENCE QUINTON, who had been attending a medical convention in Indianapolis, encountered Wyndward in the Latroons Club.

"Hello, you look sick. What's happened, John?" he inquired blandly, dropping onto a chair in the window corner.

"Nothing," replied Wyndward, "what's the matter with you, you damned Irishman?"

Quinton patted him on the shoulder: "There, there," he murmured maliciously. "Get a morning paper and bite on it, Johnny."

Wyndward, slumped as usual in an armchair, fished out his watch and stared at it.

"Well," he said, "I'll be going back to that cursed studio, I suppose."

"Why cursed, when it's crammed full of your life's masterpieces——"

Wyndward colored faintly but seemed too spiritless to retort.

"—Full of barnyard Thinkers and garden Dianas," added Quinton.

"I wish," said Wyndward, "I were out of it and selling neckties or bonds."

"Nobody's buying any, John."

"I know it. So quit smearing me."

"Cankers require caustic," remarked Quinton, lighting a cigaret and pouring out his coffee.

"Mine's a cancer."

Quinton's clear, clever eyes flickered toward the younger man an instant.

"Oh yeah? Well, you know, we cure 'em now."

"Not my kind."

"How do you know? Are you a Doc?"

Wyndward stared out of the window. Sunshine flooded Fifth Avenue which was choked with glittering automobiles. But, although the sidewalks, also, were flooded with the human tide in perpetual northward and southward surge, there lingered only a rusty back-wash of window-shoppers, and the goods displayed seemed tarnished.

"Nobody's buying anything," remarked Wyndward. "We'll all be in the breadline by next year. They've countermanded the Stanley Charteris mausoleum. It's out. So is that Thinker for old Simon Waulstein. And the Clippertons have postponed that nymph-and-satyr mess for their Long Island garden. And Mrs. Van Curler doesn't want the portrait bust of old Dirck."

"All the same," rejoined Quinton, "you should have cleaned up an agreeable little competence by this time——"

"I did clean it up."

Quinton glanced at him inquiringly.

"You read the newspapers, don't you?" said Wyndward carelessly, still staring out of the sunny window.

"I'll bite. Yes, I read the newspapers."

"That competence you have just mentioned is mostly in Colonial Products, Esperance Light and Power, and Empire Waterways."

After a moment Quinton said: "Colonial Products and Empire Waterways have passed their dividends, haven't they?"

"They have. And Esperance Light and Power is cutting theirs to a quarter."

"Well," said Quinton, "you've always got your business——"

"I've just enumerated for you the commissions that have been cancelled. And there's no other business in the office."

Quinton gave him an astonished look over his poised coffee cup. "Do you need money?" he asked bluntly.

"No."

"How about your overhead?"

"I'm giving up my penthouse and car."

"Where are you going to live, John?"

"I've a bedroom and study at the studio, you know."

"Rather tight quarters for a gay young blade."

"They're all right. I'm letting Hanley and the servants go. And the chauffeur. And the entire studio force."

"Miss Kenner, too?"

"Yes, Betty."

"Isn't this all rather sudden, John?"

"Very. But my overhead always has been heavy, and I've lived up to my income. And almost all I have left are bonds and blocks of stock for which there is no market at present. But I have, also, some Government bonds; and on the interest from these I've got to live until I have more work."

"Is that what makes you look so thin and white and all bunged up, John?"

Wyndward turned from the window and looked him squarely in the eye. "Well I'm sick of everything."

"Nobody," remarked Quinton, "is feeling any too well in these times."

"Oh, it's not the times, particularly," said the other. "I'm thirty-three years old, Terry, and my best work—my only really decent work—is ten years behind me . . . I was only nineteen when I got the job; only in the twenties when I finished it. And I've never done that sort of thing since."

"You've done a lot of clever work——"

"So have a million industrious brick layers. They knew how. So did I . . . Well, it's not pleasant to brood over."

Quinton said cautiously: "How do you feel about a come-back?"

"I don't know. I've begun to grope about a bit, blindly . . . I don't know, Terry."

"Sometimes," ventured Quinton, "a jolt will do the trick for a fellow. Bounce him out of himself, you know."

Wyndward's tired eyes reverted to the window.

"By the way," said Quinton, "what do you think of our little Chiyu?"

He watched the slow red color settling in Wyndward's cheeks.

"Some headliner, isn't she?" continued Quinton. "I see by this morning's paper that d'Oran is holding his own, so far."

Wyndward remained silent.

"Marrying Chiyu," said Quinton, "may become an unpopular sport. One's dead of it and the other's dying."

The heavy color deepened in Wyndward's profile, invading his neck and hair.

"What romance," murmured Quinton smilingly—"from gutter to coronet! From misery to millions! It's funny the tabloids are not on to her history. You know, John, if you're ever busted, you can sell that story. Show 'em Chiyu on the horse up on Riverside Drive. Explain to them the difference between a 'Battalion Chief' and a '*Chef de Bataillon*.' There's a wad of money in it, John."

Wyndward said in an icy voice: "Did you know she was going to do this?"

"Marry d'Oran? I did. She wrote me."

Wyndward swung around on him: "And you let her do it?"

"Why not?"

"That beastly——"

"Wait a moment. He isn't beastly, you know."

"Didn't Mrs. Magnelius Grandcourt fish him out from behind the counter at some fashionable furriers——"

"Renard-Schwartz. She did. They were genuinely in love. She treated him like a dog, which was her way of showing it."

"The lady kept him in cigaret money, I understand," sneered Wyndward.

"He earned it. Insanely jealous and wouldn't let him remain in business. Drank like a fish, cursed him, beat him up, and threw fits. And he gathered her up, soothed her, put her to bed, nursed her through delirium, remained patient and kind and devoted during dreadful months when she was slowly dying."

"Waiting for her money," said Wyndward.

"No. She gave him a million outright the morning after the beginning. He could have checked out any day. Some scram, some don't. He stuck it."

"How do you happen to know all this?"

"I was her physician."

Wyndward looked at him out of haunted eyes.

"Well, besides being grateful and patient, what else is he?"

"He's decent enough to ask Chiyu to marry him."

The sluggish flush in Wyndward's face deepened. "You believe that can compensate Chiyu?"

"That and his money. (*Turn to page 92*)


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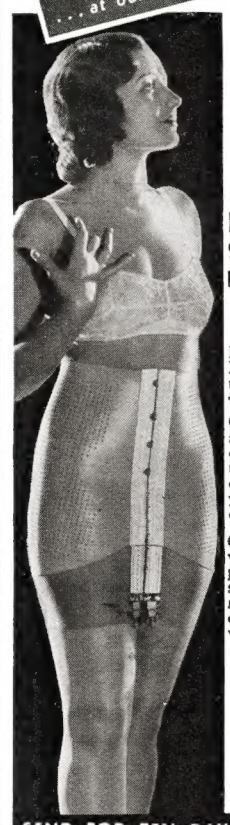

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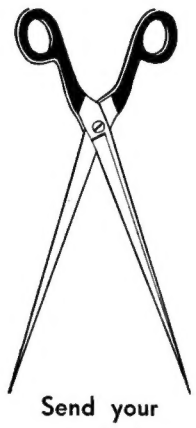

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## THE YOUNG MAN'S GIRL

*Continued from page 91*

He'd make her a devoted husband if he lives."

"What kind of hell would that be if she doesn't love him?"

"She doesn't. And it wasn't entirely his money, either."

"What, then?"

Quinton smoked his cigaret reflectively, screwing up his clever eyes; then he dropped the cigaret, sizzling, into his coffee cup and set it aside.

"I'll tell you in confidence," he said. "Chiyu is in love with a man who isn't man enough to marry her. This new marriage of hers is one way she thinks, of helping her to forget."

IT WAS the end of September before Quinton saw Wyndward again; and then he had to seek him out.

He discovered him in his studio, seated near a small, unfinished group in wax on a revolving table. Wyndward was turning over the pages of a steamship sailing schedule when Quinton opened the office door and walked in; and his face looked shadowy and sunken when he glanced up in the fading light.

"Are you thinking of crossing?" Terry inquired.

"I don't know. There's absolutely nothing doing here. I could close up shop for a month or two."

"Why not? You've had your good-looking nose to the grindstone for a long while, John."

"Maybe I'll go," said Wyndward. There was no animation in his voice.

"Do you care to dine with me at the Patroons?" asked Quinton cheerily.

"I've resigned."

"Resigned from the Patroons?"

"From the Racqueteers, too. And I'm wondering about the Buccaneers——"

"Don't do it! No man ever should resign from a club——"

"Four hundred members have resigned from the Patroons," remarked Wyndward. "What else is there to do except be dropped for non-payment of dues?"

"Are you as badly hit as that, John?"

"I've something to scrape along with. But I had to let the apartment, car, and servants go. And you see I'm quite alone here."

"You don't make your own bed, I hope."

"Yes, I do."

"And cook?"

"Quite well, too." He laughed a little. "Don't be sorry for me. I rather like it."

"Oh yeah?"

"Anyway, I don't mind it . . . All this stringency will pass, of course. Everybody's in the jam, more or less——"

"No they're not, John. Palm Beach will be crawling with wealth this winter."

"Let it crawl. You know it's really quite nice here. I like my studio when there's nobody in it except myself."

"Meaning for me to scram?"

They laughed. Wyndward went over to wash the clay from his hands and to remove and hang up his sculptor's smock.

Quinton watched him. He was the same lank, graceful, well-knit man who wore clothes and hats well and who doubtless would look fashionable in patched pants, thought Quinton. But there was a shadowy something in his face—not physical gauntness—but as though the features had been subtly refined—by pain, perhaps.

Wyndward put on his immaculate waistcoat and pants and sauntered back to where Quinton stood, twirling the wax group on the revolving pedestal.

"Discovered any superlative models, John?"

"None. There's a rush on, too; lots of young men and girls out of jobs, ready to do anything. Every time a show flops I get a rush, here. Poor devils, it's saddening."

"And you can't give 'em any work?"

"Scarcely any. I'm doing one garden group over there—" he indicated a shrouded shapeless thing, swathed in wet clothes.

"Who ordered it?"

"Damned if I know. The order came through Rosenquest."

"The art dealer?"

Wyndward nodded.

"Is it for him?"

"I don't know. It's an order, anyway. He said there might be another this winter."

"That's something, then."

"Something . . . But I'm damned tired, Terry. I'd like a month off before I start anything."

"Take it. Hop a ship and pay a visit to papa."

"Yes, I'm going to."

"Then pat papa on the back for me and tell him he's elegant and ornamental and a pillar of the empire."

"I will," said Wyndward, laughing.

"Then look up Kilcarrick."

"Why?"

"He'll give you some shooting."

"I'd like some. All right."

"And then," said Quinton blandly, "you might look up Chiyu."

They were moving toward the door together. Wyndward pulled out a key when they reached the sidewalk, and locked the office door behind them.

"The child would be glad to see you," said Quinton. "It would be a kindness of you—what with the loneliness of that great house and forest, and the strangeness of everything in France, and a sick man who can't stir except when his doctors and nurses turn him over for a moment——"

He started to signal a taxi but Wyndward shook his head, and they walked on together through dingy, muggy streets.

After a little while: "You think Chiyu would—" But he got no farther. And Quinton took it up: "And why not? You've been kind to her and you like her and she's your friend, isn't she?"

"Yes . . . I think so . . . I had no use for d'Oran?"

"You knew him?"

"Scarcely at all."

"You wouldn't. But I did. He was not a bad sort; I've told you that. Well, if you ever snubbed him in the good old days, John, he's in no shape to resent it now. Not even to remember it, probably . . . But t'will be a real charity to call on them. I've letters from Chiyu that I read to nobody. And I'm telling you, go to France if you're going across, and go to see her."

They walked on together in silence, threading their way between noisy youngsters on rollerskates darting recklessly to and fro. And Wyndward thought of that night so long ago when he saw Chiyu for the first time staring up at the summer moon.

A week later John Wyndward was bound for Southampton and his surviving parent.

On the ship he ran into a joyous party of choice sports from the Buccaneers—Scott Dundas, Phil Bailey, David Barrak, and George Bullup—who hailed him with every demonstration of rowdy pleasure and carried him off to Bailey's stateroom.

They had rented a Scottish moor, it appeared, and were noisily bound thither, and they invited Wyndward to inhabit with them a large, chilly edifice known as Cairngorm House.

It was too much party for Wyndward and he went on deck escorted by Scott Dundas who was in all the dignity of incipient inebriation.

"Moon," he said, leaning on the port-rail. "Tell you something. Stric' conf'ance. Jolly li'l Countess 'vites us all come'n' shoot! Countess Chiyu. Her hubby's on the blink. Wants see me. 'Vites us come'n' shoot at the old Chatoo! Poor old bird. Lonely. Know him?"

"Very slightly. Are you—are those buffalo below—going to shoot at the Hôtel d'Oran?"

"You betcha."

So Wyndward left him addressing the moon, and made his way toward his stateroom.

For a few moments, by the partly open port of his abode, he stood looking up at the windy moon. An unwonted pulse was running high in his veins. Then, before turning, he looked across darkness toward France.

**France, as its noble families know it, and as Chiyu will come to know it. That is what Robert W. Chambers gives us next month—with intrigue, villainy and a poignant love story**

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